Tesla Leila Khugaeva Thinikashvili

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Tomorrow, if I am alive, i am starting publication of

" Scientific Formulas How to Rout Evil"

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Scientific Formulas How to Rout Evil

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SCIENTIFIC FORMULA ONE. BATTLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL BEGINS FROM METAPHYSICS OF INTELLECT. KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS WITHIN YOU

1. Two Crossed Worlds in Perpendicular as premise of notions of Good and Evil.

2. Kingdom of Heaven as Love to Truth; not Truth of Love.

3. Laws of Nature (or Laws of energies) as Intellectual Framework of Universe.

Teacher — Jesus Christ

Disciples — All Great Jesus Followers, from His Apostles to modern Christian Science;

especially those, who like Saint Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Spinoza Lessing, Ernest Renan, Leo Tolstoy, D. Merezhkovsky, G.K. Chesterton, A. Schweitzer, Romain Rolland, George Sand, D. Strauss or Tesla Leila Khugaeva Thinikashvili, did their best to develop revelation of Jesus into Social Science of Discovery of Psychic Energy.

Classroom — Space of Intellect of Kingdom of Heaven.

— Alas, I am again your teacher, my dear Disciples! — said Jesus, observing his Classroom, — We have had our Great Triumphs in battle with Evil, but now it is Evil which is winning the battle! And the reason is familiar to you: Collapse of Philosophy, Collapse of Social Science and therefore, Collapse of Scientific Control! We have to fight hard to regain our positions!

— The Day I will manage to convey to you all data I have — I will again ask you to quit to call me Teacher! Like

2000 years ago! For our Church is Church of Friends and Friendliness, not Leviathan of Masters and Servants! But now I am once more — the teacher of Yours! And all of you will remain Teachers to your Disciples for the period of their Education!

John 15:13

> 13 Greater love hath no man than
> this, that a man lay down his life
> for his friends.
> 14 Ye are my friends, if ye do
> whatsoever I b command you.
> 15 Henceforth I call you not servants;
> for the servant knoweth not
> what his lord doeth: but I have
> called you friends; for all things
> that I have heard of my Father I
> have made known unto you.

1. TWO CROSSED WORLDS IN PERPENDICULAR AS PREMISE OF NOTIONS OF GOOD AND EVIL

— Let us begin Lesson! How do we distinguish Fight between animals from human Fight between Good and Evil? Is there any difference or maybe Darwin was right and human battles also can be reduced to beasts fight for food?

— What is Good and what is Evil in other words?

— Augustine, you are welcome to give reply.

— It is easy to answer, Jesus. Good is Energy of Spirit, the singular Energy of Universe, possessing Active Intellect or Thinking Capacity to learn Laws of Nature and control them! And Evil is ordinary, material Energy of mind, with no connection to Thought, just Stupid Cyclic Homeostasis like any other material energy of universe. It is Evil because its activity is devastating

to Energy of Spirit of Intellect; for it is parasite sucking resources of energy of Spirit!

— Good! Thank you, Augustine! You know I love your «Civitas Dei» the best!

— Now, what inferences we can derive from these premises as definitions of Good and Evil? You are welcome, Descartes!

— It is apparent, Jesus! From these definitions of Good and Evil we can sum up the following.

In case, if we in concert with materialists assume that nothing beyond matter exists, there are no room left for notions of Good and Evil, of Virtue and Vice, of Grace and Sin, of Right and Wrong. There is no room left for notions of Truth and Morals in other words!

It is only in case we assume altogether with Pythagoras, Plato and Socrates that Matter or material world is only projection of Intellect or World of Ideas, when Space for Truth and Morals emerges. We need, in other words, to know clearly that there is Intellect as primary substance of laws of Nature in foundation of material world. And material world, as creation of Intellect! Two worlds: world of Intellect, the Maker, and world of matter, the product of Intellect!

Only in this case, discussion of Good and Evil, Truth and Lie, Virtue and Sin acquires any meaning! Otherwise it is nonsensical.

— Good! This is why all of us, angels, feel indebted to your philosophy of dualism! Thank you, Rene Descartes!

— Indeed, Collapse of our Church begins with Collapse of true philosophy of Plato, Augustine, Aquinas, Descartes, Leibnitz,

Spinoza! Now, have materialists any Proofs of their philosophy? Any? Moreover, was not the so called philosophy of agnosticism and skepticism exposed many times as absurdities?

— Here, in our classes on Grand Battle with Evil, we are not concerned with theory of our Fight. I don't ask you to give me refutations of materialism or validation of metaphysics of Intellect. I only ask you to remember yourself, and to convey to your disciples that First Thesis of our War on Evil is Thesis of Metaphysics of Intellect: Intellect as laws of nature in foundation of material world! Space and Time of Intellect versus Space and Time of material world (matter)! Two worlds, not parallel (for intellect is form of matter, and matter is staff of Intellect), but Crossed in perpendicular! And symbol of Christianity is thus perfect symbol of these two crossed worlds: world of Intellect and physical world of matter.

2. LAWS OF NATURE (OR LAWS OF ENERGIES) AS INTELLECTUAL FRAMEWORK OF UNIVERSE

— How are we to distinguish between World of Intellect and World of Matter? — asked Jesus again. — Albert Einstein, you are welcome!

— My Dear Sir, — said Einstein, — It was Plato who taught all of us to distinguish between these two worlds. And yet, his definition of both lacked in precision. Indeed, we cannot divide them as «world of things» and «world of ideas of things». And Aristotle was right here in his critics. But we surely can divide them as World of material Energies (matter) and World of Laws of those energies (Intellect). I endeavored to express this idea in my multiple articles on scientific deity: idea that God is Intellect, and as such He is Laws of natural energies.

— Leibnitz?

— Yes, Sir! My philosophy on monads as pieces of spirit now clears up! Each monad being Laws of Nature of some Energy! It was my guess that material world consists from pieces of spirit! And here we are: we discover with Discovery of Psychic energy that laws of nature are laws of many natural energies!

— Good, Einstein! Good, Leibnitz! That's true! Now we have to sum up all these for our practical purpose. That is to say for our War on Evil.

— So we shall stress the fact that there are causations, causative relations, or Laws of Nature in foundation of Universe! This is our direct inference from existence of two worlds, from intellectual dualism of metaphysics. And this is the very Ground of our practical Battle with Evil! No Battle with Evil without thesis on Laws of Nature as Laws of energies as intellectual form of our world! — said Leibnitz.

— Bravo, Leibnitz, — continued his Classes Jesus, — Now, what two big errors we owe to our most treasured members, Gilbert Chesterton and Bertrand Russell?

— I know both, — said G. Chesterton. — Mine is that of accepting philosophy of my fundamental theoretical enemy — Hume's skepticism. Admitting Hume's denial of Laws of Nature I was forced to engage «dogmas of orthodoxy» as solid knowledge of permanent truth! This was my big mistake! Only Laws of Nature (as laws of natural energies) can be such solid knowledge of eternal truth! Dogmas of first revelations are but immature primitive information for «infant's mind» as Spinoza putted this. Bertrand Russell's mistake was of another sort, and it was his daughter Katherine Tait who exposed it to the world with responsibility and honesty her father would be proud with. He also referred to Hume's scepticism and altogether with Hume denies Laws of Nature and especially laws of human mind, repudiating

thus absolute ethics. But, unlike Chesterton's resort to dogmas of Christian orthodoxy, he altogether dismisses any solid knowledge, and thus any scientific control of Energy of Spirit!

— Bravo, Chesterton! I love all your books except this little error on substituting Laws of Nature by Dogmas of Orthodoxy! — said Jesus. — I love your desperate desire for Truth, Russell, and your success in educating it to your children, except this error on conceiving Truth possible without Laws of Nature! There is no Truth, no Science, No intelligence and Thought without Laws of nature! This is the first of all first thesis you have to comprehend! This is beginning of our theory and of our practice! No Laws of Nature — no Truth, for truth is capacity to learn Laws of Nature by Thinking! Nor it is possible Science or Thought without Laws of Nature! For both are capacity to learn causations!

3. KINGDOM OF HEAVEN AS LOVE TO TRUTH; NOT TRUTH OF LOVE

— Now all of us can clearly envisage that my Sermon on Kingdom of Heaven has been Sermon on Love to Truth and not Truth of Love! For Revelation of Axial Age and Revelation of Christianity as proceeding of that of Axial Age was Revelation on Space of Intellect as foundation of material world. Laws of Nature, Science, Scientific control of natural energies, Energy of Spirit as exercise of Scientific control — all these comes altogether with Revelation of Space of Intellect.

Love as passion is physical staff of psychic energy. And as such it is changeable. Love is how men feel gravitation of energy of Spirit to the world, to brethren, and to knowledge. But in cases, when fundamental law of psychic energy — law of conservation of force — is disturbed, Love suffers transformation; and from energy of gravitation to the agreeable objects it is transforming

into energy of repellent. That is to say transforms from Love to Hate. In such cases as when men of material energy try to exercise their physical control as violence and treachery, lie and robbery over Love of men of energy of Spirit. In These cases Loves to good brethren transforms to Hate to men of material energy with physical control.

This also means that Love is primary form of energy of Spirit: to Hate men have to accumulate energy of Love, to spend it on hate. If energy of hate exceeds resources of energy of love, like in cases with schizoid mind, Field of Force of Intellect will explode and produce psychosis of schizophrenia. Psychosis thus is result of explosion of energy of spirit — the only resource of life and sanity of every man.

— Thus, Love cannot be the truth of Revelation of Gospels. Love is physical form of energy of Spirit when it is healthy and undisturbed. But it can take forms of Hatred in cases it is attacked by some inimical energy, like material energy of some men. The Truth of Revelation is Truth of Space of Intellect in foundation of material world: the truth of laws of nature on the one hand and human thought on the other hand as two sides of Intellect: passive intellect and active intellect, meeting in act of knowledge!

— This was my pivotal idea in Sermon on Kingdom of Heaven, — said Jesus! — Many Thanks to Great Saint Augustine, to Great Thomas Aquinas for having noticed this and putting every effort to convey this Scientific Revolution to the people!

E. Trubezkoy, «City of God by Augustine»:

> «Principle of love is far from being the central idea of Augustine's doctrine. His essential principle is not love, but order and universal law. Love from this point of view is not relation of God to a man; it is merely manifestation of eternal divine law in particularities».

G. K. Chesterton, «Thomas Aquinas»:

> «Anyhow, it is but natural that Augustine and Aquinas, Bonaventure and Duns Scotus, all the doctors and the saints, should draw nearer to each other as they approach the divine units in things; and that there should in that sense be less difference between them in theology than in philosophy. It is true that, in some matters, the critics of Aquinas thought his philosophy had unduly affected his theology. This is especially so, touching the charge that he made the state of Beatitude too intellectual, conceiving it as the satisfaction of the love of truth; rather than specially as the truth of love.
>
> …It is true that he did not himself contribute anything concrete in the experiment or detail of physical science; in this, it may be said, he even lagged behind the last generation, and was far less of an experimental scientist than his tutor Albertus Magnus. But for all that, he was historically a great friend to the freedom of science. The principles he laid down, properly understood, are perhaps the best that can be produced for protecting science from mere obscurantist persecution. For instance, in the matter of the inspiration of Scripture, he fixed first on the obvious fact, which was forgotten by four furious centuries of sectarian battle, that the meaning of Scripture is very far from self evident and that we must often interpret it in the light of other truths. If a literal interpretation is really and flatly contradicted by an obvious fact, why then we can only say that the literal interpretation must be a false interpretation. But the fact must really be an obvious fact. And unfortunately, nineteenth century scientists were just as ready to jump to the conclusion that any guess about nature was an obvious fact, as were seventeenth-century sectarians to jump to the conclusion that any guess about Scripture was the obvious explanation. Thus, private theories about what the Bible ought to mean, and premature theories about what the world ought to mean, have met in loud and widely advertised controversy, especially in the Victorian time; and this clumsy collision of two very impatient forms of ignorance was known as the quarrel of Science and Religion. That for him the process was logical and not biological, was concerned with philosophy rather than science, does not alter the essential idea that he believed in beginning at the bottom of the ladder. But he also gave, by his view of Scripture and Science, and other questions, a sort of charter for pioneers more purely practical than himself. He practically said that if they could really prove their practical discoveries, the traditional interpretation of Scripture must give way before those discoveries. He could hardly, as

> the common phrase goes, say fairer than that. If the matter had been left to him, and men like him, there never would have been any quarrel between Science and Religion. He did his very best to map out two provinces for them, and to trace a just frontier between them».

B. Russell, «History of western philosophy»:

> «The Kingdom of Heaven. Other-worldliness is a conception which Jews and Christians, in a sense, share with later Platonism, but it takes, with them, a much more concrete form than with Greek philosophers. The Greek doctrine — which is to be found in much Christian philosophy, but not in popular Christianity — was that the sensible world, in space and time, is an illusion, and that, by intellectual and moral discipline, a man can learn to live in the eternal world, which alone is real. The Jewish and Christian doctrine, on the other hand, conceived the Other World as not metaphysically different from this world, but as in the future, when the virtuous would enjoy everlasting bliss and the wicked would suffer everlasting torment. This belief embodied revenge psychology, and was intelligible to all and sundry, as the doctrines of Greek philosophers were not».

— My Dear Disciples, we are about to finish our today's lessons. Who is up to make conclusion and sum up the Scientific Formula How to Rout Evil of today's Lesson?

— Let me, Jesus, — asked him Tesla Thinikashvili, — as far as I can see, we may state the Scientific Formula of today's Lesson as following:

— Divine Revelations of Axial Age begins altogether with capacity of emerging energy of Spirit to Think and to feel Conscience. Those Revelation were help of Deity to mankind to acquire control of their Energy of Spirit as Energy of Intellect and Ethics, when time arrived. «Kingdom of Heaven is at hand» says Gospels, which means that energy of Spirit of mankind emerges from obscurity to the light of active life.

— This Revelation is Revelation on two worlds — world of Intellect and world of matter, produced by that Intellect. It is

only God who belongs entirely to world of Intellect. It is all the rest of universe which belongs to the world of matter. And it is only humankind, which belongs to both world, for God bestowed to humankind capacity to Think, active intellect, capable to learn and control laws of energies of nature. This is why Cross is perfect symbol of humankind — it belongs to both worlds.

— Thus Humankind thus stays in special relation to the outer word: it is not equal part of it, for it is material energies. While Humankind is energy of Intellect (Spirit), and possess capacity to rule the universe through control of laws of material energies.

— From this special position of Mankind to the universe begins his mortal fight with material energy of his own mind — Field of Force of Egosystem. This Battle of energy of Spirit with material energy of mind is called Moral Fight of Good with Evil, because material energy is functioning at cost of destruction of energy of Spirit.

— Both energies of psyche (spiritual and material) work on Law of conservation of force of psyche. For energy of Spirit it is Scientific control which secures law of conservation of force of mind; for material energy it is physical control which secures law of conservation of force of mind. Thus, scientific control is in foundation of energy of Spirit; and physical control is in foundation of energy material energy.

— Therefore, to ruin energy of Spirit we have to ruin Scientific control. That is to say, to creat false philosophy, like scepticism of nowadays, that there is no truth, no causations, no laws of nature, no science. And leave thus people without knowledge of laws of nature, without due education. This is grand way to Absolute Victory of Evil of material energy of physical control.

— This is why beginning our lessons on How to Rout Evil, we are beginning from warning: BEWARE ANY PHILOSOPHY WHICH AIMS TO DESTRUCT SCIENTIFIC CONTROL! Which aims to deny laws of nature! To deny truth! It will destroy your energy of spirit and make you easy prey of Evil!

SCIENTIFIC FORMULA TWO. START YOUR BATTLE WITH EVIL FROM YOUR OWN MIND

1. Distinguish between Religion and Magic. Religion is our First Knowledge on Laws of Psychic Energy, discovered in Revelations of Axial Age.

2. Gospel as Sermon on Fighting one's own Material Energy (Evil)

3. Distinguish between True Honor of Energy of Spirit and False Vainglory of material Energy.

4. Satire is Laughter of Energy of Spirit at False Vainglory of Ego of material Energy.

5. Put to test purity of your Spirit (Soul) from Ego of material energy

1. DISTINGUISH BETWEEN RELIGION AND MAGIC

Religion is our First Knowledge on Laws of Psychic Energy, discovered in Revelations of Axial Age.

— I am so grateful to Renan for his wonderful book «Life of Jesus»! Welcome to our Second Lesson, Friends! I have been waiting you! Reading hundredth time Renan's «Life of Jesus». Why no one of you, friends, did not noticed the great impact of the book on study of history of Christianity?

— Thank you so much, Jesus! — said Renan. — What it is exactly you mean?

— I mean your emphasis, dear Ernest Renan, on Gospel as Sermon of «Pure Religion»! Thank You so much! For this is absolute truth! Distinction of Christianity from both ancient creeds — that of Gentiles and that of Judaism — is its being «pure

religion» in sense of being philosophy of pure morality, philosophy of ethics and pure conscience.

— Yet, my Dear Renan, I have to concede that it was not me, who was first to introduce this kind of «pure religion» to the world, — said Jesus radiantly. — I agree with you when you mention Great Revolution of Hebrew Prophets in History of Israel with this regard. Yes, impact of both Isaiah, Amos, Jeremiah, Micha, Zaharia and others was great, I don't object. And yet, impact of Plato's «Republic» and impact of great Roman school of Stoics (Seneca, Epictetus, Chrysostom, Persius, Juvenal, Mark Aurelius) was by no means the miner one.

— The truth is, my dear Renan, that both, Judaism and Gentile's culture had this doubleness dividing in two opposite branches: war between prophets and Pharisee in Judaism and war between Heathen Olympic Mythology and Platonic Stoics in Gentile's culture.

— This was War between Magic mentality of material energy and Energy of Spirit in both cultures. Christianity emerged as legitimate baby of wedding of two healthy branches of both wars: alliance of Judah Prophets and of Platonic Stoics.

— The metaphor on wedding between cultures we owe to you Arnold Toynbee, but all the rest of you, my dear disciples, have noticed the fact that Christianity appeared as synthesis between these two healthy branches of two different cultures. You Renan, and you Schweitzer, and you Bertrand Russell. And David Strauss, and you Trubezkoy, and you, my dear Merezhkovsky, all of you did not forget to mention the fact in your writings.

— Now, drawing outlines of our Formulas, we have only to emphasis the fact that both healthy branches, which we obtained integral in Christianity, constitutes the thing which called Religion. It is not «pure religion», it is just Religion. Because «religion of rites» is not «impure religion» — it is merely magic; it is not religion!

— «Religion of rites» or «impure religion» must be thus those two unhealthy, ill branches of Antique culture and Judaism, which

had been in mortal war with «Pure Religion of morality» until victory of Christianity!

— The burning ashes of that war you can see in Gospel in my Hatred to Pharisee, — said again Jesus.

Matthew 23

> 27 Woe unto you, scribes and Phari
> sees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto
> whited sepulchres, which indeed
> appear c beautiful outward, but are
> within full of dead men's bones, and
> of all d uncleanness.
> 28 Even so ye also outwardly appear
> righteous unto men, but within ye
> are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

— Purpose of this Lesson is to state this lucid, plain Formula, to deliver all of you from confusion on extricate notions of «pure religion» and «impure religion». Christianity is called «pure Religion» because it is full realized philosophy of morality as waged war to Evil, after attempts of Judah Prophets and Platonic Stoics. Such philosophy of morality is the only thing we can term «religion» because Revelation of Religion was Revelation of Laws of Psychic Energy.

— And on the contrary, what is called «religion of rites» or «not pure religion» is not religion at all. It is remnants of Magic mentality of savages, who still knew nothing on Energy of Spirit and Kingdom of Heaven of Intellect.

— Religion begins with revelation of Axial Ages and means Knowledge on human mind as Psyche of two antagonist Energies: Good energy of Spirit and Evil material energy, parasite, devouring intelligent and divine Spirit. «Religion» is our First knowledge on Human Mind as laws of Psychic Energy, registered in Plato's Republic, in Revolution of Hebrew Prophets and realized in Christianity.

— Knowledge on Psychic Energy is Knowledge on God; For Energy of Spirit is Energy of Intellect, and thus Divine energy

of Thought, of Scientific control, bestowed only to Humankind. This is why we should not wonder that First knowledge on Psychic energy we got through divine Revelations. Nor should we be amazed that development of our knowledge we got as Science in Discovery of Psychic Energy. For Deity is Intellect, and Kingdom of Heaven, available for us, is Space of Intellect or intellectual framework of universe in laws of nature (laws of natural energies).

— Thus, make not mistake. It is Religion versus Magic, and not Pure Religion versus Religion of Rites!

E. Renan, «The Life of Jesus»:

> «The great Master of those who take refuge in this ideal paradise is still Jesus. He was the first to proclaim the kingship of the spirit; the first to say, at least by his actions, «My kingdom is not of this world.» The foundation of true religion was indeed his work: after him, all that remains is to develop it and make it fruitful. «Christianity» has thus become almost a synonym of «religion.» All that is done outside the great and good Christian tradition is destined to be barren. Jesus founded the religion, as Socrates founded the philosophy, and Aristotle the science, of humanity. There was philosophy before Socrates, science before Aristotle. Since Socrates and since laid. Aristotle, philosophy and science have made immense progress; but all has been built on the foundation which they In the same way, religious thought had, before Jesus, traversed many revolutions; since Jesus, it has made great conquests; but nevertheless men have not improved, and will not improve, upon the essential idea which Jesus created; once and for all he decided the real meaning of pure worship.
>
> …It was however Jesus alone who proclaimed the principle effectively. Never has there been any one less a priest than Jesus, never a greater enemy to forms, which stifle religion under the pretext of protecting it. …The vain ceremonial of devotees, the outward display of strictness which trusted to punctiliousness for salvation, had in him a mortal enemy. He cared little for fasting.
>
> …The priest, by very reason of his office, ever urges men to the public sacrifice of which he is the appointed minister; he discourages private prayer, which is a means of dispensing with his services. We should seek in vain through the Gospel for one religious rite recommended by Jesus.
>
> ….Ablutions and over-subtle distinctions between pure and impure things found in him a pitiless opponent: «Not that which entereth into the mouth,» said he, «defileth the man; but that which proceedeth out

> of the mouth, this defileth the man.» …Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father.
> ….But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth.» On the day when he said these words he was truly Son of God. For the first time he gave utterance to the saying upon which will rest the edifice of eternal religion. He founded that pure worship, not of one faith and not of one land, which all men lofty of soul will practise till the end of time».
> …This sublime being, who, day by day, still presides over the destiny of the world, we may call divine, not in the sense that Jesus has absorbed all divinity, or has been identical with it, but in the sense that Jesus is he who has caused his fellow-men to make the greatest step towards the divine. Mankind in its totality offers to view an assemblage of low and egoistic beings only superior to the animal in that their selfishness is more reflective. But from the midst of this uniform vulgarity there are columns rising towards heaven and bearing witness to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the highest of these columns which show to man whence he comes and whither he must go. In him was concentrated all that is good, all that is lofty in our nature. He was not sinless; he conquered these same passions that we fight against, no angel of God comforted him save his own good conscience; no Satan tempted him save that which every man bears in his heart».

2. GOSPEL AS SERMON ON FIGHTING ONE'S OWN MATERIAL ENERGY (EVIL)

— Now, we can say boldly that we have deciphered Renan's term on «pure religion». Indeed, I admit that my Sermon was Sermon on Laws of Psychic Energy, namely on Fight of Energy of Spirit with Evil as Material Energy, which every person possesses as original sin — continued Jesus his Lecture

— I know that many of my critics blamed me for hate to the world and to the biological body of humans. But this was entirely erroneous, because my battle was fought against material Energy of psyche (mind), not against biological body.

— My War was waged to Field of Egosystem to put it in modern words of Discovery of Psychic Energy, — said Jesus, — and not against the rest of material world. Because it is material

energy of mind which is Evil for humans, being parasite, which works havoc for energy of Spirit. Not any other material energy of universe can be defined as Evil for Humankind.

— Hence my Sermon was on Evil of Field of Egosystem, or on Evil of material energy of mind. I will endeavor to demonstrate this now.

— First of all, my appeal to get rid from Self was gravely misunderstood in this respect. Naturally, I meant to get rid from Field of Egosystem of material energy, from False Ego, to put it in terms of Discovery. I cannot and did not mean to get rid from your True Self, which is Energy of Spirit! For all my Sermon was on growth and preservation of Energy of Spirit, as you know! And what is Soul, what is mind, what is Self of human being if not his Spirit?

— This is the key to somewhat equivocal phrase of Gospel:

Mark 8:

> 34 Whosoever will come after me, let him a deny
> himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.
> 35 For whosoever will save his life
> shall lose it; but whosoever shall
> lose his life for my sake and the
> gospel's, the same shall save it.
> 36 For what shall it profit a man,
> if he shall a gain the whole world,
> and lose his own soul?

— It is apparent, that person cannot to lose and to save his life simultaneously. Thus, this phrase has sense only in the case if we are talking on two different lives: life of material energy of Ego and life of energy of spirit of true self (soul). Then its meaning clears up immediately: he who will lose his Ego of material energy following my sermon will save his eternal life of energy of spirit, his true self and his true life.

— My dear Chesterton! I love your defense of my Theory of Psychic Energy in your famous and genius Orthodoxy! These words explain everything out. Thank you! And many thanks to your

brother Cecil for stressing another of your brilliant observations on reducing Ego to zero as conditions of fullest enjoyment of life! Indeed, I did not prohibit enjoying life when I insisted on abolishment of Ego! I meant true and full enjoyment of life through obtaining health and force of energy of spirit! Energy of Spirit of Divine Space of Intellect!

G.K. Chesterton, «Orthodoxy»:

> «One can hardly think too little of one's self.
> One can hardly think too much of one's soul»

Cecil Chesterton, "G.K.Chesterton, a criticism»:

> «Nothing can be truer and more vividly expressed than his defense of Christian virtue of humility:
> «Heretics»: «Now, the psychological discovery is merely this, that whereas it had been supposed that the fullest possible enjoyment is to be found by extending our ego to infinity, the truth is that the fullest possible enjoyment is to be found by reducing our ego to zero»

— Of other Christian writers I shall single out such great philosophers like Spinoza (Ethics) and Seren Kierkegaard (Wherther Or, Sickness unto death! — They deserve your acclamations. Both of them managed it brilliantly to exhibit that Ego is «satanical obstinacy against God» (Kierkegaard), disease and weakness of material energy (temporal Self opposed to eternal Self of Spirit by Kiekegaard). That haughtiness and violence of sadomasochism of material energy is disaster not only for environment, but first and foremost for man himself. And both insisted that Ego is product of stupidity and ignorance. Thus, both described Energy of Spirit (Soul of Ture Self, Eternal Self) as Love to God Intellect, and as Great Power of human Genius, His Health and Grace, produced by Divine Thought of humankind.

— Now, it is needless to numerate names of great scientists of humanistic psychology, followers of Christian philosophers like Spinoza and Kierkegaard, and Plato too can be easily identifies as Christian writer as Trubezkoy says on his essay on Plato and

Aristotle. All of them kept referring to these honorable authors in their works, while distinguishing between False Ega as disease of mind and True Self as energy of intellect, spirit, power and good health: Karl Jung, Erich Fromm, A. Maslow, K. Horney, K. Rodgers, A. Adler, G. Allport, V. Frankl, and others.

— Famous passage on prohibition of adultery is not hate to biology of men. It is hate to Cyclic homeostasis of physical control of material energy, which consists of two gravitations: Superior Ego-protection (Narcissism) and Inferior Ego-protection (Inlovesickness) and produces relations of sadomasochism (command — subjection). It is this Cyclic Homeostasis of material energy of psyche which abuses biology of men through overindulgence in sexual intercourse, through debauchery and profligacy of all kinds. And it is this Cyclic Homeostasis of physical control of material energy of psyche, which works havoc for any serious exertions of men in attempt to concentration of his powers of thought and conscience. Through this unity of two cyclic homeostasis of two material energies — biological and psychical — sexual intercourse, innocent for animals- becomes hell of seduction into abyss of Satanism of material energy for men with active Ego. This is why it is wise to take any precautions against biological intercourse, and as Gospel says to confine all biological relations to one wife and one husband. Maslow's research confirms this considerations of Gospel.

MATTHEW 5:

> 28 But I say unto you, That
> whosoever looketh on a b woman to
> lust after her hath committed adul
> tery with her already in his heart.
> 29 And if thy right eye a offend thee,
> pluck it out, and cast it from thee:
> for it is profitable for thee that one
> of thy members should perish, and
> not that thy whole body should be
> cast into b hell.
> 30 And if thy right a hand offend

> thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee:
> for it is profitable for thee that one
> of thy members should perish, and
> not that thy whole body should be
> cast into b hell.
> John 6
> 63 It is the a spirit that quickeneth;
> the flesh profiteth nothing: the
> words that I speak unto you, they
> are spirit, and they are life.

John 3

> 3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee,
> Except a man be a born b again, he cannot see the kingdom
> of God.
> 4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old?
> can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?
> 5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be a
> born of b water and of the c Spirit, he can not d enter into the
> kingdom of God.
> 6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the
> Spirit is spirit.
> 7Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be a born again

3. DISTINGUISH BETWEEN TRUE HONOR OF ENERGY OF SPIRIT AND FALSE VAINGLORY OF MATERIAL ENERGY

— Do you remember these words of Gospel on famous scene when Devil tried to seduce Son of Man?

Luke 4

> 6 And the devil said unto him, All
> this a power will I give thee, and the
> glory of them: for that is delivered
> unto me; and to whomsoever I will
> I give it.
> 7 If thou therefore wilt worship
> me, all shall be thine.
> 8 And Jesus answered and said unto

him, Get thee behind me, Satan: for
it is written, Thou shalt a worship the
Lord thy God, and him only shalt
thou b serve.

— It was Renan and after him Tolstoy in his Four Gospels who have said that «no devil seduced Jesus except his own heart»! Indeed, this was my own fight with Evil inside me, for all of us has the one as original sin of material energy of Field of Egosystem.

— You understand of course that casting away Devil's «power and glory» does not mean to cast away True power and Glory! For Devil's «power and glory» is Violence (sadomasochism) and Vainglory of physical control of material energy, embodied usually in Leviathans of masters and slaves!

— Nay, on the contrary, casting away Devil's power and glory, Energy of Spirit cleanse thus its way to real Power and Glory of Church of Friendliness of Space of Intellect.

— Lets read the same chapter from Luke further to be ascertained that denial of false power and glory in gospel is meant to confirm true power and glory of Scientific control of Energy of Spirit:

Luke 4

14 And Jesus returned in the
a power of the Spirit into b Galilee:
and there went out a fame of him
through all the region round about.
15 And he taught in their syna
gogues, being glorified of all.
18 The a Spirit of the Lord is upon
me, because he hath b anointed me
to c preach the d gospel to the e poor;
he hath sent me to heal the bro
kenhearted, to f preach g deliverance
to the h captives, and recovering of
sight to the blind, to set at i liberty
them that are bruised,
32 And they were astonished at
his doctrine: for his word was with

> a power.
> 36 And they were all amazed, and
> spake among themselves, saying,
> What a word is this! for with authority and power he commandeth the
> a unclean spirits, and they come out.

— It is true that I have preached the end of Prince of this World, and the end of Leviathans of masters and slaves in Gospels. And therefore the end of wicked power and laughable vainglory of physical control of material energy! It is true that I had to overcome my own vainglory of my own Field of Egosystem in desert! But it is lie when they say, that I meant Energy of Spirit to be energy of cowards, slaves, of weak, miserable and poor! My poor are First with their treasures in Kingdom of Heaven!

— I never refused nor Power, nor Glory, neither Splendor, Grander and Wealth of Kingdom of Heaven! Yes, I meant what I said: they are not from this world! But you got me wrong again. That doesn't mean that «this world» implies «while you are living». I meant of course, material universe of material energies versus Space of Intellect of Laws of Nature. And thus Energy of Spirit as Energy of Thought (active intellect) and Scientific control with access to force of natural energies is «life not of this world». It is life of Spirit of Space of Intellect, Divine life of Metaphysics of Intellect! This is what I meant speaking on Christendom as of people «not from this world».

— Now it is obvious from Gospel that Energy of Spirit is Energy of Power, of Glory, of Honor, of Wealth of Kingdom of Heaven in its intellectual and ethical accomplishments in ruling material world through gift of Deity — through scientific control. «Lay your treasures in kingdom of heaven»! And Kingdom of Heaven is not life after death; Kingdom of Heaven is Church of friendliness in Space of Intellect.

Mark 13

> 25 And the a stars of heaven shall
> fall, and the powers that are in
> heaven shall be shaken.

26 And then shall they see the a Son
of man coming in the clouds with
great power and glory.

E. Renan, «Life of Christ»:

«This expression, «Kingdom of God,» or» kingdom of heaven,» was, as we have said, already long familiar to the Jews. But Jesus gave it a moral sense, a social application, which even the author of the Book of Daniel, in his apocalyptic enthusiasm, had scarcely dared to perceive in it. He found that, in the world as it is, evil reigns supreme. Satan is «the prince of this world,» and everything obeys him. The kings slay the prophets. The priests and the doctors do not that which they command others to do; the just are persecuted, and the only portion of the righteous is weeping. The «world» is in a manner the enemy of God and his saints; but God will awaken and will avenge his saints. The day is at hand, for the cup of iniquity is filled. Righteousness will reign in its turn. A great and sudden revolution is to mark the advent of this reign of righteousness. The world will seem as it were reversed; the actual state being bad, to represent the future one need but conceive nearly the contrary to that which exists. The first shall be last. A new order of things will govern humanity. Now, good and evil are mixed like the tares and the good grain in a field. The master lets them grow up together; but the hour of violent separation will come.
A sweeping revolution, even extending to nature itself such was the fundamental idea of Jesus.
That indeed which distinguishes. Jesus from the agitators of his own time, and from those of all ages, is his perfect idealism. Jesus was, in some respects, an anarchist, for he had no idea of civil government. That government seemed, to him purely and simply an abuse. He spoke of it in vague terms, and as a man of the people with no idea of Every magistrate appeared to him a natural enemy of the people of God; he predicted that his disciples would be in conflict with the civil powers, without thinking for a moment that there was anything of which to be ashamed in this. But he never showed any desire to put himself in the place of the rich and the mighty. He desired to annihilate riches and power, but not to seize them for himself. He predicted that his disciples would suffer per secution and all manner of punishments; but never once did the thought of armed resistance manifest itself. The idea of being all-powerful by suffering and resignation, and of triumphing over force by purity of heart, is indeed an idea peculiar to Jesus. Jesus was not a dualist, for to him every thing tended to a concrete realisation; he had not the least notion of a soul separated from the

> body. But he was a perfect idealist, matter being to him only the outward manifestation of the idea, and the real, the living expression of that which is invisible.
> A great social revolution, in which distinctions of rank would be dis solved, in which all authority in this world would be humiliated, was his dream. The world was not to believe him; the world was to put him to death at last. But his disciples were not to be of this world. They were to be a little flock of humble and simple folk, who would conquer by their very humility. The idea which has made «worldly» the anti thesis of «Christian» was fully justified in the thoughts of the Master»

4. SATIRE IS LAUGHTER OF ENERGY OF SPIRIT AT FALSE VAINGLORY OF EGO OF MATERIAL ENERGY

— Kierkegaard was first to draw attention to the comic nature of vainglory of Ego of material energy. Yes of course, there were all those famous satirists of Rome — Juvinal and Persius and Lucian, — but it was Kierkegaard, who wrote on satire as laughable ambitions of stupid material energy on power and glory. He conceived of Ego of material energy as of disease and «despair» to be cured only by removal of Ego and humility in obedience to Will of God (Laws of Nature, Scientific control)

S. Kierkegaard, «Sickness unto death»:

> «Commonly such a despairer is infinitely comic. Think of a self (and next to God there is nothing so eternal as a self), and then that this self gets the notion of asking whether it might not let itself become or be made into another…than itself. And yet such a despairer, whose only wish is this most crazy of all transformations, loves to think that this change might be accomplished as easily as changing a coat. For the immediate man does not recognize his self, he recognizes himself only by his dress, he recognizes (and here again appears the infinitely comic trait) he recognizes that he has a self only by externals. There is no more ludicrous confusion, for a self is just infinitely different from externals. When then the whole of existence has been altered for the immediate man and he has fallen into despair, he goes a step further, he thinks thus, this has become his wish: «What if I were to become another, were to get myself a new self?» Yes, but if he did become another, I wonder if he would recognize himself again! …It is impossible to represent truly this sort of despair without a certain

> admixture of satire. The comical thing is that he will talk about having been in despair; the dreadful thing is that after having, as he thinks, overcome despair, he is then precisely in despair. It is infinitely comic that at the bottom of the practical wisdom which is so much extolled in the world, at the bottom of all the devilish lot of good counsel and wise saws and «wait and see and «put up with one's fate» and «write in the book of forgetfulness» — that at the bottom of all this, ideally understood, lies complete stupidity as to where the danger really is and what the danger really is. But again this ethical stupidity is the dreadful thing».

— Now we have to state Law of conservation of force for both energies of mind. It is Law of conservation of force which drives men to feel «Good», when control of Law (physical for material energy, scientific for energy of spirit) indicates «force, power». And it is still Law of conservation of force which drives men to feel down, «bad», when control of Law indicates «weakness».

— But what is «force and weakness» or «plus and minus» in energetic terms differ for each energy. For Ego of material energy «Force» means satisfaction of vainglory: upper layers of social ladder, dominance over others willpower, satisfaction of envy and jealousy. Respectively to this definition of force as dominance over others, weakness is defined as «blows on Ego», as attempts to cast off men from upper layers of social ladder and «humiliate» them thus to the position of naught. Such «blows on Ego» are felt as «Insults», «blows on conceited vanity», bringing insufferable pain to men of material energy. This is «blows on physical control of law of conservation of force»; and insofar as this is essential law of psychic energy and physical control's function are to prevent «weakness» of Ego, such «insults» obtain bitter poignancy. This is why ordinary men destitute of spiritual culture, who exercise stupid emulation for upper layers of social ladder are easily «insulted» by each other to the state of sworn enemies. And this is why envy and jealousy reigns in such society, causing people to hate each other guts in their common «War for success».

— Satire of Juvinal in second century and satire of Kierkegaard assumed such behavior and such passions on «blows on Ego»

to be laughable. For «Ego» is literally illusion of physical control of alien dead energy, functioning at the expense of resources of intelligent and living true Self of energy of Spirit.

— Renan in «Life of Jesus» and Chesterton in «Everlasting Man» stressed the fact that Gospel is as well full of this kind of satire. Indeed, any sane man, talking on ambition of Field of Egosystem of material energy on «power and glory», cannot dispense with satire as Kierkegaard has justly noticed.

> «Whilst he accorded the great ones of the earth, who to him were representatives of power, an ironical respect, — says Renan in «Life of Jesus», — he established the supreme consolation recourse to the Father whom every man has in heaven and the true kingdom of God, which every
> man bears in his heart».

Renan, «Life of Jesus»:

> «Jesus always appealed to the delicacy
> of the moral sentiment. He was a disputant only when he argued against the Pharisees, his opponents forcing him, as nearly always happens, to adopt their tone. His exquisite irony, his sharp provocations, always struck home. They were everlasting stigmas, which have remained festering in the wound. This Nessus-shirt of ridicule, which for eighteen centuries the Jew, son of the Pharisees, has dragged in tatters after him, was woven by Jesus with divine skill. Masterpieces of fine raillery, their features are written in lines of fire on the flesh of the hypocrite and the false devotee. Incomparable features, worthy of a son of God! Only a god knows how to kill after this fashion. Socrates and Moliere Jerusalem. can but touch the skin. Jesus carries fire and rage to the very marrow»

— Now, all of you have heard many times critics blaming sermon of Gospel for preaching «love to enemies». Calm down, please, this was not Love to Enemies of God, that is to say to Satan Ego of Blasphemers. This was preaching Love to enemies of common people in their fight for «social success»: enemies of laughable «insults» of physical control. For there is no such thing, as Kierkegaard rightly observes, as «despair of Ego» or

«tragedy of wretched Ego», because there is no such thing like Ego! Physical control of material energy is Soap Bubbles of parasite energy, working while Ego as false object of control of law of conservation of force was not exposed! As soon as Knowledge and Education exhibit to mankind that Ego is parasite of alien dead energy, the Law of conservation of force of mind will abolish Field of Egosystem of material energy as disease and weakness.

Luke 6:

> 22 Blessed are ye, when men shall
> hate you, and when they shall
> separate you from their company,
> and shall reproach you, and cast
> out your name as evil, for the Son
> of man's sake.
> 27 But I say unto you which
> hear, Love your enemies, do good
> to them which hate you,
> 28 Bless them that curse you, and
> pray for them which despitefully
> use you.
> 29 And unto him that smiteth
> thee on the one cheek offer also the
> other; and him that taketh away
> thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also.

5. PUT TO TEST PURITY OF YOUR SPIRIT (SOUL) FROM EGO OF MATERIAL ENERGY

— The great result to which Sermon of Gospel aims is Christian Church, as all of you know! And we managed to set up Grand Building of Father of the Church: St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, St. Jerome! I am no less proud of Papal Revolution of XI century! — said Jesus again. — That was our true Christian Church! And that was test on capacity of Gospel to purge Ego of material energy from divine energy of Spirit of mankind! We proved the test positively! We created Church as Integral unit of human Spirit!

— For the ultimate result of all our efforts to purge Ego from Spirit will be Church of Friendliness: no Ego of material energy is capable to what Chesterton call comradeship or camaraderie in his books, to «honor of friendship» as putted it Spinoza in «Ethics». To create Church of Friendliness you need to exempt your energy of Spirit from dead material energy!

— Unfortunately, our victory was not to last. Papal Church collapsed under corruption due to magic language of Orthodox theology. Only science, as Thomas Aquinas predicted, could save Church. Now we have science, Discovery of Psychic Energy, which gives complete instruction in scientific language, in mathematical formulas How to cleanse energy of Spirit from material energy of physical control.

— And again it is our capacity to eventually erect the Church which will be our perfect test on effectiveness of our science. It is when all the envy and jealousy of «insults» as «blows on Ego» are exposed as laughable stupidity of barbarians destitute of primary education; it is when «war for success» of physical control is laughed down as disease and weakness pretending ambition for power and glory; it is exactly that time when energy of spirit cured from material energy will unite in integral alliance of Church of Friendliness

— And it is Philosophical Laughter, described by Chesterton and Maslow, Spinoza and Kierkegaard, Schelling and Mark Twain, which will be the unerring mark and sign of happy convalescence of Energy of Spirit from Ego and its insufferable pain on blows of conceited vainglory.

Chesterton, «Orthodoxy»:

> «In the old Christian pictures the sky over every figure is like a blue or gold parachute. Every figure seems ready to fly up and float about in the heavens. The tattered cloak of the beggar will bear him up like the rayed plumes of the angels. But the kings in their heavy gold and the proud in their robes of purple will all of their nature sink downwards, for pride cannot rise to levity or levitation. Pride is the downward drag of all things into an easy solemnity. One» settles

down» into a sort of selfish seriousness; but one has to rise to a gay self-forgetfulness. A man «falls» into a brown study; he reaches up at a blue sky. It is really a natural trend or lapse into taking one's self gravely, because it is the easiest thing to do. It is much easier to write a good Times leading article than a good joke in Punch. For solemnity flows out of men naturally; but laughter is a leap. It is easy to be heavy: hard to be light. Satan fell by the force of gravity. Now, it is the peculiar honour of Europe since it has been Christian that while it has had aristocracy it has always at the back of its heart treated aristocracy as a weakness»

A. Maslow, «Motivation and personality»:

«PHILOSOPHICAL, UNHOSTILE SENSE OF HUMOR
One very early finding that was quite easy to make, because it was common to all my subjects, was that their sense of humor is not of the ordinary type. They do not consider funny what the average man considers to be funny. Thus they do not laugh at hostile humor (making people laugh by hurting someone) or superiority humor (laughing at someone else's inferiority) or authority-rebellion humor (the unfunny, Oedipal, or smutty joke). Characteristically what they consider humor is more closely allied to philosophy than to anything else. It may also be called the humor of the real because it consists in large part in poking flln at human beings in general when they are foolish, or forget their place in the universe, or try to be big when they are actually small. This can take the form of poking fun at themselves, but this is not done in any masochistic or downlike way. Lincoln's humor can serve as a suitable example. Probably Lincoln never made a joke that hurt anybody else; it is also likely that many or even most of his jokes had something to say, had a function beyond just producing a laugh. They often seemed to be education in a more palatable form, akin to parables or fables. On a simple quantitative basis, our subjects may be said to be humorous less often than the average of the population. Punning, joking, witty remarks, gay repartee, persiflage of the ordinary sort is much' less often seen than the rather thoughtful, philosophical humor that elicits a smile more usually than a laugh, that is intrinsic to the situation rather than added to it, that is spontaneous rather than planned, and that very often can never be repeated. It should not be surprising that the average man, accustomed as he is to joke books and belly laughs, considers our subjects to be rather on the sober and serious side. Such humor can be very pervasive; the human situation, human pride, seriousness, busyness, bustle, ambition, striving and planning can all be seen as amusing, humorous, even funny. I once

> understood this attitude, I thought, in a room full of «kinetic art,» which seemed to me to be a humorous parody of human life, with the noise, movement, turmoil, hurry and bustle, all of it going no place. This attitude also rubs off on professional work itself, which in a certain sense is also play, and which, though taken seriously, is somehow also taken lightly».

A.Maurois, «Aspects of Biography»:

> «Plato conceived of the human soul as perpetually drawn by two horses, one white and the other black, one dragging him up towards the highest, the other dragging him down to the lowest in his nature. For several centuries humanity was forced to forget the existence of the black charger. Perhaps our own age denies the existence of the white horse too lightly, but a good biographer, in my view, is one who can see both white and black and can show how a man who has this difficult pair to drive can succeed as well as fail»

SCIENTIFIC FORMULA THREE. DISTINGUISH BETWEEN METAPHYSICS OF INTELLECT OF ENERGY OF SPIRIT VERSUS IDEALISM OF HUBRIS-EGO

1. Metaphysics of Intellect of Energy of Spirit Versus Idealism of Hubris-Ego.

2. Idealism of Greek Tragedy Versus Metaphysics of Intellect of Platonism.

3. Distinguish between Chivalry of Energy of Spirit and Romance of Hubris-Ego

4. Confusion of notions of Chivalry and Romance in Vainglory of Don Quixotes

5. Confusion of notions of Chivalry and Romance in Wagnerism and Hitlerism.

1. METAPHYSICS OF INTELLECT OF ENERGY OF SPIRIT VERSUS IDEALISM OF HUBRIS-EGO

When we say «Metaphysics» we imply existence of some other world, separate in some aspect from physical world. When we say «Metaphysics of Intellect» we have evidence of that world beyond physical world as world of Intellectual Formulas in foundation of our material universe. We identify «otherness» of metaphysics as «form», «shape', «framework» of material universe. And apparently that this form can be only form of Intellect — Laws of Nature which drives the matter.

Thus, meaning of Metaphysics of intellect implies duality of Universe as Form of Intellect (laws of energies) and Substance of Matter (energies). All philosophies of rational metaphysics have

this meaning of duality of universe as Intellect and Matter. And when Plato or Spinoza say that there is only one true world — the world of Intellect as only real world — they still mean that our material Universe has duality of Form as Laws of Intellect and Substance as natural energies, though they may deny reality of material world.

I am endeavoring to propound that there is no Deity beyond Deity of Intellect, for Metaphysics of Intellect is the only conceivable world beyond physical world. When Bertrand Russell says in History of Western philosophy that «Kant invented metaphysics founded on morality» he is mistaken. For this phrase merely means that Kant conceded existence of some «God» because he admitted Law of Morality in himself. If that God was God of «laws of universe» — it was God of Intellect. But if it was some abstract «omnipotent power», like that of savages, worshipping almighty powers, it was as equivalent part of our material world as any other. It is not quantity of material force which makes it «metaphysical». It is quality to be driving force of the universe, to be its idealistic form, expressed in formulas of energies, — formulas which drive power of natural energies.

We have strictly distinguish between Metaphysics of Intellect as only real world beyond physical world and mere Idealism as Fancy of magic mentality or fictitious logic (formal logic, detached from facts of reality) on Omnipotent Material Powers. Such Fancy is inherent for magic mentality of Field of Ego-system, whose sensual reflection suggest data as quantitative abstraction of «force» in two antagonist figures: Ego («force of «me» — object of control of law of conservation of energy) and SuperEgo («force of world»). This last one, SuperEgo as reflection of «force of world» Migram Ego of savages see as «omnipotent power» of the environment. Conversely, Hubris Ego of schizoid mentality (fictitious intellect as formal logic) see «Ego» as «omnipotent force», because they use their formal logic to prove dominance of Ego over SuperEgo.

This is what is meant by «philosophy of Idealism» fairly often: schizoid formal logic on magic Field of Ego-system of material

energy. Obviously, that such «Idealism» has nothing to do with true Idealism of Metaphysics of Intellect. It is also called Romance. We shall preserve this last title for schizoid Idealism — Romance, to separate it from Metaphysics of Intellect.

It is exactly the case with Hubris Ego of philosophy of German Idealism, and I shall remind again words of C. Jaspers with this regard:

C. Jaspers, «The origin and goal of history»:

> «This kind of sham faith was bound to swing over to lack of faith. It is true that this philosophy unfolded in the particular, conceptions that can never be lost; it was one of the manifestations of human thought that possessed genius, and its speculative grandeur cannot be doubted. But the distrust of its world, which has erroneously spread to all German philosophy, is justified. Here the „hubris" and waywardness of genius became an unparalleled seduction. Whoever drunk of this potion became intoxicated, a promoter of ruin, through the fact that a spiritual firework of a high order caused loss of faith, which presupposes sobriety».

2. IDEALISM OF GREEK TRAGEDY VERSUS METAPHYSICS OF INTELLECT OF PLATONISM

In his famous book, «The Birth of Tragedy», Nietzsche has accomplished a very important task for Discovery of Psychic Energy; for he exhibited there in all evidence and precision the notion of Idealism of Greek Tragedy as Omnipotent Force of Ego of «Hero-God». This Omnipotent Ego of Hero besides appears to be irrational (hostile to any intelligent activity and knowledge), destitute of conscience and morality (which he many times underscored) and hostile to common men in his dead friendliness and ambition to be worshipped as God.

Legitimately this Omnipotent Ego of Hero (Idealism, Romance) is juxtaposed to Socrates — Platonic «Theoretical Ethical Man», whose Force of Ego, like of following Christians tend to Zero in obedience to Laws of Nature of God of Intellect and in denial of material energy of Field of Ego-system.

Thus, to great contribution of Nietzsche we shall ascribe this exposition of antagonism between Extreme Cult of Ego in Paganism versus Complete Denial of Ego in Metaphysics of Intellect by Plato and later by Christianity. Nietzsche, though he takes wrong side of Paganism, manages to set forth the question of this antagonism to its fullest pungency. Though he was not first in attempt to revive thus paganism: Erasmus in his «Moria» was first to praise Dionysus, Pagan Idol of Olympus as God of immorality and ignorance as opposed to wisdom and ethics of philosophers — Socrates, Plato, Marc Aurelius, Cicero. Nietzsche's singular contribution consists in his stressing the nature of Pagan Hero as Cult of Extreme Ego (Omnipotence of Ego in Fight of outer world), and magic (mysterious) character of that Almighty Force of Ego.

Nietzsche, «Birth of Tragedy»:

> «It is an indisputable tradition that Greek tragedy in its earliest form had for its theme only the sufferings of Dionysus, and that for some time the only stage-hero therein was simply Dionysus himself. With the same confidence, however, we can maintain that not until Euripides did Dionysus cease to be the tragic hero, and that in fact all the celebrated figures of the Greek stage — Prometheus, CEdipus, etc. — are but masks of this original hero, Dionysus. The presence of a god behind all these masks is the one essential cause of the typical» ideality,» so oft exciting wonder, of these celebrated figures. ...The one truly real Dionysus appears in a multiplicity of forms, in the mask of a fighting hero and entangled, as it were, in the net of an individual will.
>
> ....The suddenly swelling tide of the Dionysian then takes the separate little wave-mountains of individuals on its back, just as the brother of Prometheus, the Titan Atlas, does with the earth. This Titanic impulse, to become as it were the Atlas of all individuals, and to carry them on broad shoulders higher and higher, farther and farther, is what the Promethean and the Dionysian have in common. In this respect the yEschylean Prometheus is a Dionysian mask.
>
> ...The best and highest that men can acquire they obtain by a crime, and must now in their turn take upon themselves its consequences, namely the whole flood of sufferings and sorrows with which the offended celestials must visit the nobly aspiring race of man: a bitter

reflection, which, by the dignity it confers on crime, contrasts strangely with the Semitic myth of the fall of man, in which curiosity, beguilement, seducibility, wantonness, — in short, a whole series of pre-eminently feminine passions, — were regarded as the origin of evil. What distinguishes the Aryan representation is the sublime view of active sin as the properly Promethean virtue, which suggests at the same time the ethical basis of pessimistic tragedy as fat justification of human evil — of human guilt as well as of the suffering incurred thereby.

...The substance of tragic myth is first of all an epic event involving the glorification of the fighting hero: but whence originates the essentially enigmatical trait, that the suffering in the fate of the hero, the most painful victories, the most agonising contrasts of motives, in short, the exemplification of the wisdom of Silenus, or, aesthetically expressed, the Ugly and Discordant, is always represented anew in such countless forms with such predilection, and pre cisely in the most youthful and exul> erant age of a people, unless there is really a higher delight experienced in all this? Here it is necessary to raise ourselves with a daring bound into a metaphysics of Art. I repeat, therefore, my former proposition, that it is only as an aesthetic phenomenon that existence and the world appear justified: and in this sense it is precisely the function of tragic myth to convince us that even the Ugly and Discordant is an artistic game which the will, in the eternal fulness of its joy, plays with itself».

Nietzsche, «The Birth of Tragedy»:

«It was Euripides who fought this death-struggle of tragedy; the later art is known as the New Attic Comedy. In it the degenerate form of tragedy lived, on as a monument of the most painful and. violent death of tragedy proper.

He who has perceived the material of which the Promethean tragic writers prior to Euripides formed their heroes, and how remote from their purpose it was to bring the true mask of reality on the stage, will also know what to make of the wholly divergent tendency of Euripides. Through him the commonplace individual forced his way from the spectators' benches to the stage itself; the mirror in which formerly only great and bold traits found expression now showed the painful exactness that conscientiously reproduces even the abortive lines of nature. Odysseus, the typical Hellene of the Old Art, sank, in the hands of the new poets, to the figure of the Graeculus, who, as the good-naturedly cunning domestic slave, stands henceforth in the centre of dramatic interest. What Euripides takes credit for in the

> Aristophanean» Frogs,» namely, that by his household remedies he freed tragic art from its pompous corpulency, is apparent above all in his tragic heroes.
> ...That Socrates stood in close relationship to Euripides in the tendency of his teaching, did not escape the notice of contemporaneous antiquity; the most eloquent expression of this felicitous insight being the tale current in Athens, that Socrates was accustomed to help Euripides in poetising. Both names were mentioned in one breath by the adherents of the» good old time,» whenever they came to enumerating the popular agitators of the day: to whose influence they attributed the fact that the old Marathonian stalwart capacity of body and soul was more and more being sacrificed to a dubious enlightenment, involving progressive degeneration of the physical and mental powers.
> ...Socrates, as an opponent of tragic art, did not ordinarily patronise tragedy, but only appeared among the spectators when a new play of Euripides was performed. The most noted thing, however, is the close juxtaposition of the two names in the Delphic oracle, which designated Socrates as the wisest of men, but at the same time decided that the second prize in the contest of wisdom was due to Euripides. Sophocles was designated as the third in this scale of rank; he who could pride himself that, in comparison with Eschylus, he did what was right, and did it, moreover, because he knew what was right. It is evidently just the degree of clearness of this knowledge^ which distinguishes these three men in common as the three» knowing ones» of their age».

Nietzsche,«Birth of Tragedy»:

> «In order to assign also to Socrates the dignity of such a leading position, it will suffice to recognise in him the type of an unheard-of form of existence, the type of the theoretical man, with regard to whose meaning and purpose it will be our next task to attain an insight ...Socrates, the dialectical hero in Platonic drama, reminds us of the kindred nature of the Euripidean hero, who has to defend his actions by arguments and counter- arguments, and thereby so often runs the risk of forfeiting our tragic pity; for who could mistake the optimistic element in the essence of dialectics, which celebrates a jubilee in every conclusion, and can breathe only in cool clearness and consciousness: the optimistic element, which, having once forced its way into tragedy, must gradually overgrow its Dionysian regions, and necessarily impel it to self-destruction — even to the death-leap into the bourgeois drama. Let us but realise the consequences of the

Socratic maxims: " Virtue is knowledge; man only sins from ignorance; he who is virtuous is happy ": these three fundamental forms of optimism involve the death of tragedy.

For the virtuous. hero must now be a dialectician; there must now be a necessary, visible connection between virtue and knowledge, between belief and morality; ...a profound illusion which first came to the world in the person of Socrates, the imperturbable belief that, by means of the clue of causality, thinking reaches to the deepest abysses of being, and that thinking is able not only to perceive being but even to correct it. This sublime metaphysical illusion is added as an instinct to science and again and again leads the latter to its limits, where it must change into art; which is really the end to be attained by this mechanism.

...He who once makes intelligible to himself how, after the death of Socrates, the mystagogue of science, one philosophical school succeeds another, like wave upon wave, — how an entirely unfore shadowed universal development of the thirst for knowledge in the widest compass of the cultured world (and as the specific task for every one highly gifted) led science on to the high sea from which since then it has never again been able to be completely ousted; how through the universality of this movement a common net of thought was first stretched over the entire globe, with prospects, moreover, of conformity to law in an entire solar system — he who realises all this, together with the amazingly high pyramid of our present-day knowledge, cannot fail to see in Socrates the turning-point and vortex of so-called universal history.

...Socrates is the archetype of the theoretical optimist, who in the above-indicated belief in the fathomableness of the nature of things, attributes to knowledge and perception the power of a universal medicine, and sees in error evil in itself. To penetrate into the depths of the nature of things, and to separate true perception from error and illusion, appeared to the Socratic man the noblest and even the only truly human calling: just as from the time of Socrates onwards the mechanism of concepts, judgments, and inferences was prized above all other capacities as the highest activity and the most admirable gift of nature. Even the sublimest moral acts, the stirrings of pity, of self sacrifice, of heroism, and that tranquility of soul, so difficult of attainment, which the Apollonian Greek called Sophrosyne, were derived by Socrates, and his like-minded successors up to the present day, from the dialectics of knowledge, and were accordingly designated as teachable».

Thus, «Birth of Tragedy» by Nietzsche completely justifies inference of G.K. Chesterton in «Heretics» on «Psychological Discovery» of Christianity as juxtaposition to Paganism in attitude towards Field of Ego-system of material energy: Cult of Omnipotent Ego as Hero-worship in Greek Paganism versus Denial of Ego in Platonism and Christianity on its way to Healthy Energy of Spirit.

Chesterton, «Heretics»:

> «The great psychological discovery of Paganism, which turned it into Christianity, can be expressed with some accuracy in one phrase. The pagan set out, with admirable sense, to enjoy himself. By the end of his civilization he had discovered that a man cannot enjoy himself and continue to enjoy anything else. Mr. Lowes Dickinson has pointed out in words too excellent to need any further elucidation, the absurd shallowness of those who imagine that the pagan enjoyed himself only in a materialistic sense. Of course, he enjoyed himself, not only intellectually even, he enjoyed himself morally, he enjoyed himself spiritually. But it was himself that he was enjoying; on the face of it, a very natural thing to do. Now, the psychological discovery is merely this, that whereas it had been supposed that the fullest possible enjoyment is to be found by extending our ego to infinity, the truth is that the fullest possible enjoyment is to be found by reducing our ego to zero».

3. DISTINGUISH BETWEEN CHIVALRY OF ENERGY OF SPIRIT AND ROMANCE OF HUBRIS-EGO

Chesterton knows better than anyone that notions of Pagan Idealism and Christian Chivalry are opposite and antagonistic to each other, as we have seen. Yet, even Chesterton used to confuse notions of «Romance» and «Christian Chivalry», though not in regard to Greek paganism.

We shall separate these notions as opposite notions of Hubris Idealism versus Metaphysics of Energy of Spirit, and distinguish between them as between notions of sharp antithesis.

Because, «Romance» as we can see from Camus' brilliant analysis of history of Nihilism is associated with Nietzschean philosophy and got its development in Dandism and Nihilism. Camus stresses the fact that Romance is movement of Idealism, which «needs God» to opposed to it its own immorality to prove its negative power as equal or superior to God — the power of Satans.

Thus, opposition between «Ethical and Esthetical», between Morality and Science of Metaphysics of Intellect on one hand and Art of Hero-Worship on other hand, suggested by Nietzsche, is established in «actors of Dandism», starring their roles before the mirror of public — Theater of Nietzschean Greek Tragedy.

On this opposition between Ethical attitude of Christianity and Esthetical Attitude of Romance speaks also Kierkegaard in «Whether — Or» and in «Sickness unto Death». You need only to compare considerations of Camus and Kierkegaard with Nietzsche's considerations in foreword to «Birth of Tragedy».

A. Camus, «Rebel»:

> «Dandyism, of whatever kind, is always dandyism in relation to God. The individual, in so far as he is a created being, can oppose himself only to the Creator. He has need of God, with whom he carries on a kind of a gloomy flirtation. Armand Hoog rightly says that, despite its Nietzschean atmosphere, God is not yet dead even in romantic literature. Damnation, so clamorously demanded, is only a clever trick played on God. With this «everything is permitted» the history of contemporary nihilism really begins.
>
> …A baroque romantic, discovered by Raymond Queneau, claims that the aim of all intellectual life is to become God. This romantic is really a little ahead of his time. The aim, at that time, was only to equal God and remain on His level. He is not destroyed, but by incessant effort He is refused any act of submission. Dandyism is a degraded form of asceticism. The dandy creates his own unity by aesthetic means. But it is an aesthetic of singularity and of negation. «To live and die before a mirror»: that, according to Baudelaire, was the dandy's slogan. It is indeed a coherent slogan. The dandy is, by occupation, always in opposition. He can only exist by defiance. But an actor implies a public; the dandy can only play a part by setting himself up in opposition. He can only be sure of his own existence by finding it

> in the expression of others' faces. Other people are his mirror. He plays at life because he is unable to live it. He plays at it until he dies, except for the moments when he is alone and without a mirror. For the dandy, to be alone is not to exist. The romantics talked so grandly about solitude only because it was their real horror, the one thing they could not bear. That is why the heritage of romanticism was not claimed by Victor Hugo, the epitome of France, but by Baudelaire and Lacenaire, the poets of crime. «Everything in this world exudes crime,» says Baudelaire, «the newspaper, the walls, and the face of man.» Romanticism demonstrates, in fact, that rebellion is part and parcel of dandyism: one of its objectives is appearances. In its conventional forms, dandyism admits a nostalgia for ethics. It is only honor degraded as a point of honor. But at the same time it inaugurates an aesthetic which is still valid in our world, an aesthetic of solitary creators, who are obstinate rivals of a God they condemn. When the dandies fail to commit suicide or do not go mad, they make a career and pursue prosperity. Even when, like Vigny, they exclaim that they are going to retire into silence, their silence is piercing. If the romantic rebel extols evil and the individual, this does not mean that he sides with mankind, but merely with himself»

Nietzsche, «An attempt of self-criticizm», foreword to «Birth of tragedy»:

> «Already in the foreword to Richard Wagner, art — and not morality — is set down as the properly metaphysical activity of man; in the book itself the piquant proposition recurs time and again, that the existence of the world is justified only as an aesthetic phenomenon. Indeed, the entire book recognises only an artist-thought and artist-after thought behind all occurrences, — a» God,» if you will, but certainly only an altogether thoughtless and unmoral artist-God, who, in construction as in destruction, in good as in evil, desires to become conscious of his own equable joy and sovereign glory
>
> Here, perhaps for the first time, a pessimism» Beyond Good and Evil» announces itself, here that» perverseness of disposition» obtains expression and formulation, — a philosophy which dares to put, derogatorily put, morality itself in the world of phenomena, and not only among» phenomena " (in the sense of the idealistic terminus technicus], but among the» illusions,» as appearance, semblance, error, interpretation, accommodation, art.
>
> Perhaps the depth of this antimoral tendency may be best estimated from the guarded and hostile silence with which Christianity is treated

> through out this book, — Christianity, as being the most extravagant burlesque of the moral theme to which mankind has hitherto been obliged to listen. In fact, to the purely aesthetic world-interpretation and justification taught in this book, there is no greater antithesis than the Christian dogma»

S. Kierkegaard, «Sickness unto death»:

> «This sort of despair is seldom seen in the world, such figures generally are met with only in the works of poets, that is to say, of real poets, who always lend their characters this «demoniac» ideality (taking this word in the purely Greek sense). Nevertheless such a despairer is to be met with also in real life. There is no merit in being in despair in a higher degree. Aesthetically it is an advantage, for aesthetically one has regard merely to strength; but ethically the more intense kind of despair is further from salvation than is the lower. In real life the sin of despairing of the forgiveness of sins is generally misunderstood, especially now that they have done away with the ethical, so that one seldom or never hears a sound ethical word. Aesthetic-metaphysically it is honored as a sign of a deep nature that one despairs of the forgiveness of sins This «Thou shalt ought to be a part of every definition of the religious; instead of which people have employed fantastically conceptions of God as an ingredient in human self-importance, so as to be self important over against God. As in political life one becomes important by belonging to the Opposition, and in the last resort may well wish that there should be a government so that one might at least have something to oppose; so in the last resort one does not wish to abolish God — if merely with a view to becoming still more selfimportant by being the Opposition. And all that which in the old days was regarded with horror as the expression of impious insubordination has now become spirited, the sign of a deep nature».

It is obvious from these definitions of Romance — Idealism as Conscious and Deliberate Hatred to Science (causations), Morality and Friendliness, that this is Field of Ego-system of material energy, which has nothing to do with Energy of Spirit.

Extreme Individualism of Pagan Hero-Worship stems from Cult of Omnipotent Ego. From definitions of that Hubris-Ego, given by Nietzsche and his adherents and followers, it is evident that

they speak of Dead Thought, Dead Conscience and Dead Friendliness of Superior Ego-protection.

This Cult of Individualism of Hubris-Ego remains in western culture up to these days what is called Romance of Idealism. And apparently this Cult of Individualism and Romance of Hero-worship has nothing to do with Chivalry as Christian philosophy of Metaphysics of Intellect and Cult of Church of Friendliness.

Nietzsche sings Chaos of Universal Wars of Irrational Wanton Willpowers of Omnipotent Egos! Christian Church of Augustine's Civitas Dei brings Order of Universal Natural Law and Manages to subjugate wanton willpower of «Princes» (physical control of material energy) to Scientific control of Energy of Spirit — to Natural Law of Church of Friendliness. This great victory of Medieval Church August Comte termed as «eternal glory of Catholic Church», and justifiably.

Chesterton says of Chivalry as following:

«Chivalry might be called the baptism of Feudalism. It was an attempt to bring the Justice and even the logic of the Catholic creed into a military system which already existed; to turn its discipline into an initiation and its inequalities into a hierarchy».

In that book on «Short History of England» Chesterton also emphasized the fact that Chivalry of Christianity was new «psychological climate» — climate contrary to wars of Ego for dominance, because of Cult of denial of Ego in favor of Energy of Spirit. This new psychological climate alone he envisages as due to sudden disappearance of slavery in Europe of Middle Ages.

> «and the vast system of slavery vanished. It was probably the widest work ever done which was voluntary on both sides; and the Middle Ages was in this and other things the age of volunteers. It is possible enough to state roughly the stages through which the thing passed; but such a statement does not explain the loosening of the grip of the great slave-owners; and it cannot be explained except psychologically. The Catholic type of Christianity was not merely an element, it was a climate; and in that climate the slave would not grow».

It was not wars of errant knights for glory which constituted chivalry, maintains Chesterton in that book. It was that «psychological climate» of «Zero-Ego» of Church of Friendliness of Middle Ages which inspired chivalry, which, in his turn, inspired worship of Holy Land, — truly Holy for common men unlike «princes of this world» and their Leviathans of sadomasochism of physical control.

> «But it is a huge historical error to suppose that the Crusades concerned only that crust of society for which heraldry was an art and chivalry an etiquette. The direct contrary is the fact. The First Crusade especially was much more an unanimous popular rising than most that are called riots and revolutions. The Guilds, the great democratic systems of the time, often owed their increasing power to corporate fighting for the Cross; but I shall deal with such things later. Often it was not so much a levy of men as a trek of whole families, like new gipsies moving eastwards. Their maps are more provocative than pictures. Their half-fabulous animals are monsters, and yet are pets. It is impossible to state verbally this very vivid atmosphere; but it was an atmosphere as well as an adventure. It was precisely these outlandish visions that truly came home to everybody; it was the royal councils and feudal quarrels that were comparatively remote. The Holy Land was much nearer to a plain man's house than Westminster, and immeasurably nearer than Runymede».

A. Toynbee, «Study of History»:

> «A church is militant on Earth for the purpose of winning This World for the Civitas Dei, and this means that a church has to deal with secular as well as spiritual affairs and to organize itself on Earth as an institution.... This early chapter of the history of Christianity was ominous for the spiritual prospects of a twentieth-century Westernizing world, because the worship of Leviathan, on which the early Christian Church had inflicted a defeat which had appeared to be decisive, had reasserted itself with the sinister emergence of a totalitarian type of state in which the Modern Western genius for organization and mechanization had been enlisted, with diabolic ingenuity, for the purpose of enslaving souls as well as bodies to a degree which had not been within the power of the worst intentioned tyrants of the past. It looked as if, in a modern Westernizing world, the war between God and Caesar might have to be waged again; and it looked as if, in that event,

the morally honourable yet spiritually perilous role of serving as a church militant would once again fall upon Christianity.

……..The Papal Respublica Christiana is unique among human institutions. Attempts to establish its character by analogies with institutions evolved in other societies reveal differences so fundamental that the supposed analogies turn out to be unprofitable. It can best be described, in negative terms, as an exact inversion of the Caesaro Papal regime, against which it was a social reaction and a spiritual protest; and this description gives, better than any other, the measure of Hildebrand's achievement. In this despised and alien Rome Hildebrand and his successors succeeded in creating the master institution of Western Christendom. They won for Papal Rome an empire which had a greater hold on the human heart than the Empire of the Antonines, and which on the mere material plane embraced vast tracts of Western Europe beyond the Rhine and the Danube where the legions of Augustus and Marcus Aurelius had never set foot. This statesmanlike aloofness from secular and territorial ambitions was combined, in the Papal hierocracy at its zenith, with an energetic and enterprising use of the administrative gift which was the Byzantine legacy to Papal Rome. While in Orthodox Christendom this gift had been fatally applied to the tour deforce of putting substance into a resuscitated ghost of the Roman Empire and thereby crushing an adolescent Orthodox Christian Society under the incubus of an institution too heavy for it to bear, the Roman architects of the Respublica Christiana turned their administrative resources to better account by building a lighter structure, on a new plan, upon broader foundations. The gossamer filaments of the Papal spider's web, as it was originally woven, drew medieval Western Christendom together into an unconstrained unity which was equally beneficial to the parts and to the whole. These Papal conquests were partly due to the constitution of the Christian Republic whose frontiers the Popes were enlarging; for it was a constitution which inspired confidence instead of evoking hostility. It was based on a combination of ecclesiastical centralism and uniformity with political diversity and devolution; and, since the superiority of the spiritual over the temporal power was a cardinal point in its constitutional doctrine, this combination made the note of unity predominant without depriving the adolescent Western Society of those elements of liberty and elasticity which are the indispensable conditions of growth. Even in those Central Italian territories over which the Papacy claimed secular as well as ecclesiastical authority the twelfth-century Popes gave encouragement to the movement towards city-state autonomy. At the turn of the

twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when this civic movement was in full f lood in Italy and when the Papal authority stood at its zenith over Western Christendom, a Welsh poet was «pointing out… how strange it was that the Pope's censure, which in Rome could not move trifles, was elsewhere making the sceptres of kings tremble' The victory of the Christian Republic was won by the Papal campaigns for the purification of the clergy from the two moral plagues of sexual incontinence and f inancial corruption, for the liberation of the life of the Church from the interference of secular Powers and for the rescue of the Oriental Christians and the Holy Places from the clutches of the Turkish champions of Islam. But this was not the whole of the Hildebrandine Papacy's work; for even in times of the severest stress the great Popes under whose leadership these «Holy Wars' were fought had a margin of thought and will to spare for works of peace in which the Church was displaying her finest self and exercising her most creative activity: the nascent universities, the new forms of monastic life and the mendicant orders. …The creative spirits of the Roman Church who set themselves in the eleventh century to rescue our Western Society from a feudal anarchy by establishing a Christian Republic found themselves in the same dilemma as their spiritual heirs who are attempting in our own day to replace an international anarchy by a world order. The essence of their aim was to substitute spiritual authority for physical force, and the spiritual sword was the weapon with which their supreme victories were won».

Chesterton, «Short History of England':

«But it is a huge historical error to suppose that the Crusades concerned only that crust of society for which heraldry was an art and chivalry an etiquette. The direct contrary is the fact. … To give a list of English kings and parliaments, without pausing for, a moment upon this prodigious presence of a religious transfiguration m common life, is something the folly of which can but faintly be conveyed by a more modern parallel, with secularity and religion reversed. It is as if some Clericalist or Royalist writer should give a list of the Archbishops of Paris from 1750 to 1850, noting how one died of small-pox, another of old age, another by a curious accident of decapitation, and throughout all his record should never once mention the nature, or even the name, of the French Revolution

…Most of the mediaeval remains familiar to the modern reader are necessarily «late,» such as Chaucer or the Robin Hood ballads; but they are none the less, to a wiser criticism, worthy of attention and even trust. That which lingers after an epoch is generally that which lived

> most luxuriantly in it. It is an excellent habit to read history backwards. It is far wiser for a modern man to read the Middle Ages backwards from Shakespeare, whom he can judge for himself, and who yet is crammed with the Middle Ages. If this be true of Shakespeare, it is even truer, of course, of Chaucer. When the average reader turns to the " Canterbury Tales,» which are still as amusing as Dickens yet as mediaeval as Durham Cathedral, what is the very first question to be asked? ...It is almost necessary to say nowadays that a saint means a very good man. The materials of it were almost the same as those of labour and domesticity: it did not need the sword or sceptre, but rather the staff or spade. It was the ambition of poverty. Who was St. Thomas, to whose shrine the whole of that society is thus seen in the act of moving; and why was he so important? If there be a streak of sincerity in the claim to teach social and democratic history, instead of a string of kings and battles, this is the obvious and open gate by which to approach the figure which disputed England with the first Plantagenet. A real popular history should think more of his popularity even than his policy. And unquestionably thousands of ploughmen, carpenters, cooks, and yeomen, as in the motley crowd of Chaucer, knew a great deal about St. Thomas when they had never even heard of Becket. ...The place of Coeur de Lion in popular fable and gossip is far more like his place in true history. King Richard, as the typical Crusader, did make a momentous difference to England by gaining glory in the East, instead of devoting himself conscientiously to domestic politics in the exemplary manner of King John. The accident of his military genius and prestige gave England something which it kept for four hundred years, and without which it is incomprehensible through¬ out that period — the reputation of being in the very vanguard of chivalry. Chivalry might be called the baptism of Feudalism. It was an attempt to bring the Justice and even the logic of the Catholic creed into a military system which already existed; to turn its discipline into an initiation and its inequalities into a hierarchy».

Chesterton, «Short History of England»:

> «The mediaevals not only had self- government, but their self government was self- made. They did indeed, as the central powers of the national monarchies grew stronger, seek and procure the stamp of state approval; but it was approval of a popular fact already in existence. Men banded together in guilds and parishes long before Local Government Acts were dreamed of. Like charity, which was worked in the same way, their Home Rule began at home. The

reactions of recent centuries have left most educated men bankrupt of the corporate imagination required even to imagine this. They only think of a mob as a thing that breaks things — even if they admit it is right to break them. But the mob made these things. An artist mocked as many-headed, an artist with many eyes and hands, created these masterpieces. And if the modern sceptic, in his detestation of the democratic ideal, complains of my calling them masterpieces, a simple answer will for*the moment serve. It is enough to reply that the very word „“ masterpiece ” is borrowed from the terminology of the mediaeval craftsmen. But such points in the Guild System can be considered a little later; here we are only concerned with the quite spontaneous springing upwards of all these social institutions, such as they were. They rose in the streets like a silent rebellion; like a still and statuesque riot. In modern constitutional coun tries there are practically no political institutions thus given by the people; all are received by the people. There is only one thing that stands in our midst, attenuated and threatened, but enthroned in some power like a ghost of the Middle Ages: the Trades Unions. In agriculture, what had happened to the land was like a universal landslide. But by a prodigy beyond the catastrophes of geology it may be said that the land had slid uphill. Rural civilization was on a wholly new and much higher level; yet there was no great social convulsions or apparently even great social campaigns to explain it. It is possibly a solitary instance in history of men thus falling upwards; at least of outcasts falling on their feet or vagrants straying into the promised land. Such a thing could not be and was not a mere accident; yet, if we go by conscious political plans, it was something like a miracle. There had appeared, like a subterranean race cast up to the sun, something unknown to the august civilization of the Roman Empire — a peasantry. *At the beginning of the Dark Ages the great pagan cosmopolitan society now grown Christian was as much a slave's state as old South Carolina. By the fourteenth century it was almost as much a state of peasant proprietors as modern France. No laws had been passed against slavery; no dogmas even had condemned it by definition; no war had been waged against it, no new race or ruling caste had repudiated it; but it was gone. This startling and silent transformation is perhaps the best measure of the pressure of popular life in the Middle Ages, of how fast it was making new things in its spiritual factory. Like every¬ thing else in the mediaeval revolution, from its cathedrals to its ballads, it was as anonymous as it was enormous. It is admitted that the conscious and active emancipators everywhere were the parish priests and the religious brotherhoods; but no name among them has survived

> and no man of them has reaped his reward in this world. Countless Clarksons and innumerable Wilber- forces, without political machinery or public fame, worked at death-beds and confession's in all the villages of Europe; and the vast system of slavery vanished. It was probably the widest work ever done which was voluntary on both sides; and the Middle Ages was in this and other things the age of volunteers. It is possible enough to state roughly the stages through which the thing passed; but such a statement does not explain the loosening of the grip of the great slave-owners; and it cannot be explained except psychologically. The Catholic type of Christianity was not merely an element, it was a climate; and in that climate the slave would not grow».

4. CONFUSION OF NOTIONS OF CHIVALRY AND ROMANCE IN VAINGLORY OF DON QUIXOTES

Byron, Don Juan

> «Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale
> Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail
> «Of all tales 'tis the saddest — and more sad
> Because it makes us smile: his hero's right
> And still pursues the right; — to curb the bad
> His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight
> His guerdon: 'tis his virtue makes him mad!»
> Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
> A single laugh demolish'd the right arm
> Of his own country»

And yet, despite all this apparent juxtaposition between Romance-Idealism of Pagan Hubris-Ego and Chivalry of Church of Friendliness and Natural Law, the former and the latter eventually got confused as we can observe from this extract from Byron's «Don Juan».

Because indeed Don Quixot of Cervantes was not the only «errant knight» which failed to understand the crucial distinction between chivalry and hero-worship, and contrived to make sports from Cult of Crusades as wars for glory of knights like Heroes of Greek Tragedies waged wars for their own Cult of Ego. All this is

true altogether with truth on corruption and Fall of Catholic Church as leader of Christian world on its way to Civitas Dei by Augustine. And in both cases the same causes are to blame: lack of lucidity and clarity of mythological language of ancient Scriptures; the lack of scientific precision of laws of psychic energy, which eventually loosened immature scientific control of energy of spirit.

What was particularly laughable in case with Don Quixote? Not his adherence to Christian Chivalry as Morality of Gospel, of course! It was attempt to make sports from morality of Gospel for winning Vainglory of Ego! For it is Vainglory of Ego which is subject of satire from the times of Juvenal and Lucian, Persius and Petronas. It is Hero-worship of Pagan Hubris-Ego, revived in German Idealism, as Jaspers says, which is subject of laughter of sober men of reason and conscience.

Kierkegaard in «Sickness unto death»:

> «The self is its own lord and master, so it is said, its own lord, and precisely this is despair, — says Kierkegaard in Sickness unto death», — However, by closer inspection one easily ascertains that this ruler is a king without a country, he rules really over nothing; So the despairing self is constantly building nothing but castles in the air, it fights only in the air. All these experimented virtues make a brilliant showing; for an instant they are enchanting like an oriental poem: such self-control, such firmness, such ataraxia, etc., border almost on the fabulous. Yes, they do to be sure; and also at the bottom of it all there is nothing. like Prometheus the infinite, negative self feels that it is nailed to this servitude»

And especially laughable must seem attempt to make sports for such Vainglory of Ego through Morality of Gospel, whose sermon was sermon on Denial of Ego and its vanity. Power of Chivalry is not Power of glory of individual errant knights. Power of Chivalry is War of Church of metaphysics of Intellect and Friendliness, waged to Leviathans of Sadomasochism, Leviathans of Physical control of Dead Thought, Conscience and Compassion. And this power of Chivalry is to be realized only through

institutions of scientific control and communities of Christians, banded together in energy of spirit. Not through stupid individual warriors of iron sword.

5. CONFUSION OF NOTIONS OF CHIVALRY AND ROMANCE IN WAGNERISM AND HITLERISM

Nietzsche in «Birth of tragedy» and Nietzsche in «The case of Wagner» — is not the same Nietzsche as everybody knows.

«Birth of Tragedy» is panegyric to Wagner, his music and his opera as music of «revival of Dionysus tragedy», which Nietzsche estimates as greatest achievement of mankind. He blames Platonic Socrates for defeat of Dionysus tragedy and anticipates revival of «demon of Dionysus» altogether with «German spirit», which according to Nietzsche is embodied in Wagner's music. Civilization is sick with Socratic theoretical man and his Christian ethical brother, and only Wagner's revival of Dionysus tradition can bring about Health of Cult of Hero-worship inimical to Christian morality and platonic scientific mind.

His attitude changes to opposite position in regard to Wagner and his opera in «The case of Wagner». Now Nietzsche blames Wagner as composer of most morbid art one can conceive. And if Wagner is not declared to be an cause of degradation (decadence) of civilization, than at least he is one of most consummate decadents, exerting most pernicious influence on culture. And it is HIS IDEALISM AND ROMANCE which is to blame! Nietzsche at last understands that Idealism-Romance is not good thing, is not fine or sound thing. It is morbid, evil, mean thing, which has nothing to do with aristocracy of mankind as he conceived it before.

And he blames Wagner for his being Idealist and Romantic, and accuses him in unhealthy decadence because of this!

It honors Nietzsche that he finally managed to understand that Romance of Wagner is of wicked and morbid sort as all Romance of Field of Ego-system. But he failed again to indicate the right way out of his failure — the way to true Energy of Spirit as

Metaphysics of Intellect of Chivalry! Instead, he hurls his thunderbolts on «all metaphysics and all idealism», messing up thus metaphysics of Energy of Spirit with Idealism of Hubris-Ego. He avows his hatred to all his previous «Idealism and Metaphysics» in «Birth of Tragedy», and accuses Wagner in his romantic sickness. He summons young men to get rid of «Idealism and Metaphysics» and to follow his Zaratustra in his Cynical laughter of immoralist. And he fails to understand that his true error lies in confusing these two notions of sharp antithesis — Idealism and Metaphysics — in Oneness. Had he separated these two notions and sided with Metaphysics of Intellect as contrary to idealism of Romantic Hubris-Ego, he would have escaped his tragic madness and emerged triumphant in his just war against Wagner. But his choice was skepticism and materialism, and his fortune appeared failure.

Yet, his critizism on Wagner's music, Wagner's drama, Wagner's romance, and Wagner's wickedness remains to be of sharp perspicacity and profound insight. He is stupid naïve child in «Birth of Tragedy», singing dithyrambs to Wagner. And he is wise sage in «The case of Wagner», pointing him out as composer of morbid art, and morbidity of his art as Idealism-Romance of Hubris-Ego.

«What a clever rattlesnake!»

— As to what Goethe would have thought of Wagner? — Goethe once set himself the question, «what danger hangs over all romanticists — the fate of romanticists?» — His answer was: «To choke over the rumination of moral and religious absurdities.» In short: Parsifal.…»

Nietzsche, «The case of Wagner»:

> «The greatest event of my life took the form of a recovery. Wagner belongs only to my diseases.
> …And yet I was one of the most corrupted Wagnerites.… I was able to take Wagner seriously. Oh, this old magician! what tricks has he not played upon us! The first thing his art places in our hands is

a magnifying glass: we look through it, and we no longer trust our own eyes — Everything grows bigger, even Wagner grows bigger.... What a clever rattlesnake. Throughout his life he rattled «resignation,» «loyalty,» and «purity» about our ears, and he retired from the corrupt world with a song of praise to chastity! — And we believed it all....

— As to what Goethe would have thought of Wagner? — Goethe once set himself the question, «what danger hangs over all romanticists — the fate of romanticists?» — His answer was: «To choke over the rumination of moral and religious absurdities.» In short: Parsifal....

Atypical décadent who thinks himself necessary with his cor rupted taste, who arrogates to himself a higher taste, who tries [012] to establish his depravity as a law, as progress, as a fulfilment. And no one guards against it. His powers of seduction attain monstrous proportions, holy incense hangs around him, the mis understanding concerning him is called the Gospel, — and he has certainly not converted only the poor in spirit to his cause! I should like to open the window a little: — Air! More air! —

— Wagner increases exhaustion — therefore he attracts the weak and exhausted to him. Oh, the rattlesnake joy of the old Master precisely because he always saw «the little children» coming unto him!

I place this point of view first and foremost: Wagner's art is diseased. The problems he sets on the stage are all con cerned with hysteria; the convulsiveness of his emotions, his over-excited sensitiveness, his taste which demands ever sharper condimentation, his erraticness which he togged out to look like principles, and, last but not least, his choice of heroes and hero ines, considered as physiological types (— a hospital ward! —): the whole represents a morbid picture; of this there can be no doubt. Wagner est une névrose. Maybe, that nothing is better known to-day, or in any case the subject of greater study, than the Protean character of degeneration which has disguised itself here, both as an art and as an artist. In Wagner our medical men and physiologists have a most interesting case, or at least a very complete one. Owing to the very fact that nothing is more modern than this thorough morbidness, this dilatoriness and excessive irritability of the nervous machinery, Wagner is the modern artist par excellence, the Cagliostro of moderni ty. All that the world most needs to-day, is combined in the most seductive manner in his art, — the three great stimulants of exhausted people: brutality, artificiality and innocence (idiocy). Wagner is a great corrupter of music. With it, he found the means of stimulating tired nerves, — and in this way he made music ill. Enough! Enough! I fear that, beneath all my merry jests, you are beginning to recognise the sinister truth only too clearly — the picture

of the decline of art, of the decline of the artist. The latter, which is a decline of character, might perhaps be defined provisionally in the following manner: the musician is now be coming an actor, his art is developing ever more and more into a talent for telling lies.

Was Wagner a musician at all? In any case he was something else to a much greater degree — that is to say, an incomparable histrio, the greatest mime, the most astounding theatrical genius that the Germans have ever had, our scenic artist par excellence. He belongs to some other sphere than the history of music, with whose really great and genuine figure he must not be confound ed. Wagner and Beethoven — this is blasphemy — and above all it does not do justice even to Wagner.... As a musician he was no more than what he was as a man, he became a musician, he became a poet, because the tyrant in him, his actor's genius, drove him to be both. Nothing is known concerning Wagner, so long as his dominating instinct has not been divined. Wagner was not instinctively a musician. And this he proved by the way in which he abandoned all laws and rules, or, in more precise terms, all style in music, in order to make what he wanted with it, i.e., a rhetorical medium for the stage, amedium of expression, a means of accentuating an attitude, a vehicle of suggestion and of the psychologically picturesque. In this department Wagner may well stand as an inventor and an innovator of the first order — he increased the powers of speech of music to an incalculable degree — he is the Victor Hugo of music as language, provided always we allow that under certain circumstances music may be something which is not music, but speech — instrument — ancilla dramaturgica.

Wagner's music, not in the tender care of theatrical taste, which is very tolerant, is simply bad music, perhaps the worst that has ever been com posed. When a musician can no longer count up to three, he becomes «dramatic,» he becomes «Wagnerian». ... The elementary factors — sound, movement, colour, in short, the whole sensuousness of music — suffice. Wagner never calculates as a musician with a musician's conscience, all he strains after is effect, nothing more than effect. And he knows what he has to make an effect upon!

Above all, no thoughts! Nothing is more compromising than a thought! But the state of mind which precedes thought, the labour of the thought still unborn, the promise of future thought, the world as it was before God created it — a recrudescence of chaos.... Chaos makes people wonder.... In the words of the master: infinity but without melody. In the second place, with regard to the overthrowing, — this belongs at least in part, to physiology. Let us, in the first place, examine the instruments. A few of them would convince even our

intestines (— they throw open doors, as Handel would say), others becharm our very marrow. The colour of the melody is all-important here, the melody itself is of no importance. Let us be precise about this point. To what other purpose should we spend our strength? Let us be characteristic in tone even to the point of foolishness! If by means of tones we allow plenty of scope for guessing, this will be put to the credit of our intellects. Let us irritate nerves, let us strike them dead: let us handle thunder and lightning, — that is what overthrows.... But what overthrows best, is passion. — We must try and be clear concerning this question of passion. Nothing is cheaper than passion! All the virtues of counterpoint may be dispensed with, there is no need to have learnt anything, — but passion is always within our reach! Beauty is difficult: let us beware of beauty!... And also of melody! However much in earnest we may otherwise be about the ideal, let us slander, my friends, let us slander, — let us slander melody! Nothing is more dangerous than a beautiful melody!

And now a last word of advice. Perhaps it covers every thing — Let us be idealists! — If not the cleverest, it is at least the wisest thing we can do. In order to elevate men we ourselves must be exalted. Let us wander in the clouds, let us harangue eternity, let us be careful to group great symbols all around us! Sursum! Bumbum! — there is no better advice. The «heaving breast» shall be our argument, «beautiful feelings» our advocates.

Do not let us forget that, when Hegel and Schelling were misleading the minds of Germany, Wagner was still young: that he guessed, or rather fully grasped, that the only thing which Germans take seriously is — «the idea,» — that is to say, something obscure, uncertain, wonderful; that among Germans lucidity is an objection, logic a refutation. Hegel is a matter of taste.... And not only of German but of European taste!... A taste which Wagner understood! — which he felt equal to! which he has immortalised! — All he did was to apply it tomusic — he invented a style for himself, which might mean an «infinity of things,» — he was Hegel's heir.... Music as «Idea.» —

And how well Wagner was understood! — The same kind of man who used to gush over Hegel, now gushes over Wagner, in his school they even write Hegelian.11 But he who understood Wagner best, was the Germany outhlet. The two words «infinity» and «meaning» were sufficient for this: at their sound the youth let immediately began to feel exceptionally happy. Wagner did not conquer these boys with music, but with the «idea»: — it is the enigmatical vagueness of his art, its game of hide-and-seek amid a hundred symbols, its polychromy in ideals, which leads and lures the lads. It is Wagner's genius for

> forming clouds, his sweeps and swoops through the air, his ubiquity and nullibiety — precisely the same qualities with which Hegel led and lured in his time!
> — I have mentioned the sphere to which Wagner belongs — cer tainly not to the history of music. What, however, does he mean historically? — The rise of the actor in music: a momentous event which not only leads me to think but also to fear. In a word: «Wagner and Liszt.» Never yet have the «up- [033] rightness» and «genuineness» of musicians been put to such a dangerous test. It is glaringly obvious: great success, mob success is no longer the achievement of the genuine, — in order to get it a man must be an actor! —
> But who is in any doubt as to what I want, — as to what the three requisitions are concerning which my wrath and my care and love of art, have made me open my mouth on this occasion? That the stage should not become master of the arts. That the actor should not become the corrupter of the genuine. That music should not become an art of lying.»

Interesting, that Saltykov-Schedrin also described Wagner's music as «destitute of conscience of musician». This is sober and just esteem of Wagnerism, given by Nietzsche. Now compare it with his ecstatic prophecy of «revival of Dionysus demon» in German music, where he placed Wagner in one row with Beethoven as musician. In this pompous and solemn prophecy Nietzsche predicted not only great success of Romantist Wagner, but also revival of Pagan Hubris-Ego in German culture of Hitlerism. And Simon Blackburn mentioned the fact in his essay on «Republic» of Plato, when pointing out, that «blitzkrieg» is inheritance of Pagan worship of «right of might», fought by Plato.

Nietzsche, «Birth of Tragedy»:

> «Let no one attempt to weaken our faith in an impending re-birth of Hellenic antiquity; for in it alone we find our hope of a renovation and puri fication of the German spirit through the fire- magic of music. What else do we know of amidst the present desolation and languor of culture, which could awaken any comforting ex pectation for the future? We look in vain for one of single vigorously-branching root, for a speck fertile and healthy soil: there is dust, sand, torpidness and

languishing everywhere! Under such circumstances a cheerless solitary wanderer could choose for himself no better symbol than the Knight with Death and the Devil, as Durer has sketched him for us, the mail-clad knight, grim and stern of visage, who is able, unperturbed by his gruesome companions, and yet hopelessly, to pursue his terrible path with horse and hound alone. Our Schopenhauer was such a Durerian knight: he was destitute of all hope, but he sought the truth. There is not his equal.

Yes, my friends, believe with me in Dionysian life and in the re-birth of tragedy. The time of the Socratic man is past: crown yourselves with ivy, take in your hands the thyrsus, and do not marvel if tigers and panthers lie down fawning at your feet. Dare now to be tragic men, for ye are to be redeemed! Ye are to accompany the Dionysian festive procession from India to Greece! Equip yourselves for severe conflict, but believe in the wonders of your god

Tragedy absorbs the highest musical orgasm into itself, so that it absolutely brings music to perfection among the Greeks, as among ourselves; but it then places alongside thereof tragic myth and the tragic hero, who, like a mighty Titan, takes the entire Dionysian world on his shoulders and disburdens us thereof; while, on the other hand, it is able by means of this same tragic myth, in the person of the tragic hero, to deliver us from the intense longing for this existence, and reminds us with warning hand of another exist ence and a higher joy, for which the struggling hero prepares himself presentiently by his de struction, not by his victories.

We have approached this condition in the most striking manner since the reawakening of the Alexandro — Roman antiquity in the fifteenth century, after a long, not easily describable, inter lude. Our opinion of the pure and vigorous kernel of the German being is such that we venture to expect of it, and only of it, this elimina tion of forcibly ingrafted foreign elements, and we deem it possible that the German spirit will reflect anew on itself. Perhaps many a one will be of opinion that this spirit must begin its struggle with the elimination of the Romanic element: for which it might recognise an external preparation and encouragement in the victorious bravery and bloody glory of the late war, but must seek the inner constraint in the emulative zeal to be for ever worthy of the sublime protagonists on this path, of Luther as well as our great artists and poets. But let him never think he can fight such battles without his household gods, without his mythical home, without a «restoration» of all German things! And if the German should look timidly around for a guide to lead him back to his long-lost home, the ways and paths of which he knows no longer — let him but listen

> to the delightfully luring call of the Dionysian bird, which hovers above him, and would fain point out to him the way thither».

SCIENTIFIC FORMULA FOUR. «DEAD EGO» AS TRAGEDY OF GREECE

1. Nietzsche's praise of Tragedy of Greece.

2. Destructive power of Hubris-Ego. Antique Hubris-Ego as Broken Cyclic Homeostasis of Physical control of material energy.

3. Distinguish between «Dead Ego» of Schizoid Mentality (Hubris-Ego) and Dead Conscience and Thought of Satan-Ego

1. NIETZSCHE'S PRAISE OF TRAGEDY OF GREECE

Ernest Renan, Arnold Toynbee, G.K. Chesterton, B. Russell, A. Schweitzer and others — all of them understand origin of our civilization on the whole from three resources: Judaism, Greek Philosophy and Roman Law.

Of Impact of Greece on our civilizations is said enough. No one can doubt its enormous contribution to what today is known as scientific western civilization.

And yet we can contend that History of Ancient Greece has been Tragedy. We cannot say that it was Failure, exactly because of its prodigious success in emerging of philosophy, science and art. But we feel righteous when asserting that history of ancient Greece was Tragedy of nation, perished in civic wars.

From this point of view — from the point of view of survival of the mankind, culture of Greece appears thus failure, for we can blame only that culture of Hubris Ego, which eventuated in wreckage of entire nation.

The key word to that devastating ruin of culture once blossomed is the word Tragedy, chosen by Nietzsche for praise of Greece. We have chosen the word with opposite intention:

to blame that Tragedy for Defeat of the nation — as grandiose defeat as once his triumphant pace through the world has been.

In «Birth of Tragedy», aiming to commend Tragic Theater as Cult of Hero-worship in Greece, Nietzsche postures an openly absurd objective, — to justify unjustifiable thing: to justify tragedy of nation. For this purposes he employs philosophy of Kant and Schopenhauer to explain death of heroes as Kantian «phenomenas» in order to find «metaphysical comfort» in Schopenhauer's «Primordial Being», which he suggests as unseen true reality where Judah's resurrection of deadmen is to be acquired. This is plain nonsense and he is compelled to admit that his praise of Tragedy, based on attempt to cook «metaphysical comfort» from false adjustment Schopenhauer's philosophy to his purposes, was stupid and therefore failed.

Nietzsche, «The Birth of Tragedy»:

> «Dionysian art, too, seeks to convince us of the eternal joy of existence: only we are to seek this joy not in phenomena, but behind phenomena. We are to perceive how all that comes into being must be ready for a sorrowful end; we are compelled to look into the terrors of individual existence — yet we are not to become torpid: a metaphysical comfort tears us momentarily from the bustle of the transforming figures. We are really for brief moments Primordial Being itself, and feel its indomitable desire for being and joy in existence; the struggle, the pain, the destruction of phenomena, now appear to us as something necessary, considering the surplus of innumerable forms of existence which throng and push one another into life, considering the exuberant fertility of the universal will».

Nietzsche, «An attempt of self-criticism», Foreword to Birth of Tragedy»:

> «You see which problem I ventured to touch upon in this early work? … How I now regret, that I had not then the courage (or immodesty?) to allow myself, in all respects, the use of an individual language for such individual contemplations and ventures in the field of thought — that I laboured to express, in Kantian and Schopenhauerian formula?, strange and new valuations, which ran fundament ally counter to the spirit of Kant and Schopen hauer, as well as to their taste! What, forsooth, were Schopenhauer's views on tragedy? «What gives " — he

> says in Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, II. 495 — «to all tragedy that singular swing towards elevation, is the awakening of the know ledge that the world, that life, cannot satisfy us thoroughly, and consequently is not worthy of our it attachment. In this consists the tragic spirit: therefore leads to resignation» Oh, how differently Dionysos spoke to me! Oh how far from me then was just this entire resignationism!»

For Nietzsche as for all Romanticists, the only felicities of Greek Tragedy remains «smile of Helena», which makes them «madly merry men, floating in sweet sensuality». Even Goethe, with all his avowed grave concerns on Romanticism, did not escape this platitude in second part of «Faust», which, I assume to be, altogether with Belinsky, nonsensical and thus his failure.

> «And so the spectator will perhaps stand quite bewildered before this fantastic exuberance of life, and ask himself what magic potion these madly merry men could have used for enjoying life, so that, wherever they turned their eyes, Helena, the ideal image of their own existence» floating in sweet sensuality,» smiled upon them».

Later, in his Foreword, Nietzsche again is compelled to admit his mistake on extolling Romantic Love as Highest Happiness, and again he fails to indicate real point of his mistake. He had messed up Idealism of Hubris Ego and Energy of Spirit of Metaphysics, and thus he lost clue of right train of thought.

Nietzsche, «An attempt of self-criticism», Foreword to «Birth of Tragedy»:

> «Let us imagine a rising generation with this undauntedness of vision, with this heroic impulse towards the prodigious, let us imagine the bold step of these dragon -slayers, the proud daring with which they turn their backs on all the effeminate doctrines of optimism, in order» to live resolutely» in the Whole and in the Full: would it not be necessary for the tragic man of this culture, with his self-discipline to earnestness and terror, to desire a new art, the art of metaphysical comfort, tragedy as the Helena belonging to him, and that he should exclaim with Faust: «And shall not I, by mightiest desire, In living shape that sole fair form acquire?»
> «Would it not be necessary? “ … No, thrice no! ye young romanticists: it would not be necessary! But it is very probable, that things may end thus, that ye may end thus, namely» comforted,» as it is written,

> in spite of all self- discipline to earnestness and terror; metaphysic ally comforted, in short, as Romanticists are wont to end, as Christians.... No! ye should first of all learn the art of earthly comfort, ye should learn to laugh, my young friends, if ye are at all determined to remain pessimists: if so, youwill perhaps, as laughing ones, eventually send all metaphysical com fort ism to the devil — and meta physics first of all!»

2. DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF HUBRIS-EGO. ANTIQUE HUBRIS-EGO AS BROKEN CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF PHYSICAL CONTROL OF MATERIAL ENERGY

Emphasis on Duality, on Split of Antique Greece as Division between material energy of Hubris Ego (Dionysus culture) on the one hand and Energy of Spirit of Socrates and Plato on the other hand — this was great contribution of Nietzsche as historian into science of World History. Russian historians, especially Merezhkovsky in his multiple writings, have developed this discovery of Nietzsche.

Discovery of Psychic energy deals with this split of antique culture, strictly distinguishing between success of Socratic direction and failure of Dionysus direction (magic mentality of physical control of material energy). And this is the point where failed perspicacity of Nietzsche, who have assigned success of Ancient Greece to its failure and tragedy — to Dionysus direction («maybe Greece owes all its success to its madness»).

What is Hubris Ego from point of view of Energetics and Discovery of Psychic Energy?

It is broken cyclic homeostasis of physical control of material energy. This is why Hubris-Ego is dysfunctional and doomed to perish. Normal Cyclic Homeostasis (like that of Satan-Ego of Amorphous Serpents) is morbid, dead energy, which ruins living Energy of Spirit, but it still can last as dead material energy. It is another case with Hubris-Ego, because now both energies of mind — material as well as Energy of Spirit — are ruined.

In my previous English books on mechanism of collapse of cyclic homeostasis through mediation of fictitious intellect (formal logic torn from pacts of reality) I have said enough. The cause of collapse of cyclic homeostasis lies in interference of intellect into mechanisms of Ego-protection of physical control: formal logic proves superiority of Ego in some logical system and thus provokes collapse of Inferior Ego-protection as emotional gravitation of Inlovesickness. But for cyclic homeostasis both emotional gravitations — Superior Ego-protection and Inferior Ego-protection — are equally indispensable. Collapse of one of them produces collapse of physical control as cyclic homeostasis, and thus collapse of material energy of mind. As result we have both energies of mind ruined, — this is why Hubris-Ego is Tragedy of immature intellect of mankind, which doomed Greece on death.

Yet, not only positive power of Energy of Spirit, — that legacy of Socrates-Platonic philosophy we have, — but also Destructive power of Hubris-Ego have played its important role in World History.

It was August Comte, as everybody knows, who indicated period of Schizoid-Romantic mentality as period of Destruction. His terminology was another — he termed it «metaphysical period», to underscore his revulsion to metaphysics, and was mistaken in concert with Nietzsche (they both went mad on this ground). We shall not to repeat their mistakes, — to mess up Schizoid Romanticism and Metaphysics of Intellect of Healthy Spirit — this is why we apply our terminology to «period of destruction» — period of Schizoid Romanticism (Hubris-Ego).

In this Comte was right: Schizoid Hubris-Ego cannot construct, but it is great resource of destruction, and especially of destruction of Hierarchy of Sadomasochism of Leviathans! Famous democratic revolutions of Antiquity, in Greece and in Israel, — we both owe to broken cyclic homeostasis of Hubris-Ego, whose proud stable Superior Ego-protections of heroes cannot afford them any longer to submit to royal aristocracy of lords and their armies. Thus,

historical meaning of schizoid Hubris-Ego — was destruction of Leviathans of physical control of masters-slaves relations. Yet, conspicuous capacity to destruct Leviathans did not provide Hubris-Ego with capacity to build health community as Church of Natural law and Friendliness (Civitas Dei). For its Energy of Spirit was suffering under active material energy of Hubris-Ego. This is why true regime of antiquity was not democracy", but alternation between democracy and tyranny „democracy-tyranny' as manifestation of morbid duality of mind in energy of spirit under active schizoid Hubris-Ego.

> B. Russell says in «History of Western philosophy» on this point: «In Greece, revolutions were as frequent as formerly in Latin America. The oligarchs seem to have been vigorous fellows. In some cities, we are told, they swore an oath: „I will be an enemy to the people, and will devise all the harm against them which I can." Now-a-days, reactionaries are not so frank. ...In most Greek cities, and especially in those of Sicily, there was a constant conflict between democracy and tyranny; the leaders of whichever party was at the moment defeated were executed or exiled. Those who were exiled seldom scrupled to enter into negotiations with the enemies of Greece — Persia in the East, Carthage in the West».

3. DISTINGUISH BETWEEN «DEAD EGO» OF SCHIZOID MENTALITY (HUBRIS-EGO) AND DEAD CONSCIENCE AND THOUGHT OF SATAN-EGO

We already know that Satan-Ego of stable Superior Ego-protection of Cyclic homeostasis produces effect of Dead Thought, Dead Conscience and Dead Friendliness. That is to say Effect of «dead Energy of Spirit», or rather Effect of «dead object of control of Energy of Spirit — true Self».

We shall not confuse «Dead Energy of Spirit (thought and conscience) " with «Dead Ego», because in first case we have real tragedy of mortified by material energy (alien to men) human energy of thought and conscience. And in second case we have

only discomfort of broken physical control of that alien to men material energy. Phenomenon of «Dead Ego» means only that «object of control» of physical control of material energy of law of conservation of force is lost, — physical control signals to law of conservation of force of psyche that no hope to save the force of Ego — the object of control. This is energetic meaning of phenomenon, familiar to psychiatry as hyperesthesia of narcissism of schizoid mentality.

Indeed, to understand the pungency of pain of narcissist egoism in this case we have to bear in mind that Law of conservation of force is central driving law of both Fields of forces of energies of mind — spiritual as well as material. But «object of control, force and control of force» means various things for Energy of Spirit and material energy respectively.

For Energy of Spirit object of control is Spirit — that is to say Thought, Conscience and Compassion (Friendliness) of human living energy. Morality (Ethics) of Energy of Spirit is merely manifestation of Law of conservation of force of psyche, because for Energy of Spirit Force means unity of humankind in oneness — that is to say «object of control» or true Self is common for all sane humankind. It is perfectly expressed in «Art of Loving» by Fromm and in his «Man for himself» — genius insight! «to love you means to love me, and to love all men in you» — I am siting him by memory. «All sane men» of course, for insane men don't love anyone, especially themselves. And Fromm stressed this fact too: «egoism is not too much love to oneself, — he says, it is incapacity to love oneself». Yes, it is activity of alien material energy, which deceives energy of spirit through false object of control — absurdity of Ego.

What is Ego literally? Physical control of material energy shows to person sensual data of that person and outer world as two hostile forces: Force of Ego (picture of person) and Force of SuperEgo (picture of outer world). Of course, both pictures are false data, besides this is picture of person, and not person himself! Say, how can one's photo be equivalent to him?? And

when people assume their Ego as themselves they do like those savages who believe their photo to be themselves. Secondly, the pictures of person and world are entirely false, because physical data is always false — it is reflection of one piece of matter in another piece of matter, which has nothing to do on truth. Truth deals only with intellectual forms of energies, with laws of nature.

And this physical reflection shows some abstraction of quantitative force, absent in reality, as hostility between two amounts of that quantitative abstraction: degree of force of Ego against degree of that force of SuperEgo (outer world). This is where from «fear of supernatural forces» of magic mentality comes: this disproportion between weak little quantity of Ego and «omnipotent» all the rest degree of force» on the ground of juxtaposition between them produces «fear of supernatural omnipotent force». All this is product of Law of conservation of force of psyche, which for physical control of material energy cannot do better, and shows regular for material world picture with regular for material world means.

The thing is we are not material energy and Ego is not our true Self or even its true photo. Good photo is not ourselves and still it remains good photo. The Ego of physical control is not even good photo — it has nothing to do with our personality and our energy, except showing rightly the weakness of single person as opposed to the rest of world.

F. Schelling (Bonaventura), «Night Watches»:

> «And the masks turn in a mad swidance around me — around me, who am called man — and I reel in the midst of their circle, dizzy from the sight and endeavoring in vain to embrace one of the masks and tear the disguise from its true countenance; but they dance and only dance — and I, what shall I do in the circle? Who am I then, if the disguises should disappear? Give me a mirror, you carnival players, that I may once see myself — it's getting wearisome for me always to be looking only at your changing faces. You shake — what? Does no I stand in the mirror, when I step before it — am I only the thought of a thought, the dream of a dream — can you not help me to find my body, and will you always be shaking your bells, when I think they are

mine? Hoo! It is indeed terribly lonely in the ego, when I clasp you tight, you masks, and I try to look at myself — everything echoing sound without the disappeared note — nowhere substance, and yet I see — that must be the Nothing that I see! — Away, away from the I — only dance on, you masks!

…The death's-head is never missing behind the ogling mask, and life is only the cap and bells which the Nothing has draped around to tinkle with and finally to tear up fiercely and hurl from itself.

I have not resisted the introduction of masks, for the more masks there are, one on top of the other, all the more fun it is to pull them off one after the other down to the penultimate satirical one, the Hippocratic, and the last fixed one, which no longer laughs or cries — the skull, hairless fore and a, with which the tragicomedian departs in the end. — I have also had nothing to object against verses; they are only a more comical lie, just as the cothurn is only a rather comical pomposity»

S. Kierkegaard «Sickness unto death»:

«On the contrary, he lost himself, owing to the fact that this self was seen fantastically reflected in the possible. But the mirror of possibility is not an ordinary mirror, it must be used with the utmost precaution. For of this mirror it is true in the highest sense that it is a false mirror. That the self looks so and so in the possibility of itself is only half truth; for in the possibility of itself the self is still far from itself. In possibility, however, everything is possible. Hence in possibility one can go astray in all possible ways, but essentially in two. One form is the wishful, yearning form, the other is the melancholy fantastic — on the one hand hope; on the other, fear or anguished dread. Fairy-tales and legends so often relate that a knight suddenly perceived a rare bird, which he continues to run after, since at the beginning it seemed as if it were so very near — but then it flies off again, until at last night falls, and he has become separated from his companions, being unable to find his way in the wilderness where he now is. So it is with the possibility of the wish. Instead of summoning back possibility into necessity, the man pursues the possibility — and at last he cannot find his way back to himself. The individual pursues with melancholy love a possibility of agonizing dread, which at last leads him away from himself, so that he perishes in the dread, or perishes in that in which he was in dread of perishing.

….What the self now lacks is surely reality — so one would commonly say, as one says of a man that he has become unreal. But upon closer inspection it is really necessity the man lacks. What really is lacking is the power to obey, to submit to the necessary in oneself, to what may

> be called one's limit. Therefore the misfortune does not consist in the fact that such a self did not amount to anything in the world; no, the misfortune is that the man did not become aware of himself, aware that the self he is, is a perfectly definite something, and so is the necessary».
> However, while person remains unaware on two objects of control of law of conservation of force of psyche — two «me» in other words — he continues to suffer hard from «blows on Ego»: fear, envy, jealousy, «insults» on vainglory; and he continues often to act as cad and villain to prevent those «blows on Ego».

Yet, for normal cyclic homeostasis «blows on Ego» never ends as «Death of Ego», because submission of slavery does not mean «death of Ego» for them. Slavery of submission and Rapists of Violence — are normal relations of sadomasochism of cyclic homeostasis: it is two normal emotional gravitations of Narcissism (Superior Ego-protection) and Inlovesickness (Inferior Ego-protection), which compound normal cyclic homeostasis as physical control of sadomasochism of material energy. Of course, law of Force indicates Superior Ego-protection of narcissism as preferable, and yet Inlovesickness of slavery remains also a way of protection of Ego — Inferior Ego-protection, but not Death of Ego, not the end of protection of Ego by physical control. This is why such persons like baron Masoch prefer gravitation of Inlovesickness to narcissism and how men managed to seduce entire sex of female into Inlovesickness as preferable for them emotional gravitation. Yet, we must remember, that from sane point of view both emotional gravitations but sickness and madness of severe disease of mind.

It is another case with Hubris-Ego of schizoid intellect, whose formal logic had proved stable superiority of force of Ego over force of the rest of world — SuperEgo. To bring you appropriate instances let us to apply to Superman of Nietzsche or to Independent Ego of philosophy of Fichte. Perfect instance of insanity of «Idealism of Formal Logic» of Hubris'Ego gives brilliant with depth of insight chapter «The Maniacs» from Chesterton's «Orthodoxy» and Schelling's satire on German

Idealism in «Night Watches». I have only to make one little preservation on Chesterton's terminology: he termed his maniacs' formal logic — «rationality», and thus allowed confusion in. For there is nothing rational in formal logic of Hubris Ego, of course — it is merely employment of instrument of thought for goals far removed from intelligence, namely for physical control of material energy.

Chesterton, «Orthodoxy»:

> «And if great reasoners are often maniacal, it is equally true that maniacs are commonly great reasoners. The last thing that can be said of a lunatic is that his actions are causeless. If any human acts may loosely be called causeless, they are the minor acts of a healthy man; whistling as he walks; slashing the grass with a stick; kicking his heels or rubbing his hands.
> If you argue with a madman, it is extremely probable that you will get the worst of it; for in many ways his mind moves all the quicker for not being delayed by the things that go with good judgment. He is not hampered by a sense of humour or by charity, or by the dumb certainties of experience. He is the more logical for losing certain sane affections. Indeed, the common phrase for insanity is in this respect a misleading one. The madman is not the man who has lost his reason. The madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason. ….Now, speaking quite externally and empirically, we may say that the strongest and most unmistakable mark of madness is this combination between a logical completeness and a spiritual contraction.
> ….He understands everything, and everything does not seem worth understanding. His cosmos may be complete in every rivet and cog-wheel, but still his cosmos is smaller than our world. Somehow his scheme, like the lucid scheme of the madman, seems unconscious of the alien energies and the large indifference of the earth; it is not thinking of the real things of the earth, of fighting peoples or proud mothers, or first love or fear upon the sea. The earth is so very large, and the cosmos is so very small. The cosmos is about the smallest hole that a man can hide his head in. But the case is even stronger, and the parallel with madness is yet more strange. For it was our case against the exhaustive and logical theory of the lunatic that, right or wrong, it gradually destroyed his humanity. Now it is the charge against the main deductions of the materialist that, right or wrong, they gradually destroy his humanity; I do not mean only kindness, I mean hope, courage, poetry, initiative, all that is human.

….And I have described at length my vision of the maniac for this reason: that just as I am affected by the maniac, so I am affected by most modern thinkers. That unmistakable mood or note that I hear from Hanwell, I hear also from half the chairs of science and seats of learning to-day; and most of the mad doctors are mad doctors in more senses than one. They all have exactly that combination we have noted: the combination of an expansive and exhaustive reason with a contracted common sense. They are universal only in the sense that they take one thin explanation and carry it very far. But a pattern can stretch for ever and still be a small pattern. They see a chess-board white on black, and if the universe is paved with it, it is still white on black. Like the lunatic, they cannot alter their standpoint; they cannot make a mental effort and suddenly see it black on white. Take first the more obvious case of materialism. As an explanation of the world, materialism has a sdrt of insane simplicity. I thas just the quality of the madman's argument; we have at once the sense of it covering everything and the sense of it leaving everything out… Of course it is not only of the materialist that all this is true. The same would apply to the other extreme of speculative logic. There is a sceptic far more terrible than he who believes that everything began in matter. It is possible to meet the sceptic who believes that everything began in himself He doubts not the existence of angels or devils, but the existence of men and cows»

Bertrand Russell, «Power»:

«Human life being a perpetual interaction between volition and uncontrollable facts, the philosopher who is guided by his power impulses seeks to minimise or decry the part played by facts that are not the result of our own will. I am thinking now not merely of men who glorify naked power, like Machiavelli and Thrasymachus in the Republic; I am thinking of men who invent theories which veil their own love of power beneath a garment of metaphysics or ethics. The first of such philosophers in modern times, and also the most thorough-going, is Fichte. The philosophy of Fichte starts from the ego, as the sole existent in the world. It is obvious that a metaphysic such as Fichte's leaves no place for social duties, since the outer world is merely a product of my dream. Belief in race and nationalism is thus a psychologically natural outcome of a solipsistic philosophy — all the more since love of power obviously inspires the theory, and power can only be achieved with the help of others. All this is known as «idealism', and is considered morally nobler than a philosophy which admits the reality of the external world. The love of power is a part

> of normal human nature, but power philosophies are, in a certain precise sense, insane. The existence of the external world, both that of matter and that of other human beings, is a datum, which may be humiliating to a certain kind of pride, but can only be denied by a madman. Men who allow their love of power to give them a distorted view of the world are to be found in every asylum: one man will think he is the Governor of the Bank of England, another will think he is the King, and yet another will think he is God. Highly similar delusions, if expressed by educated men in obscure language, lead to professorships of philosophy; and if expressed by emotional men in eloquent language, lead to dictatorships. Certified lunatics are shut up because of their proneness to violence when their pretensions are questioned; the uncertified variety are give the control of powerful armies, and can inflict death and disaster upon all sane men within their reach. The success of insanity, in literature, in philosophy, and in politics, is one of the peculiarities of our age, and the successful form of insanity proceeds almost entirely from impulses towards power».

The special case with Hubris-Ego of schizoid mentality (formal logic, described by Chesterton) is that effect of «Dead-Ego», unavailable for normal cyclic homeostasis. «Logic Ego-protection» — whatever absurdity it may be from point of view of true intellect, dealing with reality — has its goal and its product the contrary picture of odds of forces of Field of Ego-system. We have examined above that picture of cyclic Homeostasis reflects too little Ego in war with too big, almost omnipotent SuperEgo, and thus picture of cyclic homeostasis generates «fear of supernatural forces», on which Levi-Bruhl expanded in his brilliant book on «Primitive mentality» of savages.

Picture of formal logic of schizoid Ego-protection brings Titans of Olympus and Nietzsche's Supermen's and Fichte's Gigantic Ego, lessening the force of outer world to the vanishing degree. Ego and SuperEgo of Field of Ego-system has changed thus their roles! Now Ego is gigantic and omnipotent and SuperEgo is toy in hands of Atlas and Titan of Greek Mythology.

F. Schelling (Bonaventura), «Night Watches»:

> «Monologue of the Insane World Creator from madhouse:

> Finally — and this was the worst — the speck fancied itself to be god and constructed systems in which it admired itself. By the devil! I should have le the doll uncarved! — What am I supposed to do with it now? — Allow it to hop about up here in eternity with its buffooneries? «Just look, Doctor, how wrathfully the fellow has plotted against the world,» I continued when the creator of the world finished. «It is almost dangerous for us other fools to have to tolerate this titan among us, for he has his consistent system just as well as Fichte's[2] and basically has an even smaller opinion of man than the latter, who only sunders him from heaven and hell, but in compensation compresses everything classic round about into the li le I (which any tiny boy can cry out), as into a pocket format. Anyone is capable now, if it please him, of drawing from his insignificant shell entire cosmogonies, theosophies, world histories, and the like, together with the li le images pertaining thereto. at is grand and splendid, of course; if only the format were not so small! Even Schlegel[3] has been aiming for smaller images, and I must confess that a great Iliad, issued in sixteenmo, will never suit me — that means packing the whole of Olympus in a nutshell, and the gods and heroes must either accommodate themselves to a reduced scale or break their necks without mercy!»

This inversion of odds of antagonist forces of physical control of material energy is the first mark of broken cyclic homeostasis by Schizoid (formal logic). The second consequence is Valor, Courage of Greek Hero-worship and Nietzschean Superman. It comes legitimately from the inversion of forces of Ego-system: now Boss is Ego, while SuperEgo is reduced to its creation and toy in his hands. This is why Leviathans of normal cyclic homeostasis is full of cowards with «fear of supernatural forces», which affords east model of slavery to procced. And this explains why western schizoid mentality produced cultures of Cult of Titans, fearless in their aspiration to subjugate the universe to their vainglory, to their mad Ego. The last attempt we all remember as madness of World War Two, the inspiration of German Idealism, in his unity with Nietzschean Dionysus bird.

All of them failed. The separate individuals and the entire cultures and nations. Leviathans endure up to this time, because they repose on normal cyclic homeostasis of material energy.

I don't intend to say that they are in the least better than mad civic wars of schizoid Hubris-Ego- on the contrary, destruction of Leviathans brought by Hubris-Ego provided our way to spiritual development. I am trying to convey the fact, that anyway, Hubris-Ego was doomed for defeat, because its both controls of law of force of psyche — scientific and physical — are broken. Leviathan of cyclic homeostasis have one of controls of law of force functioning — physical control. For my part, if I had to choose between functioning Leviathan and hell of wars of Hubris-Ego I wouldn't doubt a minute on option. Fortunately, we have better choice and not between bad and worse: we can choose health, order, peace, power, glory and divinity of Energy of Spirit and its Civitas Dei.

The third consequence of broken cyclic homeostasis of schizoid Hubris-Ego is that effect of «dead-Ego». «Poets» in their opposition to the Gods of Olympus, to the entire Universe, like Nietzschean Titans and Atlases, predictably broke their necks. Naturally, they challenge the world with their shameless aspiration to subjugate the world to their willpower, like Hitler, and world responses with legitimate indignation, removing the madmen.

In miner cases, Titans and Supermen are routed by their environment, failing to enforce their Titan's power. And unlike men of cyclic homeostasis always ready for obedience instead of command — all of them, schizoids of Hubris-Ego — feel this terrible for them adversity: Death of their Ego, Collapse of their physical control.

This phenomenon of schizoid mentality is well-known to psychiatry as «Hyperesthesia» of schizoid's narcissism. But you can see yourself that this is notion of degree, and quantity variations say nothing of the case. They say as if schizoids feel sharper than other men, while they feel in other way: they feel «Dead Ego» in point, where ordinary men of active material energy feel Inferior Ego-protection instead of Superior Ego-protection.

It was Ernest Kretschmer, German psychiatrist, who developed Kraepelin's classification of psychosis and suggested two main forms of non-organic psychosis: cycloids of manic depression and schizoids of hyperesthesia of narcissism. He stressed the fact of «non-cyclic» mental movement of schizoids as opposed to cycloids, and he also stressed the fact of their special pain from «blows on Ego» (hyperesthesia), unknown to cycloids, in his book «Body and Character». This special pain is reaction of physical control of law of force on effect of its object of control — «Dead Ego». This hyperesthesia produces another well-known phenomenon of schizoid mentality — autism. «Autism» as it is known to psychiatry, as fear of contacts with outer world stems thus from extreme bitterness of effect of «Dead –Ego».

But «autism» of schizoids is not essentially phenomenon of destroyed external contacts with outer world. It is only phenomenon of obvious autism. Because case with Leviathans of sadomasochism with relations of Violence-Slavery is first and essential instance of autism — hidden autism, because men seem to be communicating with each other, and even feel absolute dependence on each other, described by Fromm as dependence of sadomasochism relations in «Art of Loving». But still, and Fromm also underscored the fact, this kind of relations remains fictitious («fusion without integrity»). In energetic terminology this means that true energy of spirit of men remains separate while men continue to associate with each other through alien material energy, running between them (masks and destitution of sincerity).

F. Schelling (Bonaventura), «Night Watches»:

> «The poets are a harmless little folk, with their dreams and raptures and heaven full of Greek gods that they carry about with them in their fantasy. But they become wicked as soon as they presume to hold their ideal up to reality and then flail the latter angrily, when they should have nothing at all to do with it.
> ….And before me the stony gods stood as cripples without arms and legs; indeed, some even with missing heads; the most beautiful and glorious thing to which the human mask had ever developed itself, the whole heaven of a great sunken race, dug up again from Herculanum

and the bed of the Tiber as corpse and torso. An invalids' home of immortal gods and heroes, given shape amid a miserable humanity. e ancient artists who had conceived and formed these gods' torsos marched shrouded before my mind... Now a little dilettante among those present was clambering up with effort onto a Medici Venus without arms, his mouth puckered and almost in tears, in order, as it seemed, to kiss her behind, this being by acknowledgment the most artistically successful part of this goddess. It enraged me, because in this heartless time there is nothing I tolerate less than the grimace of enthusiasm to which so many faces can contort themselves, and I climbed angered onto an empty pedestal in order to waste a few words. «Young art brother!» — I addressed him. — » The divine backside is too elevated for you, and you cannot get up there, considering your puny stature, without breaking your neck! I speak out of human kindness, for I feel bad that you are trying to venture out of your depth under mortal danger. Since the fall, before which Adam, as is well known through the assurances of the rabbis, measured his hundred yards, we have become noticeably smaller and are shrinking more and more from age to age, so that one must gravely warn in our saeculum against all such neck-breaking a empts as the one in evidence is. What do you want anyway with this stone maiden, who at this moment would become an iron one for you if she were not missing genuine arms to clasp with? For with her restored ones there is no danger; they cannot even serve as a Berlichingen first and resemble only the wooden ones fastened on the bodies of shot-up soldiers. Oh friend, however much the art doctors of the newer period may heal and patch, they do not put the gods mutilated by malicious time, such as this torso lying here, back on their feet, so they will have to remain forever merely as invalids and emeriti retired here. Once when they still stood erect and had arms and thighs and heads, an entire great race of heroes lay at their feet in the dust; now the tables have turned and they lie in the ground, while our enlightened century stands upright.

...Panting, I climbed up into high Olympus and opened the entranceway; but instead of one tragedy that I had not expected, I found two of them,

...«Poor devil,» I said looking up to him, «I don't know whether I am supposed to take your apotheosis comically or seriously. ...Here in the picture childhood still laughed around him, and he stood in spring's garden filled with closed flower buds after whose perfume he longed and which burst on him but as poisonous blooms and brought him death. I had to turn aside, shuddering, when I compared the copy, the

> smiling curly child's head, with the original of the present, the swaying Hippocratic face, which looked blackly and terribly like a Medusa's head into its own youth. He appeared to have cast his final glance upon the painting even in the last minute, for he hung turned toward it, and the lamp was burning close before it as before an altarpiece»

Now everybody knows that Ancient Greece fell prey of its own civic wars; exhibiting heroic resistance and epic valor to external enemy, it failed to reconcile its own citizens and thus suffered terrible wreckage. This

Church of Friendliness of Sane Energy of Spirit is contrary situation of unity of men. Such unity in honesty, justice, respect, admiration, creativity, compassion, conscience, rule of natural, scientific control was suggestion of Platonic Socrates «Republic», but Greece instead of adopting revelation of Socrates — executed him. Exactly like Pharisee in case with Jesus.

There is also third case of «unity» of normal physical control of Leviathan, founded on relations of robbers and slaves in homeostasis of Narcissism and Inlovesickness. This false «unity» should not deceive us. For it is cyclic homeostasis of alien material energy which function between men, while energy of people remains divided. Masks of Hypocrisy, «grey dirt» of ambivalent emotions, messed on fear of magic mentality, disability to candor and plotting against each other — this is manifestation of transfigured emotions of sane energy of spirit into channels of unity through morbid gravitations of narcissism and inlovesickness.

But we are concerned here with case of obvious autism of Hubris-Ego in its avowed war to outer world and disability to all contacts with it: including contacts through «unity» of cyclic homeostasis.

In following chapter I intend to develop this subject matter on effect of «Dead Ego» of schizoid mentality as real canvas of Greek tragedy, stripped from its Nietzschean Romanticism.

L. Klein in «Deciphered Iliad» professed already that Iliad as most famous of Greek tragedies is poem not of victory and

triumph, but poem of bitter rout of Achaeans. And that real subject matter of poem was by no means Trajan war — it was bitter for Greece theme of wars between Greek military leaders and later theme of civic wars and conflicts of Greek men, small and big conflicts of all levels.

L. Klein, «Deciphered Iliad»:

> «The heroic epic military defeats of nation remain attractive. Though Homer sings victorious glory to Greece in Trojan War, it is scarce have any relation to real historic defeat of Achaeans. But we have only to take Iliad or Odyssey and read it attentively. What is the finish of Iliad narrative? We cannot figure it out from the Homer's tale. Getting through the events of the story we share grave anticipations of Achaeans in forthcoming defeat. These anticipations can be understood only as accidently left remnants, traces of previous narrative of historical truth, lately transfigured in story of victory. Anticipations of imminent rout are so multiple, that we can easily discern an consistent system of considerations of all personages of Iliad — heroes, gods, fate.
>
> The heroic epic military defeats of nation remain attractive. All components of such composition we cn find also in epic on Trojan war. Achaeans waged war to Egypt, to Hittites, to Cypres, but it was Trojan war which finished with their defeat! And soon after that rout — Dark Ages of Greek history, epoch of great national catastrophe, when the very survival and preservation of nation was questioned. The bitter memories of shameful rout haunted attendants of expansion, forcing them again and again to return to the events of recent past, in their endeavoring to «mend» history at least in their tales.
>
> The subject matter of Iliad is not the War. The Trojan war in Homer's tale is merely foil and canvas. It was already in previous century that historians had pointed out the Achilles, the young leader of small kingdom, as main hero of the poem, — not Agamemnon, and not Menelaus. The plot of the poem is weaved around conflict of two Achaean leaders, Achilles and Agamemnon, during the Trojan war. The cause of conflict, its development and result — this is subject matter of the poem. The consequences of the conflict eventuated in adversity. The poem by no way is panegyric to the conflict, the poem on the contrary aims to condemn it. The end of story is funeral of Patroclus and spiritual renewal of Achilles. The shock from guilt on death of his friend produced such upheaval in his soul that his heart becomes capable for compassion to the sorrow of old Priamus,

and he gives away body of Hector to his father to let him to bury his son.

The Greek world had been full of such songs on subject of conflict between two Greek heroes. In Iliad we find for example myth on rage and resentment of Meleagre, narrated now as myth of fury of Achilles. In Ulysses we find story of conflict between Odyssey and Achilles on the feast, in Ethiopida there is narrative of conflict between Ulysses and Ajax, which has bitter end of suicide of Ajax. What was the reason of that profuse production of similar songs on conflicts between military leaders of Greece — conflicts, enjoyed by enemies of Greece? The cause could be only in the real course of events. What was the driving force pushing poets to focus their attention on enmity of Greek leaders? What was that force which managed to neglect the story of course of events of the great war, to neglect the stories of triumphant wars, and to focus attention on clash between Achaean kings? Iliad deals with conflict between Greek leaders, and it is exactly the subject matter of the poem, developed their in grandiose epic and thus preserved for the history.

This was the reason of changes inserted in the body of the book with laps of time. Now we notice a shift to another ethical values, to another ideals. It is mercy and compassion which is praised now. Humane compassion unites ex-enemies Agamemnon and Achilles, reconciling them on the Funerals of Patroclus. Historical meaning of Iliad in call for unity of all Greek tribes. That call to friendliness was naturally based on commendation of humanity and understanding. And by no means that call for friendliness feels as obsolete for our modernity».

SCIENTIFIC FORMULA FIVE. NARCISSE — INLOVESICKNESS. ZERO POWER OF EMOTIONS OF ROMANTICISM

1. Maslow's theory of human existence of «Being plane». Plato's Allegory of the Cave.

2. Romance of Olympus tragedy as Zero Power of Emotions.

3. Emotional gravitation of Narcisse-Inlovesickness of schizoid mentality of Hubris-Ego

1. MASLOW'S THEORY OF HUMAN EXISTENCE OF «BEING PLANE». PLATO'S ALLEGORY OF THE CAVE

What we mean when saying «positive emotions»? Let us suggest we imply thus — «emotions which exist». For we cannot get negative emotions before we have emotions positive.

Birth of Energy of Spirit is Birth of Positive Emotions, for «physical body» of Energy of Spirit — is tissue of his emotions. We can thus affirm that Energy of Spirit really exists because Field of Intellect produces pure positive emotions of Interest to the world, of enjoyment of beauty of the world, of enjoyment of abundance of deluge of emotions of this joy to contemplate the world and to learn the structure of the world. This abundance of emotions of joy of energy of Spirit we can identify as pure positive emotions, which validate the fact of existence of energy of Spirit. This is why Maslow has called existence of his «healthy persons», philosophers and conscientious men of «growth-motivation» — as Being-plane existence, stressing thus the fact, that only this level of pure

positive emotions of energy of Spirit we can identify as level of living.

A. Maslow, «Farther reaches of Human nature»:

> «The hierarchy of values, in which the Being-Values are the «highest» is in part determined by the' hierarchy of basic needs, by the prepotency of deficit-needs over growth-needs. by the prepotency of homeostasis over growth, etc. In general.

Spinoza pointed this fact out few ages before Maslow.

Spinoza, «Ethics»:

> «I have thus completed all I wished to set forth touching the mind's power over the emotions and the mind's freedom. Whence it appears, how potent is the wise man, and how much he surpasses the ignorant man, who is driven only by his lusts. For the ignorant man is not only distracted in various ways by external causes without ever gaining the true acquiescence of his spirit, but moreover lives, as it were unwitting of himself, and of God, and of things, and as soon as he ceases to suffer, ceases also to be. Whereas the wise man, in so far as he is regarded as such, is scarcely at all disturbed in spirit, but, being conscious of himself, and of God, and of things, by a certain eternal necessity, never ceases to be, but always possesses true acquiescence of his spirit»

All these facts remind us of words of Jesus on necessity to be born from Spirit, for only he who is born from Spirit really exists. When Maslow says that plane of existence of self-actualisation is plane of «Being» he thus implies that those of level of «Deficiency-motivation» (hunger-fear of material energy) are not existing, are only in the process of emerging on the daylight of sun. Fromm also says that most of people did not have time to be born during their entire life, and are compelled to die before their birth has place.

John 3:

> «5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be a born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God. 6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit»

We owe it to Maslow research on «Being-plane existence» — study of pure positive emotions of healthy people of Energy of Spirit. And we can without hesitation confirm that his study on pure positive emotions of health people (Being-values of self-actualising men) correspond entirely to what was called in Middle ages ethics of Chivalry, which is familiar to us from books of Walter Scott, Dumas and Russian literature as beauty of highest reaches of human soul: Friendliness, Generosity, Magnanimousness, Valor, Compassion, Conscience, Humor, Hate to Evil, Kindness to helpless, Creativity, Industriousness, Honesty, Honor, Wisdom, Love to Beauty, Love to Freedom, Love to responsibility, Discipline, respect to chivalry and knights, admiration of beauty of soul, strive to growth of Spirit in study, work and service to God.

A. Maslow, «Motivation and personality»:

> «The effort to differentiate godly love from human love was often based on the assumption that disinterested admiration and altruistic love could be only a superhuman ability and not a natural human one. Of course, we must contradict this; human beings at their best, fully grown, show many characteristics once thought, in an earlier era, to be supernatural prerogatives. Self-actualizers have no serious deficiencies to make up and must now be looked upon as freed for growth, maturation, development, in a word, for the fulfillment and actualization of their highest individual and species nature. What such people do emanates from growth and expresses it without striving. They love because they are loving persons, in the same way that they are kind, honest, natural, i.e., because it is their nature to be so spontaneously, as a strong man is strong without willing to be, as a rose emits perfume, as a cat is graceful, or as a child is childish. Such epiphenomena are as little motivated as is physical growth or psychological maturation. There is little of the trying, straining, or striving in the loving of the self-actualizer that so dominates the loving of the average person. In philosophical language, it is an aspect of being as well as of becoming and can be called B-love, that is, love for the Being of the other».

His chapter on «Myth of the Cave» S. Blackburn begins from this citation from Plato's «Republic»:

> «So the sun is not to be identified with sight, but is responsible for sight and is itself within the visible realm… As goodness stands in the

> intelligible realm to intelligence and the things we know, so in the visible realm the sun stands to sight and the things we see. (VI, 508b–c)»

These metaphor of Plato on Sun for the light of the physical world and Deity of Intellect for the process of learning is perfect parable. Indeed, when we say that Field of force of Energy of Spirit is constituted of two poles of Intellect — Active (Thinking) and Passive (Laws of Nature) — we imply exactly the process described here by Plato: «As goodness stands in the intelligible realm to intelligence and the things we know». God-intellect and process of knowledge as Intelligence (Thought) and things we know (Laws of nature). Parable with sun is thus perfect, for it is Sun for the physical world, its shiny light, which allows our eyes to see things, like God-Intellect allows our minds to learn laws of nature.

Let us cling to this metaphor with Sun, Light, Air and Space of heavens when talking on Positive Emotions of Energy of Spirit in order to get rid from metaphor with vulgar «Love».

When we say «I can breath with my whole breast; I can enjoy sight of bottomless blueskies and shiny light» we can understand the meaning of «positive emotions» in this phrase. But what is meant by word «Love»? Does anybody know? I doubt. Men, who enjoy shine of sun, fresh air of space and beauty of blue skies do not Love everything and everybody. They will rather hate darkness, stuffiness and confined spaces.

So let us forget that unfortunate metaphor on «Love» as parable of «positive emotions» of Energy of Spirit and adopt the one, pointed out by Plato — parable with sun, light and space of sky.

Plato managed to describe Field of Intellect of Energy of Spirit in those words: thirst for knowledge between poles of Active and Passive Intellect. This was the birth of Energy of Spirit of humankind. And this was the birth from Holy Spirit of Intellect! Now we have to proceed with his thought in making attempt to describe positive emotions of Energy of Spirit, begotten thus by Intellect.

We already know that material energies — all of them — are energies of cyclic homeostasis. For living energy, like biological energy of beasts, this means vicious circle between permanent hunger and short periods of mitigated pain of hunger. It is the same for cyclic homeostasis of material energy of psyche, pushing by permanent «hunger» of fear of Field of Ego-system, which can be reduced, but cannot be exchanged on some positive driving force. «Disbalance», «Pain», «hunger», «deficit», «fear» — all this is terms to express energetic essence of cyclic homeostasis: Motion between two opposite pole (minus and plus) from disbalance to balance. And thus motivation of pain (hunger or fear) is inherent for material energies of cyclic homeostasis. It is pain of hostile relations with outer world, always appearing as opposite pole, as possible meals, as enemy, trying to eat you, or meals, can and should be eaten by you. As «minus» or as «plus» of his permanent itch of hunger and pain. This is all resources and possibilities of material energies.

Spinoza, «Ethics»:

> «He who is led by fear, and does good in order to escape evil, is not led by reason. These and similar observations, which we have made on man's true freedom, may be referred to strength, that is, to courage and nobility of character. All the emotions which are attributable to the mind as active, or in other words to reason, are emotions of pleasure and desire; therefore, he who is led by fear, and does good in order to escape evil, is not led by reason. Superstitions persons, who know better how to rail at vice than how to teach virtue, and who strive not to guide men by reason, but so to restrain them that they would rather escape evil than love virtue, have no other aim but to make others as wretched as themselves; wherefore it is nothing wonderful, if they be generally troublesome and odious to their fellow-men».

Erich Fromm, «Man for himself»:

> «They spring from a dissatisfaction within oneself. The lack of productiveness and the resulting powerlessness and fear are the root of these passionate cravings and irrational de sires. Even if man could satisfy all his wishes for power and destruction, it would not change his fear and loneliness, and thus the tension would remain. The

blessing of imagination turns into a curse; since a person does not find himself relieved from his fears, he imagines ever-increasing satisfactions would cure his greed and restore his inner balance. But greed is a bottomless pit, and the idea of the relief derived from its satisfaction is a mirage. Greed, indeed, is not, as is so often assumed, rooted in man's animal nature but in his mind and imagination. We have seen that the pleasures derived from the fulfillment of physiological needs and neurotic desires are the result of the removal of painful tension. But while those in the first category are really satisfying, are normal, and are a condition for happiness, those in the latter are at best only a temporary mitigation of need, an indication of pathological functioning and of fundamental unhappiness. I pro pose to call the pleasure derived from the fulfillment of irrational desires „irrational pleasure" in contradistinction to „satisfaction," which is the fulfillment of normal physio logical desires. For the problem of ethics, the difference between irrational pleasure and happiness is much more important than that between irrational pleasure and satisfaction. In order to understand these distinctions, it may be helpful to intro duce the concept of psychological scarcity versus abundance. The unfulfilled needs of the body create tension, the removal of which gives satisfaction. The very lack is the basis of the satisfaction. In a different sense, irrational de sires are also rooted in deficiencies, in a person's insecurity and anxiety, which compel him to hate, to envy, or to submit; the pleasure derived from the fulfillment of these cravings is rooted in the fundamental lack of productiveness. Both physiological and irrational psychic needs are part of a system of scarcity. But beyond the realm of scarcity rises the realm of abundance. While even in the animal, surplus energy is present and is expressed in play, the realm of abundance is essentially a human phenomenon. It is the realm of productiveness, of inner activity. This realm can exist only to the extent to which man does not have to work for sheer subsistence and thus to use up most of his energy. The evolution of the human race is characterized by the expansion of the realm of abundance, of the surplus energy available for achievements beyond mere survival. All specifically human achievements of man spring from abundance».

A. Maslow, Motivation and personality:

«It was such findings as these that led ultimately to the discovery of a most profound difference between self-actualizing people and others; namely, that the motivational life of self-actualizing people is not only quantitatively different but also qualitatively different from

> that of ordinary people. It seems probable that we must construct a profoundly different psychology of motivation for selfactualizing people, e.g., metamotivation or growth motivation, rather than deficiency motivation. Perhaps it will be useful to make a distinction between living and preparing to live. Perhaps the ordinary concept of motivation should apply only to nonself-actualizers. Our subjects no longer strive in the ordinary sense, but rather develop. They attempt to grow to perfection and to develop more and more fully in their own style. The motivation of ordinary men is a striving for the basic need gratifications that they lack. But selfactualizing people in fact lack none of these gratifications; and yet they have impulses. They work, they try, and they are ambitious, even though in an unusual sense. For them motivation is just character growth, character expression, maturation, and development; in a word self·actualization».

Now turning to Energy of Spirit, generated by Heavens of Intellect, we observe another picture. We observe mighty deluge of positive emotions which we can compare only with space of blue skies, with shiny sun and with winds of fresh air. For it is the only energy of the Universe which is bestowed with that capacity to see truth of the world, noticed by Plato in that metaphor — to see and to control laws of nature. It is Controlling energy of Intellect, whose destiny is running the world of material energies, Determinate with Laws of Nature.

B. Russell in «Conquest of happiness» :

«If you are sailing in a ship on a fine day along a beautiful coast, you admire the coast and feel pleasure in it. This pleasure is one derived entirely from looking outward, and has nothing to do with any desperate need of your own. If, on the other hand, your ship is wrecked and you swim towards the coast, you acquire for it a new kind of love: it represents security against the waves, and its beauty or ugliness becomes an unimportant matter. The better sort of affection corresponds to the feeling of the man whose ship is secure»

To contrast «hunger» of disbalance of material energy with impersonal positive emotions of energy of spirit this excerption from Russell's text is perfect. Because for material energy outer world is only object to satiate ceaseless torturing them hunger,

to mitigate feeling of permanent «wreckage» of disbalance of cyclic homeostasis. But Energy of Spirit has no disbalance of cyclic homeostasis and its insatiable hunger, its permanent pain. It has stable balance, stable equilibrium, produced by Scientific control of law of force: it can see real truth of world and thus pace on real road of laws of nature, always stable and firm road of knowledge of science.

Rescued thus from wreckage of cyclic homeostasis of permanent non-equilibrium of pain-hunger-fear, Controlling energy can afford disinteresting impartial enjoyment in beauty of Divine world around them. It can afford the best kind of impersonal, selfless friendliness to outer world unavailable for hunger of material energy.

E. Trubezkoy, «City of God by Augustine»:

> «Everything longs to its equilibrium, but we have to distinguish between eternal Divine equilibrium and false, dishonest equilibrium of sinful creature. For while the later seek egoistic dominance and tyrannical rule, the authentic Divine peace (equilibrium) rests on universal equality and accord of people. Malicious men detest equality under sway of Divine Law and strives for dishonest peace: he rebels against 153 TESLA LEILA KHUGAEVA his submission to the Divine Law and aspires to become himself the center and the ruler instead of God. On the contrary, honest peace of God and man is „obedient regard of man to the divine eternal law". „Peace of all things is quietness of order. Order is disposition of all things in right places". Intelligent creatures acquire their equilibrium in delight they get from God and each other in God, while their flesh is completely subjected to their will».

Existence of Sane man thus implies existence of Pure Positive Emotions, and the intense positive emotions he has the more powerful man he is. This does not mean that he cannot hate. On the contrary, his treasure of positive emotions is treasure also because he can spend it for hate to the Evil, to the Fight with Ego-system of material energy. The amount of positive emotions to the world is resource for negative emotions, because negative emotions are merely transformation of energy of attraction into

energy of repulsion, and not other way round. Psychic energy is born as energy of attraction between poles of Intellect, as energy of positive emotions to the world, and negative emotions can be generated only as transfiguration of positive emotions.

Sane men of Energy of Spirit, who exercise regularly their thinking capacity, who enriched their positive emotions in Church of Friendliness with each other do not run risk to exceed expenses over income and go bankrupt. They have enough positive emotions and enough resources of renewal of their wealth for intent hate and hard fight. They hate and they hate with all might of their souls with one preservation: they never mix up their love and their hatred, they never love and hate one the same subject, they never allow themselves philosophies which mingle love and hatred in «grey dirt». They love Church of Friendliness, they hate Evil of material energy, and they never mess up white and black, good and evil.

It is another case with material energy, which once more time proves that person with active Ego-system does not exist (no Being-value plane). For Field of Ego-system has no Pure Positive Emotions, or even Pure Negative Emotions. All it has to offer is «grey dirt» of ambivalent emotions, discovered already by Freud.

Ambivalent emotions is mixed positive and negative emotions of narcissists and Inlovesickness — gravitations of cyclic homeostasis, founded on essential for Field of Ego-system passion, its «hunger» — fear. And cannot produce Pure Positive Emotions — whatever gravitation seduces it into sadomasochistic alliance fear in basis will produce hatred in all participants. Thus, instead of Pure Love and Pure Hatred of Ethical and Reasonable Being of Sane men Field of Ego-system generates «Grey Dirt» of mingled positive and negative (ambivalent emotions), boasting altogether with Nietzsche that it remains «Beyond Good and Evil».

In reality this means that Plus and Minus of emotions in that mixture produced Zero power of emotions — leaving material energy in abject poverty, in darkness of Non-Being, in stuffiness of stale air, in confined space and dirt of underground.

Chesterton, «Orthodoxy»:

> «All sane men can see that sanity is some kind of equilibrium. But granted that we have all to keep a balance, the real interest comes in with the question of how that balance can be kept. That was the problem which Paganism tried to solve: that was the problem which I think Christianity solved and solved in a very strange way. Some moderns have indeed appeared with vague versions of progress and evolution which seeks to destroy the «goldenmean» or balance of Aristotle. But the great truism of the «goldenmean» remains for all thinking men, and these people have not upset any balance except their own.
>
> …And now I began to find that this duplex passion was the Christian key to ethics everywhere. Being a mixture of two things, it is a dilution of two things; neither is present in its full strength or contributes its full colour.
>
> Christianity sought by this same strange expedient to save both of them. It separated the two ideas and then exaggerated them both. In one way Man was to be haughtier than he had ever been before; in another way he was to be humbler than he had ever been before.
>
> In so far as I am Man I am the chief of creatures.
>
> In so far as I am a man I am the chief of sinners.
>
> Here again, in short, Christianity got over the difficulty of combining furious opposites, by keeping them both, and keeping them both furious. The Church was positive on both points.
>
> One can hardly think too little of one's self. One can hardly think too much of one's soul.
>
> There was room for wrath and love to run wild. And the more I considered Christianity, the more I found that while it had established a rule and order, the chief aim of that order was to give room for good things to run wild.
>
> ..It has kept them side by side like two strong colours, red and white, like the red and white upon the shield of St. George. It has always had a healthy hatred of pink. It hates that combination of two colours which is the feeble expedient of the philosophers. It hates that evolution of black into white which is tantamount to a dirty grey. In fact, the whole theory of the Church on virginity might be symbolized in the statement that white is a colour: not merely the absence of a colour. All that I am urging here can be expressed by saying that Christianity sought in most of these cases to keep two colours co-existent but pure. It is not a mixture like russet or purple.

> ...It will be said that a rational person accepts the world as mixed of good and evil with a decent satisfaction and a decent endurance. But this is exactly the attitude which I maintain to be defective. It is, I know, very common in this age; it was perfectly put in those quiet lines of Matthew Arnold which are more piercingly blasphemous than the shrieks of Schopenhauer «Enough we live»: — and if a life, With large results so little rife, Though bearable, seem hardly worth This pomp of worlds, this pain of birth.» I know this feeling fills our epoch, and I think it freezes our epoch. For our Titanic purposes of faith and revolution, what we need is not the cold acceptance of the world as a compromise, but some way in which we can heartily hate and heartily love it. We do not want joy and anger to neutralise each other and produce a surly contentment; we want a fiercer delight and a fiercer discontent. We have to feel the universe at once as an ogre's castle, to be stormed, and yet as our own cottage, to which we can return at evening. No one doubts that an ordinary man can get on with this world: but we demand not strength enough to get on with it, but strength enough to get it on. Can he hate it enough to change it, and yet love it enough to think it worth changing? Can he look up at its colossal good without once feeling acquiescence? Can he look up at its colossal evil without once feeling despair? Can he, in short, be at once not only a pessimist and an optimist, but a fanatical pessimist and a fanatical optimist? He is ready to smash the whole universe for the sake of itself».

This «Grey Dirt» of ambivalent emotions is perfect metaphor of Zero Power of Emotions of Field of Ego-system of material energy, granted to us by Chesterton's genius. He also says in chapter «Maniacs» of that book that maniac's world thus «lacks air». Metaphor on Air as energy of Spirit abounds in works of Russian writers (Gogol, Herzen, Chernyshevsky).

But best and earliest metaphor on Air as Energy of Spirit and on Darkness and Dirt of Underground of material energy belongs, of course, to Plato's Republic.

> S. Blackburn, «Plato's Republic»:
> «the Myth of the Cave. In this fantastic image the plight of ordinary, uneducated, unenlightened humanity is compared to that of prisoners in a cave. It is a rather peculiar cave, however. They are tied so as only to see the back wall of the cave. Matters are arranged so that behind their backs is a fire, and a kind of roadway along which are carried all

> sorts of statuettes and animal models, puppets or marionettes. The fire casts the shadow of these artificial things on to the wall the prisoners see: «the shadows of artefacts… constitute the only reality people in this situation would recognize'. Ascent from the cave happens when one of the prisoners is released, and made to turn and see the marionettes themselves, and the fire. This unfamiliar sight would frighten and bewilder him, habituated as he is to the world of shadows. Further ascent takes the ex-prisoner up «a rough steep slope' to the world of daylight, which again is unfamiliar and overwhelming. Gradually, however, he would begin to make out the real things of everyday life. And then, the last thing he would do is to make out the heavenly bodies and the sun itself. This is the pinnacle of understanding, the last illumination, an acquaintance with the Form of the Good itself».

My objective in this chapter — to exhibit utter destitution of power of emotions of material energy of Field of Ego-system, which unavoidably means extreme power of emotions, mingled in zero in dirty mess of plus and minus.

And to contrast it with utter abundance of positive emotions of energy of Spirit, and therefore with great power of emotions of energy of Spirit.

For my purpose Allegory of Plato's cave is perfect illustration of the abyss between Being-level of Fresh Air and Shiny Sun in Space of blue skies and on the other side underground of dark, dirty and narrow cave of material energy.

2. ROMANCE OF OLYMPUS TRAGEDY AS ZERO POWER OF EMOTIONS

There was hardly anything «romantic» in relations of sadomasochism of Despotic Leviathans of cyclic homeostasis of physical control. That scarcity of total Hunger-Fear and eating of each other in relations of sadomasochism. What could be more of a darkness of a cave, of a stuffiness of stale air, of abject destitution of any positive emotions??

> «They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

> They eat us hungerly, and when they are full, They belch us» (Shakespeare, Othello).

This process of eating of each other presents mundane weekdays of ordinary material energy of sadomasochism

Fromm, «Man for himself»:

> «The sexually „hungry" person is satisfied by the relief from tension, either physiological or psychic, and this satisfaction constitutes his pleasure. But sexual pleasure which we call joy is rooted in abundance and freedom and is the expression of sensual and emotional productiveness. Joy and happiness are widely believed to be identical with the happiness accompanying love. In fact, to many, love is supposed to be the only source of happiness. Yet, in love as in all other human activities, we must differentiate between the productive and the nonproductive form. Nonproductive or irrational love can be, as I have shown before, any kind of masochistic or sadistic symbiosis, where the relationship is not based upon mutual respect and integrity but where two persons depend on each other because they are incapable of depending on themselves. This love, like all other irrational strivings, is based on scarcity, on the lack of productiveness and inner security. Productive love, the closest form of relatedness between two people and simultaneously one in which the integrity of each is preserved, is a phenomenon of abundance, and the ability for it is the testimony to human maturity. Joy and happiness are the concomitants of productive love».

Yet, cannibal's love of sadomasochism of old Leviathans has not produced literature on «Romance Love» like Antique Greece in its famous Tragedies, beloved by Nietzsche.

And this New Love of Antique Hubris Ego professed his ambition on «Grand Power of Emotions» — on such luxury of emotions which they believed to be appropriate for Olympus filled of Gods.

Indeed, duality of Greece, where birth of Reason and therefore Spirit has place, produced respectively some great power of emotions, which shattered the world. But to give correct esteem to this phenomenon we have constantly bear in mind this duality of antique culture, — for all it possessed great it owed to Socratic tradition of Energy of Spirit, not to Dionysus bird», fought by Plato.

That Dionysus Bird of schizoid Hubris Ego Plato calls «Thumos» in Republic, as opposed to «Spirit».

S. Blackburn, «Plato's Republic»:

> «In fact thumos is not simply a sense of shame. Its emblem is the lion to which it is explicitly compared in Book IX (588d), as much as the sheepdog. It has more to do with the psychology of the warrior-aristocrat, the jealousy of honour, and the desire for glory. The paradigm of the spirited man, in classical times, was the Achilles of Homer's Iliad, the ultimate action-man, the embodiment of touchy honour and military heroism. At the opening of the book, Achilles's honour is slighted by Agamemnon, the commander-in-chief of the Greek forces. Achilles feels shamed in front of the army, so he withdraws and sulks, becoming useless to the Greek army. It is only when his bosom companion, Patroclus, gets himself killed by Hector that Achilles rouses himself. Achilles is a problem, as are lions. He is petulant, and his raw ferocity is about as likely to be directed against Agamemnon as against the enemy, and very nearly is so, while in the grip of his anger he commits unpardonable atrocities. He is intemperate and immoderate, doing everything to excess. Nevertheless he has glamour, that of the man of mettle or the hero. He is a permanent magnet to weaker spirits: Alexander the Great self-consciously adopted him as a role model, and Aryan «manliness' was a preoccupation of Nazi ideology. No democratic politician dares to slight this glamour. Today one need only think of George W. Bush posturing on an aircraft carrier, or the people of California electing a cardboard action-man as their governor, or the universal tendency among British politicians to feign an interest in football. As an aside I should say that it is, however, a small mark of progress that while as late as 1964 the art critic Sir Kenneth Clark could talk of his Victorian predecessor John Ruskin as having an intellectual's «girlish passion for soldiers', the reference to girls now grates on us, and the allure is surely more likely today to enchant immature members of the male sex. 3 In any case, Clark, and perhaps Ruskin, completely misunderstood Plato on the matter, imagining that he himself was captivated by the military regime of Sparta and using it as a model for his ideal republic. On the contrary, for Plato, someone like Achilles would be far from ideal, and his thumos is a problem. Plato wants his ferocity and his desire for glory to be curbed by calmer forces. It does not much matter whether we call these other forces «reason' or long-term or civilized «desires'. They must include such things as loyalty, or concern for civil order, or proportion. Even Achilles's estimate of death

> is wrong, for, as we later learn, the wise man will be unmoved by its terrors»

«Romantic Love» of newly born in Greece literature professed ambition on «Love of Equals», remaining merely schizoid literature of material energy of Hubris Ego. Broken cyclic homeostasis of relations of Masters-Slaves had made sadomasochism love impossible. And Greek Tragedy of Olympus made ambition to install new Romantic Love of Equals, which was entirely impossible on the Field of Ego-system.

Phenomenon of Love of Equals — is entirely phenomenon of Energy of Spirit and its symbol we can observe in worship of Madonna with Child in Christianity — the dame of Christian chivalry. Jesus in Gospel denies opposition between males and females on plane of their soles and says that in Kingdom of Heaven spirit of men and women are the same substance — angels. Madonna, as female and mother of Jesus presents spirit of Jesus and unity of all energy of spirit of humankind in Church of Friendliness. Special mark of Christian philosophy thus is identity of energy of spirit in all humankind regardless to biological sex. It is also apparent through energetical terminology, because Field of Intellect of Energy of Spirit have opposite poles of Intellect, — people do not see plus and minus in each other, as material energy of Field of Ego-system.

This is why Jack London said that people in love look in one direction, not at each other. Indeed, Egos of Field of Ego-system look at each other, because they see food of their hunger in each other — they see plus of their minus in each other. While people of Energy of Spirit look in one direction, they are not rivals and adversaries in fight for dominance — they look in one direction of scientific control on laws of nature and are united in Friendliness of conscience, compassion, justice and other properties of order of pure positive emotions, which are one common tissue of one self (one object of control) for all men of Energy of Spirit.

Byron, Don Juan:

> But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
> The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,
> With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
> Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;
> She made the earth below seem holy ground.
> This may be superstition, weak or wild,
> But even the faintest relics of a shrine
> Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

This is why attempt of Hubris Ego to present «Love of Equals» on Field of Ego-system was doomed to failure.

Ambition of that Romance of Love of Equals we can arrange under few heads:

— Respect and admiration of lovers to each other

— Powerful positive emotions

— Love as highest pleasure, Nectar for Olympus Love

Apparently, that if symbol for Love of Friendliness remains Madonna and Child, the symbol of Romantic Love remains in all ages Helena and Trojan war, provoked by her incredible beauty of daughter of Gods. And already in those few words on plot of poem we can see that alliance of equals failed: It is greatest Love to greatest Beauty, and simultaneously it is greatest Hatred to the person, because she provoked World War of her epoch, and hate of entire generations of killed people on that war. And this is problem of schizoid Love of Greek Tragedy: whatever greatest love they try to depict, it is always hate even greater which neutralizes all positive emotions to Zero.

Greek Tragedy gave birth to Romantic Love. And since that time Romantic literature remains of similar pattern of attempt to describe powerful emotions, but manages only to describe zero of positive emotions and the end of unseen «woe»

«For never was a story of more woe / Than this of Juliet and her Romeo»

«Or the awful cry of Homer that man was only the saddest of all the beasts of the field», as Chesterton remarks.

This bitter tragedy of «Dead Ego» of schizoid mentality still lives in Goethe's Helena in second part of his Faust; it lives in Merimee's Carmen; it lives in all those romantic authors, like Balzac, numerated by Flaubert, who provoked madness of madam Bovary; in «Werther» by Goethe, in Romeo and Juliet, in Hamlet and Ophelia.

Byron, Don Juan

> WHEN amatory poets sing their loves
> In liquid lines mellifluously bland,
> And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her dovea,
> They little think what mischief is in hand;
> The greater their success the worst it proves,
> As Ovid's verse may give to understand;
> Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity.
> Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.
> I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,
> Except in uch a way as not to attract;
> Plain simple short, and by no means inviting
> But with a moral to each error tack'd,

3. EMOTIONAL GRAVITATION OF NARCISSE-INLOVESICKNESS OF SCHIZOID MENTALITY OF HUBRIS-EGO. HYPERESTHESIA AND ANASTHSIA

1) Emotional gravitation of Narcisse-Inlovesickness (Ambition on Love of Equals)

2) «Luxury» of positive emotions of Romantic Love

3) Effect of «Dead Ego» of schizoid mentality, Head of Medusa and cowardice Titans

1) EMOTIONAL GRAVITATION OF NARCISSE-INLOVESICKNESS (AMBITION ON LOVE OF EQUALS)

For Madonna and Child, for Jesus and Church of Friendliness, for knights of Madonna — it is similarity of powerful positive emotions of Energy of Spirit which matter.

It is opposition between two sexes which matter for Romance of Hubris-Ego: Heavenly beauty of feminine pattern, whose «force is in her weakness» versus Olympic valor of virile pattern, Hercules and Achilles. They may be supposed to be equally admirable unlike slaves of cyclic sadomasochism, and still they remain opposite plus and minus to each other, because they stay on Field of Ego-system.

Nietzsche in «Case of Wagner» tries to contrast Wagner's Romanticism to Romanticism of Merimee's Carmen as virile «Carmen» and Sentimental «Wagner». But Romanticism always remains Romanticism in this opposition of sexes to each other as Plus and Minus of Olympus Gods. What is carmen if not such Olympus Goddess, «beyond Good and Evil», wasting her life in crime and pleasures, in assertion of power of her Ego on men? Nietzsche again missed to understand his mistake. He loves Carmen exactly because he loved Wagner — because he remained Romanticist of schizoid Hubris-Ego till his last day.

Nietzsche, «The case of Wagner»:

> «The love whose means is war, whose very essence is the mortal hatred between the sexes! — I know no case in which the tragic irony, which constitutes the kernel of love, is expressed with such severity, or in so terrible a formula, as in the last cry of Don José with which the work ends: „Yes, it is I who have killed her, I — myadored Carmen!" — Such a conception of love (the only one worthy of a philosopher) is rare»

Now, when Helena is most beautiful weakness of the earth and heavens and many men falling preys of her beauty are the bravest strength of the earth and heavens — love of equal forces begins.

Sadomasochism of cyclic homeostasis is plain mechanism of submission of weak to strong — nothing of romance. Romanticism of Hubris Ego implies Two Great Ego — two Gods of Olympus of opposite forces, plus and minus of man and woman. And we have them love between them means acknowledgement of both sides the special godlike force of the other side: Realization of Ego in Ego of opposite sign (plus in minus, and minus in plus).

This is third Emotional Gravitation of physical control — gravitation of «Dead Ego» and broken cyclic homeostasis. No wonder that such Romantic Love will always end with that finishing words from Romeo and Juliet: «For never was a story of more woe» and with words of Homer on human beings as saddest of all the beasts of the field.

What such «realization» of Ego in Ego of others means energetically?

It means «loss of physical control». Hubris Ego is proud of his willpower, and now in Romance love it is lost in a moment. He is not master of himself any longer. Efficacy of force of his Ego now depend on approval or disapproval of his lover: he loves him — life goes, he stopped love him — life ends. And they literally feel loss of themselves, because Control of law of Force is essential for psyche.

Romeo of Shakespeare even begins to speak of himself in third person when he thus lost his Ego in Narcisse-Inlovesickness gravitation: here Shakespeare expressed the very psychological truth of situation.

> «Tut, I have lost myself;
> I am not here;
> This is not Romeo, he's some other where».

Thus tragedy of dead Ego of schizoid mentality begins from «Romance Love» in emotional gravitation of Narcisse-Inlovesickness (which have nothing to do with slavery Inlovesickness, for they are in love with themselves, they love their own Ego in eyes of their lover).

And now they are one step distance from Dead Ego — hyperesthesia of Lost Ego already provokes paranoia and every jester of partner is suspicious in regard to jealousy. K. jaspers in his book on schizophrenia of Helderlin and Strindberg gives a perfect instance of such paranoia of romantic lover of Strindberg.

2) «LUXURY» OF POSITIVE EMOTIONS OF ROMANTIC LOVE

Nietzsche, Wagner, Helderlin, Goethe, Strindberg — best instances of Romance of their epoch. I have suspicion that Schelling's brilliant book on «Night watches» was inspired by experience from his close friend's life — Helderlin, «poet with heavens full of Greek Gods», who went mad also from Romantic Love. Schelling escaped fate of his friends — Hegel, Helderlin, Fichte, — and to his honor he did all in his power to expose erroneous philosophy of Idealism of his ex-friends.

Nietzsche in this extraction from «Birth of Tragedy» very accurately sets forth all available to Romantic Love «Luxury of Positive emotions»: when entire world boils down to smile of person who prisoned his Ego, for Ego as object of control of Law of force is essential for his existence. Thus this person becomes his executor and his only joy simultaneously.

Nietzsche, «Birth of Tragedy»:

> «And so the spectator will perhaps stand quite bewildered before this fantastic exuberance of life, and ask himself what magic potion these madly merry men could have used for enjoying life, so that, wherever they turned their eyes, Helena, the ideal image of their own existence» floating in sweet sensuality,» smiled upon them.…Let us imagine a rising generation with this undauntedness of vision, with this heroic impulse towards the prodigious, let us imagine the bold step of these dragon -slayers, the proud daring with which they turn their backs on all the effeminate doctrines of optimism, in order» to live resolutely» in the Whole and in the Full: would it not be necessary for the tragic man of this culture, with his self-discipline to earnestness and terror, to desire a new art, the art of metaphysical

> comfort, tragedy as the Helena belonging to him, and that he should exclaim with Faust:»
> «And shall not I, by mightiest desire, In living shape that sole fair form acquire?»

In his book «Night watches» Schelling laughed down not only philosophy of Idealism, but also Romantic Love of Hubris-Ego as «Love from madhouse». This letter from Hamlet to Ophelia his hero writes from madhouse. The profound insight of this book of Schelling exposes not only laughable masks of Field of Ego-system, but also ambivalent emotions, mixture of love and hate to the same person in «Romantic love». This mixture of love and hate is effect of «narcisse-inlovesickness» gravitation — the loss of control in another person.

F. Schelling, «Night Watches»:

> «Hamlet to Ophelia
> Heavenly idol of my soul, most charm-filled Ophelia! This introduction, with which I signed my first letter to you when we were still loving each other in the court theater merely for the enjoyment of the audience, could admittedly perhaps deceive you and serve to persuade you that I am still laboring just as then under a feigned insanity and all the metaphysical sophistries that I brought back from the university. — But do not let yourself be deceived by this, idol, for this time I am really mad
> …he was once so free and sound to the core when he hated it, and is now a slave and almost sick because he loves it. — Dearest, — would that I could say Most Hated; then at least there would be nothing that fettered me to this inane ball and I could hurl myself down from it quite gay and merry into the eternal Nothing — well, unfortunately, Dearest! I no longer now say as previously to you: Get thee to a nunnery! for I am mad enough to believe, if man loves, then the fool is something, although for that he only further hastens to encounter death and the later him, until they finally meet and embrace permanently and eternally; whether this be at the rock where Saint Gustav[4] passed away, on the scaffold where the beauteous Maria[5] bled, or in any yet better or worse place. I know for certain that the evil fiend hovers sneering over the earth and has cast love down on her as a bewitching mask, over which all human creatures are ravenous now to hold it up for a minute long. Look, even I have unfortunately

> grasped it and am mincing right tenderly behind it with my death's-head and, by the devil, feel like propagating the human child with you. Oh, were it not for this cursed mask, then the sons of earth here below would certainly have played a joke on the Last Judgment through a law against population, so that our Lord God, or whoever else may care to look at the globe for the last time, would have found it to his amazement absolutely depopulated of people. But let me finally come to the point, which, however much I endeavor, I cannot evade — to my declaration of love! things have not looked more angry, wild, misanthropic in me since my birth than in this moment when I write off to you, upset that I love you, worship you, and that — after the wish to hate and abhor you — I cherish none more earnestly than to hear the confession of your reciprocal affection. Until then your loving Hamlet».

Shakespeare, «Romeo and Juliet»:

«Here's much to do with hate,
but more with love. Why then,
O brawling love, O loving hate,
O anything of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
ost thou not laugh?
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with loving tears.
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet»

3) EFFECT OF «DEAD EGO» OF SCHIZOID MENTALITY, HEAD OF MEDUSA AND COWARDICE TITANS

Ariadne and Theseus
Aphrodite and Adonis;
Helena and Paris,
Medea and Jason,
Hercules and Dejanira,
Aeneas and Dido,
Ulysses and Circe,
Ulysses and Calypso
Orpheus and Eurydice,
Phaedra and Hippolytus
Agamemnon and Clytemnestra
Hercules and Omphalus

All these «loving stories» of Hubris schizoid Romance differ in some aspects from central Romance of Greek Tragedy — the story of rout of Medusa by Hero Perseus — and yet all of them remains in kinship with the plot. For central motive of all this loving Romance seems to be fear of «sorcery, witchcraft of women», which like Circe did with Ulysses brave team of heroes — will easily transmute men in pigs. Women, because of their power to prison Hubris Ego of men in Love and then kill that Hubris in jealousy and emulation with men — is witch, Medusa, Fury with Snakes on her head instead of hair. And all these «story of Love: ends like Romeo and Julien with death of he or death of she, with madness or murder of mutual children like in case of Medea. All of them, conceived as stories of love with luxury of positive emotions, appears to be the woe, unheard and unseen before». In other words absolute bankruptcy of positive emotions in neutralization of love by hate, in fear of imprisoned Hubris, in tragedy of Dead Ego. Even Hercules becomes slave of woman Omphalus — this is how imagination of Greeks portrayed phenomenon of «imprisoned Ego» in Narcisse-Inlovesickness.

"It is im possible for the divine strength of Herakles to lan guish for ever in voluptuous bondage to Omphale", - exclaimes in indignation with this respect Nietzsche in Birth of Tragedy.

Hyperesthesia of schizoid narcissism ends up with entire loss of feelings and passions in anesthesia, in dead cemetery of devastated by hate of effect of Dead Ego of positive energy of Spirit.

> «Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
> This is not Romeo, he's some other where».
> «For never was a story of more woe»

F. Schelling, «Night Watches»:

> «Woman, what do you want of me that you cling to me? Have you ever looked in my face? — You with your smiles and your gracious glad-eyed mien, and I with all the chagrin and anger on the head of Medusa! Dearest, reflect, we make a really too ill-matched couple. Let me go, by the devil! You are no concern of mine! You smile again and hold me fast?
> ...And everything was transformed round about him and had be come different; old time seemed to regenerate, and gray fate awoke out of its deep sleep and ruled again over heaven and earth. A fury pursued him like Orestes at every step and o then maliciously lifted her snaky hair and showed him her lovely countenance.. ..the pale girl lay there as on the sarcophagus again; her night gown was only lightly wound about her, and her brown locks twined in the strings of the harp that, still slumbering, she pressed to her breast. His brother's name involuntarily escaped Juan's lips. then he thought he suddenly saw in the sleeper a fury who had ascended between them, and the locks trembling about the beautiful face seemed to metamorphose into snakes. But then, once more, she was the woman he loved, and he sank down at her feet»

SCIENTIFIC FORMULA SIXTH. TWO PLUSES AND TWO MINUSES OF SCHIZOID HUBRIS-EGO AS ROMANTIC GRAVITATION OF NARCISSE-INLOVESICKNESS

1. K. Jaspers on Strindberg and Holderlin in his book «Strindberg and Van Gogh».

2. Scientific Formula of Third Emotional Gravitation of Field of Ego-system: Narcisse-Inlovesickness as gravitation of broken cyclic homeostasis.

3. «Two Pluses» and «Two minuses» of Hubris — Ego of Holderlin. Phenomenon of «dead Ego» in Hyperion of Holderlin.

1. K. JASPERS ON STRINDBERG AND HOLDERLIN IN HIS BOOK «STRINDBERG AND VAN GOGH»

K. Jaspers is one of essential names of Discovery of Psychic Energy, beginning with first revelations in ethics regions of Persia, Israel, India and in rational philosophy of Antique Greece in Axial Age. And it was K. Jaspers who pointed out for us Axial Age and its crucial influence on our civilization. Since that time many philosophers, thinkers, writers, scientists have made great contribution in Discovery of Psychic energy, and I keep introducing names of great thinkers to the world throughout pages of my research.

Contribution of Jaspers is not exhausted by his impact on theory of world history. He was also a brilliant psychologist and psychiatrist. It was jaspers who emphasized the fact that we cannot study organic psychosis and non-organic psychosis under the same considerations, because organic psychosis fall

in dominion of physiology, while non-organic psychosis (mania depression and schizophrenia) fall in dominion of psychoanalytical, psychological therapy.

K. Jaspers, «Strindberg and Van Gogh»:

> «Amazing as it is but we have to admit existence of such pathological processes which are not in harsh sense of word destructive, but provokes exactly „madness". Well-known diseases of brain with obvious manifestation affects psyche like hammer blows affects the clockwork: they produce chaotic destruction. The processes we are pointing out here function otherwise: they act as if clockwork had undergone some complicated modification and then start to work in some unpredictable way — so that one can observe that „clockwork has gone mad". It is the way how human reason enters the service of madness — to those incomprehensible new element, which altogether with pathological process has intruded into the human life».

This book of Jaspers is difficult to underestimate, for it is one of those rare for nowadays psychiatric researches which aims to exhibit psychological truth of the process, like famous book of Alexandre Kempinsky: Psychology of schizophrenia». With Discovery of Psychic Energy psychological approach to psychiatry is completely justified and validated.

In this book Jaspers professes August Strindberg, Friedrich Helderlin, Vincent Van Gogh to fall preys to schizophrenia and aims to exhibit psychology of the process.

In regard to A. Strindberg's case, we can arrange under few heads his main conclusions in this direction:

1) HYPERESTHESIA OF NARCISSISM AND GROWING CONSEQUENT AUTISM IN CONFLICT WITH WORLD: ALL THREE OF HIS WIVES PLANS «TO HUMILIATE AND ENSLAVE HIM»

K. Jaspers, «Strindberg and Van Gogh»: (This is my translation of Russian edition of 1999, Sanct-Peterburg, Academic project, which was translation from Berlin edition of 1926):

«In Strindberg's character immeasurable sensibility of his Ego is extremely conspicuous. This sensibility of Ego exceeds normal capacity to react on any pressure, his Ego is oscillating, his character is fickle. He had been constantly reflecting on his position in regard to theirs, superior and inferior, and on his role in development of modern ideas. He was anxious of his credibility, exhibiting nevertheless inclination to withdraw indignantly in himself. He realized this trait of his character and with all inherent to him frankness described also this sensibility of his Ego.

….Strindberg is noticing signs of enslavement of men everywhere. This husband is helping his sick wife, carrying her things after her — he is enslaved. He notices only such marriages where man is a martyr and is amazed. His last conclusion comes as this at last: «it is only women who means nothing who have some value — because they produce something unavailable for men» " Men and Women are natural born enemies. No friendship is possible between them. Spiritual unity is impossible, because it always ends up as enslavement of men»

…..From very start he feels clearly that this woman craves superiority. She pays for him in restaurant to make him feel «humiliated». Love and Hate emerge thus simultaneously. She has granted him first kiss, instead of receive the kiss from him, and thus man in him was humiliated again. «Despite of her love, she could not hide from him that believe him to be entirely in her mercy, and she made this felt to him.

Later Strindberg spends some time in his wife's parent's house. He again feels himself as man «lured into a trap», he assumes that he is under supervision. Once he wakes up with clear feeling that he is in some «snake's nest, where he was lured by Satan». His wife is obsessed with dominance to such degree, that even ignores he own parents. He leaves in hurry, taking off that «short pants» she forced him to wear.

2) YET, OBSESSION WITH EACH OF HIS WIFE TO THE EXTENT OF ENTIRE LOSS OF HIS WILLPOWER

feeling of complete dependence. And simultaneously, obsession with feeling «to be doomed to death» by his wives, and women in general

K. Jaspers, «Strindberg and Van Gogh»:

«Again and again Strindberg feels that his wife craves to get rid of him and thus wishes him death. He assumes that she decided to murder him already in 1880. «Their entire sex has sentenced me to external and internal extermination and my vengeful Fury has embarked hard and ungrateful task to strangle me to death. In 1884: «She is triumphant. I am falling in feeble-mindedness. I am falling in delirium of persecution. Why delirium» I am being persecuted!»

…From time to time Strindberg is subjected to such severe anxiety, pressure of environment becomes so insufferable that he seeks salvation in escape. In 1882 he made plans «to escape from fortress, guarded by this Megaera and my fooled friends». «In Paris my ex-friends left me to enter alliance with my wife and against me. I am like hounded wild animal, I have to seek another battlefield in destitution. Soon after those events he is going to Copenhagen to get news on his wife. His journey is unsuccessful, he is again back. Two months later: In middle of the summer I am escaping in fourth time, now — in Switzerland. But chains, which fetters me to her is not from iron — I cannot break it down! It is some rubber rope, which stretches….. I am back again»

Soon he again runs away, this time secretly. He is incapable to separate from his wife, and he assumes she attracts him by some spell. Having taken his place on leaving ship he is suffocating from weeping. «The sole pain possesses me and pierces my heart. I seem to myself a patchwork doll, which got into big steam-machine…. I am like embryo, with cut navel-string before time… I take train in town… And now this locomotive washes my brain, my guts, my nerves, and all my entrails, that in Basel arrived my skeleton. In Basel I am suddenly obsessed with eagerness to see again all those places in Switzerland which we had seen with her together…. I Spent one week in Geneva and one week in other town, deprived of rest and persecuted by memories, like damn man». At last he again returns to his wife».

3) OBSESSION WITH ROMANTICISM AS ESSENTIAL TO DEVELOPMENT OF DELIRIUM OF JEALOUSY

K. Jaspers, «Strindberg and Van Gogh»:

«In 1888 he registers as «first time spying after his wife». He peeked in keyhole and saw how his wife «undressed her maid with her eyes» He started reading his wife's mail. And what he finds in her letters?

One of her girlfriends wrote in scornful expressions of his madness. «She has written to his wife a real love letter — «my little angel, my kitty». There is a great contrast between unconvincingness of these facts, mass character of such flimsy moments of suspicions and on the other hand his far-reaching conclusions. Again and again he calls his wife «prostitute»; she cheats on her husband with any male and female individuals; sometimes he seems to assume that she indiscriminately attacks every passerby. AT any rate he can't do without constantly occurring in such mental disorders suspicions that his children are not his children. " I am afraid that my offspring is falsified. I am not sure that children with my name are my children».

4) AND ULTIMATELY DEVELOPMENT OF HATRED TO ENTIRE FEMALE SEX AS POTENTIAL MURDERERS

K. Jaspers, «Strindberg and Van Gogh»:

«In November 1896 he reads in some French newspaper: " That unfortunate Strindberg, who dared to bring his hatred to women in Paris, was compelled to leave it very soon. And since that time his equals antifeminists forgot that persecutor of women. Apparently, they are afraid to share fortune of Orpheus, whose had was torn of by bacchantes». And Strindberg exclaims with triumph»: «I knew they have been setting a trap for me. Attempted murder! Oh, those women!»

Madam Hansson seems to him sinister figure from the very start. He had gotten rid from fetters of marriage just recently, is she plotting to curb him again? Never! «She is dangerous, she is stealing intelligent sperm of men in order to take credit for their intelligence! She is unproductive on her own, but she possesses that capacity of imitation, inherent to black race….I always have been preaching women are nonentity. This is why she now aims to enslave in my person male sex, and thus approve that it is male sex which is nonentity! This is why that poorly article have appeared in „Zukunf". The world must to get me only from her hands! I have right to reach everything only with her help! She even is plotting to seduce me to another women, and thus to get me back in bondage…. She needs to conquer me in order to expose me philosophy of women as my monomania! She aims to prevent the world to make its own judgement, she aims to persuade the world gradually that I am mad, and eventually to lock me out in the madhouse!»

On F. Helderlin is said much less in Jasper's research on famous schizophrenics. And yet this phenomenon of «Effect of dead Ego» he also emphasized in case of Helderlin, citing his following words:

K. Jaspers, «Strindberg and Van Gogh»:

> «Citation from Helferlin's letters, 1799:
> «Every day I feel compelled to invoke a deity again. When I think of great people of great ages — how they felt sacred fire and all dead things, all wooden things, all straw of the world transfigured into the flame, which in concert with them flied up into the sky, and then I think of myself, — how often me, a flickering lamp, wander around the world in search for one drop of oil in order to shine a little longer in the night, — oh! Then a dreadful fever takes grip of my body and I cry to myself horrible words: an alive corpse!»

To compare these two cases we will apply to Helderlin's book «Hyperion or the Hermit in Greece», and also already familiar to you book of Helderlin's friend F. Schelling «Night watches». We shall not forget that it was Helderlin who always remained the favorite poet of Nietzsche. We shall not forget, that Strindberg, Helderlin, Nietzsche are familiar to the world as writers despite of their madness.

1) Hyperesthesia of narcissism and growing consequent autism in conflict with world

> F. Helderlin, «Hyperion or Hermit in Greece» (My translation from Russian Edition, Moscow, «Science», 1988):
> «And to this heavenly angel was addressed my wrath? And why I felt angry with her? Because she was not destitute like me, because she still had a sky in her heart, because she did not lost herself like me, and did not depend on other being like did I. Because she did not need someone's wealth to fill hollowness of her heart, because she did not dread to die like me and to escape this fear did not cling to other. Oh, it was her calmness I felt like the highest heavens of deity, and that heavenly concentration in herself I dared to insult with my discontent'.

2) Yet, obsession with beloved Goddess to the extent of entire loss of his willpower: feeling of complete dependence. And simultaneously, obsession with feeling «to be doomed to death»

F. Helderlin, «Hyperion or Hermit in Greece» (My translation from Russian Edition, Moscow, «Science», 1988):

> «Now I acquired everything I needed. I obtained it again in heavenly grace of Melite. My soul again celebrated its dawn. It did not take long time to reveal that without her I am lost again, that I will become poorer than shadow, in moment she ceases to live inside me, beside me, for me, in moment she is not mine. That in that moment I will be nothing. This could not be otherwise; that deadly dread now haunted me everywhere. It was this dread to lost her that I observed her each gesture; each look, each sound, and it seemed to me that my deadly fright can kill me any moment. Her every smile, full of holy calm, could kill me, her every heavenly word could kill me, the world which informed me that she is satisfied with her own heart. Yes, I was doomed for despair, because sublime and superior I loved did not need me. Forgive me, my Saint, but often I execrated day and hour I fell in love with you. I was full of indignation when assuming that she revived me to life only to hurl me again in hell by the virtue of her greatness. How many non-human things contains human soul!»

3) Obsession with Romanticism as essential to development of Delirium of Jealousy

F. Helderlin, «Hyperion or Hermit in Greece» (My translation from Russian Edition, Moscow, «Science», 1988):

> «But the moment I left her I couldn't any longer conceal this from myself: my fear to loss her was crying wild in me: She doesn't love you! I got furious, I tried resist it, but torture tightly held me. My anxiety kept increasing every day. The higher shined her image above me, the wilder ran my despair. Wherever I cast my sight, I could find only her shiny image. Spontaneously, meaninglessly I kept repeating extracts of her words. At last, furious at my own madness I started to think how to uproot this killing me dream from my heart forever. But my mind refused to listen to me.
> You must change! — she said, excited more than usually. Despair overwhelmed me. I felt how small I was, and that all my endeavors to reach out to the heavens were in vain. «she aims to get rid of you» — assumed I with smile of martyr, — miserable creature, I hurried away from her. Then malicious laughter overwhelmed me, and I derided heartily on myself, and on everything, enjoying the echo, while howl of jackals, coming to me from everywhere, pleased my disfigured soul.

> It was deafening, dreadful silence which followed that mortifying hours, indeed dead silence. I lost my last hope for salvation. Everything became indifferent to me. I felt myself a cattle under the butchers hand. " And She too! And she also!» — that was my first sounds, uttered by my lips many time later, and tears flowed from my eyes. «She cannot act otherwise, she cannot take what it is impossible to own for her — your poverty, your love»

2. SCIENTIFIC FORMULA OF THIRD EMOTIONAL GRAVITATION OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: NARCISSE-INLOVESICKNESS AS GRAVITATION OF BROKEN CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS

We already know that Hubris-Ego of schizoid mentality has no Inferior Ego-protection: Inlovesickness (gravitation of slaves). It has only one, left by logic Ego-protection — Superior Ego-protection, or Hubris-Ego.

This is why it is called «broken cyclic homeostasis»: — normal physical control of material energy of Field of Ego-system needs equally both gravitations for its functioning, Inferior as well as Superior.

Now we shall constantly bear in mind that we are speaking on broken mechanism of physical control of material energy. Intellect, even as fictitious one like formal logic torn from facts of reality — has nothing to do with physical control of material energy. Its intrusion on Field of Ego-system as Ego-protection in logic speculations is failure for both: scientific control of true Intellect, and physical control of Violence and Obedience.

«Proving Power of Ego over SuperEgo» in logic philosophies means nothing more than Delirium. Ego and SuperEgo — are only opposite poles, plus and minus of Field of Ego-system as material energy, not real existing creatures. And that Field of Ego-system has its laws, and functions according to that laws. Logic Ego-protection has nothing to do with its laws, and it is impossible «to prove superiority of Ego over SuperEgo», of one pole of Field of Forces over another.

The only objective gained thus appeared broken physical control (cyclic homeostasis) of material energy. But at least this goal was achieved: cyclic homeostasis was broken and Inferior Ego-protection abolished. This is grounds of famous fear of antique world towards slavery and clear-cut division between free world and world of slave, unknown to eastern world, where one person was master and slave simultaneously on social ladder.

Thus famous world of Greek Titans-heroes was born: in Olympic Mythology and in history of attempt of free city-states (democracies-tyrannies in reality).

But Hubris-Ego remained but Pathology, destructing both energies of psyche: its healthy energy of Spirit and its Scientific control and its energy-parasite and its physical control. It was doomed to development of pathology. And development came. Third emotional gravitation of broken physical control: Gravitation of Narcisse-Inlovesickness, or pathologic disfiguration of normal cyclic homeostasis.

This pathologic disfiguration of normal cyclic homeostasis is based, as we already know, on phenomenon of «Dead Ego», unknown to normal physical control. Person «proves logically superiority of Ego» and gets rid of Inferior Ego-protection of slavery. Field of Ego-system now contains only «Plus» pole and lacks «Minus» pole. ANdt mathematics of laws of Field of Ego-system returns «Minus» pole as phenomenon of Narcisse-Inlovesickness» or Dead-Ego.

It is easy mathematical equation:

1) A. proved that Ego is always Plus, Power, Force; A= Power (+)

This means that opposite pole of Field of Ego-system — SuperEgo (outer world) — is always Minus, always weakness, subordinate to power of Ego.

2) Now we take any external object of outer world, which will be reflected in Field of Ego-system of A. as Minus of Super Ego. That is to say as some slave and non-entity, despised by Olympic Hubris Ego. Say his name is B.

3) B. confirms that Ego of A. is Power, Hero, Olympic God. Flattery means everything in this case, for it solves mathematics of quantities of force of Field of Ego-system.

Mathematics of Ego-system of A confirms that B. is also Power, because he recognized power of A.

Thus, it is enough to give some good and subtle enough to sooth woes of conceited man flattery to schizoid Hubris Ego in order to return Super Ego as «Plus», as Power.

It is easy mathematics:

But now we have impossible situation of Field of Ego-system: we have TWO PLUSES, because both opposite poles of Field of Force of material energy, normally Plus and Minus, now indicates two pluses. This means that «Romantic Love» as attempt of Hubris Ego to play Love of Equals on Field of Ego-system enters the game. «Two pluses» of Field of Ego-system, when One person have both poles of his Ego-system as Pluses is grounds of all known to romantic literature raptures of love of Olympic Gods — omnipotent powers in mirror of each other.

But we shall not forget that we remain on Field of Ego-system of material energy? And that it is abnormal situation with two similar poles — two pluses. This is why simultaneously with raptures of love, romance literatures provides ample experiences of contrary passion of hate, fear of partner, and feeling of being doomed to death, often realized in murder of each other or of themselves by partners of romantic love.

This is because of broken cyclic homeostasis which now instead of «plus and minus» in norm, gives alternatively «two pluses» and «two minuses» of both poles: Ego and SuperEgo (of one person).

So that we cannot separate moments of «love» and moments of «hate and fear» in romantic love. They come both simultaneously, and bring «effect of Dead Ego». For when Ego and SuperEgo are both Minuses, this means that no resources for power anywhere left: nor in outer world, nor in Ego. And of course period of «two pluses» even in alternation with two minuses will

be not long, because this is process of crumbling of the system of physical control of material energy.

When in normal cyclic homeostasis people have two opposite poles: Plus SuperEgo and Minus Ego (Milgram Ego), or Plus Ego and Minus Super Ego (Satan Ego) — they each for each other partner with opposite scheme of Plus and Minus (slave of Minus Ego seek masters of Plus Ego, and Masters of Plus Ego seek slaves of Minus Ego). And when they find each other their two gravitations — narcissism of Masters and Inlovesickness of Slaves form energy flow in sadomasochism of Leviathan. Though Energy of Spirit of True Selves of people remains separated by that flow of material energy between them, we still can observe that flow of material energy exists between people. Nothing good in such state of affairs, this means deep disease of Energy of Spirit, I am just trying to exhibit distinction between flowing between people material energy of normal cyclic homeostasis, and ceasing of all contacts, spiritual friendship and material sadomasochism in case of Hubris Ego.

Because between two Hubris Ego no energy flow can exist. Both Pluses and Both Minuses of Ego and SuperEgo each possesses on his own Field of Ego-system in his gravitation of narcisse-Inlovesickness of Romance. Illusion of Love of «two pluses» or «two equals» on Field of Ego-system remains only illusion, because two pluses of delight (which could be taken as possible flow of energy between two Hubris Ego) is momentarily neutralized by «two minuses» of hatred and fear of «dead Ego» of any schizoid Hubris Ego, trying to play love.

Feeling of absolute dependence for Romantic love of Hubris Ego (or loss of control, stealth of control by beloved partner) stems from dependence from man which he sees as his SuperEgo, because his behavior (or rather interpretation of his behavior) means either delight of two pluses» or insufferable pain of «two minuses» (pain of dead Ego, of lost control of law of force of psyche).

5. «TWO PLUSES» AND «TWO MINUSES» OF HUBRIS — EGO OF HOLDERLIN. PHENOMENON OF «DEAD EGO» IN HYPERION OF HOLDERLIN

1) STAGE ONE ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: PROVING PERMANENT EGO AS POWER (PLUS) OR STABLE SUPERIOR EGO-PROTECTION

F. Holderlin, «Hyperion or hermit in Greece» (English edition, 2008):

> «I now live on the island of Ajax, dear Salamis. I love all of this Greece. It bears the color of my heart. Wherever one looks, a joy lies buried
> Or, up there upon my height, I read of the ancient, glorious sea war that once raged at Salamis in wild, shrewdly controlled tumult, and delight in the spirit that could guide and tame the furious chaos of friends and enemies as a rider does his horse, and feel deeply ashamed of my own military history. O sister of the spirit that reigns and lives in us with fiery power, O holy air! how beautiful it is that you accompany me wherever I wander, omnipresent, immortal one
> ….I would have believed it, were one thing not in us: the monstrous striving to be all, which, like Aetna's Titan, rages up from the depths of our being. Wherever I went and stood, these glorious figures accompanied me; in my mind the deeds of all times became lost in one another like flames; and as the gigantic forms, the clouds of the heavens, unite in one rejoicing storm, so the hundredfold triumphs of the Olympiads united in me, and became one, infinite triumph.
> O, like a storm, the greatness of the ancients bowed my head, snatched the bloom from my face; and often I lay where no eye observed me, amidst a thousand tears, like a toppled fir that lies by the stream and hides its wilted crown in the current. How gladly would I have purchased with blood an instant from a great man's life! O it is pitiful to see oneself thus reduced to nothing; I loved my heroes as a fly loves the light; I sought their dangerous nearness and fled and sought it again».
> ….When I pointed out the Dioscuri to him on a clear midnight and Alabanda laid his hand upon my heart and said: These are only stars, Hyperion, only letters with which the name of the heroic brothers is written in the heavens; they are in us! living and true, with their courage and their divine love, and you, you are the son of the gods and

> share your immortality with your mortal Castor! When I rambled through the woods of Ida with him and we descended into the valley to ask the silent grave mounds there after their dead, and I said to Alabanda that among the grave mounds one perhaps belonged to the spirit of Achilles and his beloved, and Alabanda confided in me how he often childishly thought that we would someday fall in one war-torn valley and repose together under one tree — who would have thought that then?»

2) STAGE TWO ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: FLATTERY OF SOMEBODY TO CONFIRM THAT HIS HUBRIS-EGO IS SOURCE OF ALL POWER, PERMANENT AND BASIC «PLUS» OF FORCE (GOD)

F. Holderlin, «Hyperion or hermit in Greece» (English edition, 2008):

> «Angel of heaven! I cried, who can grasp you? who can say he has wholly comprehended you? Are you surprised, she replied, that I am so fond of you? Dear man! proud, humble man! Am I, then, also among those who cannot believe in you, have I not fathomed you, have I not recognized the genius in his clouds? Veil yourself all you want and do not see yourself; I will conjure you forth, I will But he is here, he has emerged like a star; he has broken through the husk and stands there like a springtime; like a crystal wellspring from the gloomy grotto, he has emerged; this is not the dark Hyperion, this is no longer the wild mourning — O my dear, my glorious boy! This was all like a dream to me. Could I believe in this miracle of love? could I? the joy would have killed me. Divine maiden! I cried, do you speak to me? Can you deny yourself so, blessed self-sufficient being! can you take such joy in me? O I see it now, I know now what I often suspected, man is a garment that a god often wraps around himself, a chalice into which heaven pours its nectar so as to give its children a taste of the best. Yes, yes! she broke in, rapturously smiling, your namesake, the glorious Hyperion of the heavens, is in you.
> yes! I am truly not who I once was, Diotima! I have become like you, and divine now plays with divine as children play together.
> The next day we went out early, saw the ruins of the Parthenon, the site of the ancient Theater of Bacchus, the Temple of Theseus, the sixteen columns that still remain standing of the divine Olympieion;

> but I was most moved by the ancient gate through which one once came out of the ancient city into the new, where surely a thousand beautiful people once greeted one another in a single day. Now one comes neither into the ancient nor into the new city through this gate, and it stands there mute and desolate like a dried-up fountain from whose pipes clear, fresh water once sprang with friendly splashes.
> Hyperion! — here she seized my hand with fervor, and her voice rose with grandeur — Hyperion! I think you were born for higher things. Do not misjudge yourself! Your heart has finally found peace. I will believe it. I understand it. But do you truly think that you are now at the end? Will you shut yourself into the heaven of your love and let the world that needs you wither and grow cold below you? Like the ray of light, you must descend; like the all-refreshing rain, you must go down into the land of mortality, you must illuminate like Apollo, shake and animate like Jupiter, or else you are not worthy of your heaven. I implore you, go into Athens, one more time, and look at the men, too, who walk about there among the ruins, the coarse Albanians and the other good, childlike Greeks, who console themselves with a merry dance and a holy fairy tale about the disgraceful power that weighs over them — can you say: I am ashamed of this material? I think that it could still be shaped. Can you turn your heart away from those in need? They are not wicked, they have done you no harm. What can I do for them, I cried»

3) STAGE THIRD ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: HE, WHO CONFIRMED PERMANENT PLUS OF HUBRIS-EGO AS FOUNT OF POWER BECOMES EQUAL IN FORCE

Thus he is coming as «Loading of Super Ego» as Plus too. Two Gods (omnipotent power of qualitative abstractions of force of Filed of Ego-system).

F. Holderlin, «Hyperion or hermit in Greece» (English edition, 2008):

> «So it appears, I said; I have lingered long enough. O I would like to load an Atlas upon myself, so as to pay off the debts of my youth.
> Diotima's growing pallor as she read Alabanda's letter pierced my soul. Then she began, calmly and earnestly, to advise me against the step,

> and we spoke of many things for and against it. O you violent men! she cried finally, who go so quickly to the extreme, think of Nemesis!
> Dear sophist! I cried, we were talking then of something entirely different. To lead my people to the Olympus of the divinely beautiful, where the true issues with all the good from eternally young wellsprings, I am not yet able. But to use a sword — this I have learned, and no more is required for now. The new union of spirits cannot live in the air, the holy theocracy of the beautiful must dwell in a free state, and this state will have a place on earth, and this place we shall surely conquer.
> Her bosom, full of wishes and sorrows, had become too cramped for her; that is why the maiden's thoughts were so glorious and bold. A new greatness ruled in her, a visible power over all that could feel. She was a higher being. She belonged to mortal men no more. O my Diotima, could I have thought then to what this should come?»

4) STAGE FOUR ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: ROMANTIC LOVE OF TWO PLUSES ON HOLDERLIN'S HUBRIS-EGO

(He as Loading of Ego and his girl as Loading of his SuperEgo, both as Pluses).

F. Holderlin, «Hyperion or hermit in Greece» (English edition, 2008):

> «O he who has gazed into the stillness of this eye, he for whom these sweet lips have opened, of what may he still speak? Peace of beauty! divine peace! he who once soothes his raging life and doubting spirit in you, how can anything else help him? I cannot speak of her, but there are hours in which the best and most beautiful appears as in clouds, and the heaven of perfection opens up before anticipating love; then, Bellarmin! then think of her being, then bend your knee with me and think of my bliss! but do not forget that I had what you only anticipate, that I saw with these eyes what only appears to you as in clouds. That men sometimes would like to say that they rejoice! O believe this, you men, you have not yet even a suspicion of joy! To you the shadow of its shadow has not yet appeared! O leave, and speak not of the blue ether, you blind men!
> Do not weep when the most excellent withers! soon it will rejuvenate itself! Do not mourn when the melody of your hearts falls silent! soon

a hand will be there again to tune it! How, then, was I? was I not like a broken lyre? I still sounded a little, but they were tones of death. I had sung myself a somber swan song! I would have gladly woven myself a death wreath, but I had only winter flowers. And where, then, was it now, the deathly silence, the night and desolation of my life? the whole destitute mortality?

….Then we flew, Diotima and I, then we migrated, like swallows, from one springtime of the world to another, through the sun's wide domain and beyond, to the other islands of the heavens, to the golden coasts of Sirius, into Arcturus's valley of spirits O it is indeed desirable thus to drink the bliss of the world from one chalice with the beloved!»

5) STAGE FOUR ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: TWO MINUSES ALTERNATING WITH TWO PLUSES IN FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM OF HOLDERLIN

(He as Loading of Ego as Minus and his girl as Loading of his Super-Ego as Minus).

F. Holderlin, «Hyperion or hermit in Greece» (English edition, 2008):

«….of the unfathomable sickness of my being before I came across to Calaurea — now you know all, I said to her calmly when I finished, now you will take less offense at me; now you will say, I added with a smile, mock not this Vulcan when he limps, for two times the gods have hurled him from heaven to earth.

Be silent, she cried with a choked voice, and concealed her tears in her handkerchief,

Two times, you say? O in one day you are hurled seventy times from heaven to earth. Shall I say it to you? I fear for you, you scarcely endure the fate of these times. You will still attempt various things, will O god! and your last refuge will be a grave.

…..O! the holy nameless longing often nearly tore my breast asunder, and often the mighty love raged in me like an imprisoned Titan».

…..I must deceive myself into believing that she lived a long time ago, that I knew something of her from hearsay, if her living image is not to seize me so forcefully that I expire in enchantment and in pain, if I am not to die the death of joy over her and the death of mourning for her. It is in vain; I cannot conceal it from myself. Wherever I flee with my thoughts, up into the heavens and into the abyss, to the beginning and

> to the end of times even if I submerge myself in its depths as in the bottomless ocean — even there, even there the sweet terror finds me, the sweet, bewildering, killing terror, that Diotima's grave is near to me .....Shall I say that grief for you has killed me? O no! O no! it was welcome to me, this grief, it gave the death that I bore in me form and grace; you die to honor your darling, I could now tell myself.
> I will tell you exactly what I believe. Your fire lived in me, your spirit had passed into me; but that would hardly have harmed me, and only your destiny has made my new life deadly to me.
> I must say only one more thing to you. You would have to perish, you would have to despair, yet the spirit will save you. No laurel will console you, and no myrtle crown; Olympus will do it, the living, present Olympus that blooms eternally youthful about all your senses. The beautiful world is my Olympus; in it you will live, and with the holy beings of the world, with the gods of nature, with them you will be joyful. O be welcome, all you good and you true!»

6) PHENOMENON OF DEAD EGO IN HOLDERLIN

K. Jaspers, «Strindberg and Van Gogh»:

> «Citation from Helferlin's letters, 1799:
> «Every day I feel compelled to invoke a deity again. When I think of great people of great ages — how they felt sacred fire and all dead things, all wooden things, all straw of the world transfigured into the flame, which in concert with them flied up into the sky, and then I think of myself, — how often me, a flickering lamp, wander around the world in search for one drop of oil in order to shine a little longer in the night, — oh! Then a dreadful fever takes grip of my body and I cry to myself horrible words: an alive corpse!»

My objective in this research to expose how profoundly wretched is modern culture as «Arts» of Romanticism. This is why I persist that analyzing data of this chapter we shouldn't forget that Nietzsche, Holderlin, Strindberg are not only schizophrenics, but also well-known writers, who had exerted their influence on modern culture.

Concerning Greek Mythology needless to say that it was and remains in the very foundation of modern «arts». We need only take subjects of most great painters of our most great museums

to approve the fact that theme of Greek mythology hardly surrender to theme of Christian subjects. And the same situation we find in great music of opera and ballet, full of Wagner's romanticism, stolen from Greek mythology and operas on Aeneas and Dido, Orpheus and Eurydice and many others from Romanticism of Greece mythology. Besides Aeschylus, Sophocles, Corneille, Racine always remains «classiks».

And if any of you doubts the fact, that Holderlin's romance and Strindberg's Romance is due to ordinary, regular Romanticism of modern culture, and in their cases are only manifestation of the fact that this culture is disease, and not the special cases of sick men, — than take all this subjects of Tragedies of Greek Mythology one after another, and check them on correlation with cases of Strindberg and Holderlin.

Hercules and Megaera
Ariadne and Theseus
Aphrodite and Adonis;
Helena and Paris,
Medea and Jason,
Hercules and Dejanira,
Aeneas and Dido,
Ulysses and Circe,
Ulysses and Calypso
Orpheus and Eurydice,
Phaedra and Hippolytus
Agamemnon and Clytemnestra
Hercules and Omphalus

SCIENTIFIC FORMULA SEVEN. DISTINGUISH BETWEEN COMIC TRAGEDY OF HUBRIS EGO AND PERDITION OF TRAGEDY OF CONSCIENCE

1. THE BLOW ON EGO AND THE BLOW ON CONSCIENCE. KIERKEGAARD ON TWO KINDS OF DESPAIR AND BLISS OF CHRISTIAN TO OVERCOME DESPAIR

As far as we can observe from Greek Mythology those folk narratives did not seem mere fancy. Apparently, that folklore reflects facts of real life. We already had chance to assure that Myths of Greek Tragedies were not just magic and chaotic product of imagination, but contained in them truth of reality.

Thus, Tragedies of Romantic Love appeared reflecting all the basic symptoms of schizoid gravitation Narcisse-Inlovesickness of Hubris-Ego, — disease of antiquity. Sad story on Love of Orpheus to Eurydice in Hades, appeared to convey sad fact of romantic love: mixture of love and hate, Hubris Ego and Dead Ego, Beginning of Love and the End of Love. Multiple stories on Heroes imprisoned by spell of witches, — such as Ulysses and Circe, Ulysses and Calypso, Heraclea and Omphalos, or spell of Sirens — exposes such fact of schizoid Narcisse-Inlovesickness as Obsession with beloved because of lost in him physical control. Furious Jealousy in such stories like Heracles and Megaera or Jason and Medea, — jealousy provoking Herackles and Medea to murder mutual children, — speaks of phenomenon of «Hyperesthesia of schizoid narcissism», rooted in effect of «Dead Ego» or lost physical control. Image of Medusa Gorgon, — the female monster, whose look turns

men into stones even when she is already dead, — thus emerged also from the fact of real life: dead emotional gravitation of schizoid Hubris Ego, Narcisse-Inlovesickness, which lures in «love» with «two pluses» of broken physical control, and then kills his preys with «two minuses» of that broken control. Snaky Dead Head of Meduza is thus phenomenon of «Dead Ego» of broken physical control, which reflects catatonic fear of psychotic Field of Ego-system with mortal blow on object of its control of Law of Force — The Ego. Moreover, entire Romance of Ancient Greek are essentially «Tragedies» — «Greek Tragedy». This is manifestation of the fact, that Narcisse-Inlovesickness of schizoid Hubris-Ego is failure in its attempt to build relations between two persons. If we were to give graphical schemes of three kind of contacts — True Love of Energy of Spirit, Sadomasochism of Cyclic Physical control and lastly, Romance of broken physical control of schizoid Hubris Ego, the two former picture will display contact between men, and this last picture no contacts at all. Schema of Friendliness of Energy of Spirit would show «fusion with integrity» of true selves of persons; Sadomasochism would display separation of true selves of Spirit, but flow of material energy between separated bodies; and Romance of Hubris Ego would display only big parasite on body of energy of Spirit, failed to contact with any energy of another men and having grown too big to be endured by his True Self.

This is the point of our next inquiry. The True Self of Energy of Spirit and the Blows on True Self. Blows on Conscience, Compassion and Justice are felt by healthy people as severe pain, because these are Blows on Object of Control of Law of Force of Energy of Spirit — on True Self, which is integral, mutual for all healthy people. Why we feel pain when something unjust is going on with innocent man? Why we feel pain when other men suffer? Why we feel pain if we have wronged someone? Because Justice, Conscience and Compassion are manifestation of the fact, that Field of Force of Energy of Spirit is wider than one person, — in fact it is as broad as all healthy people with living Energy

of Spirit. Our True Self is Oneness with all healthy people with living Energy of Spirit, — it is one Field of Force of Intellect, one Field of Force of Energy of Spirit. We seem being many persons, separated by our biological bodies, but in fact we are one psychic Field of Energy of Spirit. And we feel it as pain for our brethren when they suffer and as joy for our brethren when they are happy. Because True Self of person, his energy of Spirit as Object of Control of Law of Force of Psyche, is mutual for all of us. This is why healthy people unlike those with active Field of Ego-system, preserve capacity to feel riddled conscience, to feel compassion for his neighbors and to feel anger for injustice towards others. And this is why, anyone who is anxious to see his True Self should not endeavor to find it in reflexing, Freud's kind of psychoanalysis, in memories of his life, child's and adult's. The only way to see our True Self is Learning Facts of our History as Fight Between Energy of Spirit and Material Energy throughout that History. This is why Chesterton insisted that we need «psychological history», this is why Plato was first who attempted to write it, this is why Augustine gave us first finished pattern of psychological world history, and Jaspers, Renan, Toynbee and many others continued work of Plato and Saint Augustine. And this is why me, author of Discovery of Psychic energy, did my best to introduce to people Psychologic History of mankind as Fight between Energy of Spirit and Material Energy in terms of Energetics. So far as you are reading history as abstract subject, scarce related with your life, — you will learn nothing from history and nothing of yourself. Only when you have realized that you are reading your own story of life, and you can clearly discriminate yourself from alien forces of material energy, — history will become your diary, and all its multiple facts and seeming chaos will boil down to one essential subject matter and settle around that subject matter — to Your Fight with Material Energy throughout the world history. From this moment on your progress in learning will be great.

Kierkegaard, Christian philosopher, in «Sickness unto Death» identifies «Original Sin» (material energy of Ego-system) as

Despair (disease) of energy of Spirit. And thus professes that Despair as manifestation of Spirit is advantage of a man over the beast. And Despair as capacity to identify Original Sin must be looked at as advantage of Christian («to be sharply observant of sickness»), and capacity of Christians to be healed from this Despair constitutes his «Bliss».

Yet, Kierkegaard sharply distinguishes between what could be called «Blows on Ego» and «Blows on Conscience (True Self) in theory of Psychic Energy. His attitude towards «Blows of Ego» is attitude of F. Schelling in «Night Watches»: he emphasizes the fact that as far as Ego is not True Self and remains only fancy and mask of man, it is rather «comical» to contemplate «suffering» of men for their physical control.

S. Kierkegaard, «Sickness unto death»:

> «The possibility of this sickness is man's advantage over the beast, and this advantage distinguishes him far more essentially that the erect posture, for it implies the infinite erectness or loftiness of being spirit. The possibility of this sickness is man's advantage over the beast; to be sharply observant of this sickness constitutes the Christian's advantage over the natural man; to be healed of this sickness is the Christian's bliss. So then it is an infinite advantage to be able to despair; and yet it is not only the greatest misfortune and misery to be in despair; no, it is perdition».

S. Kierkegaard, «Sickness unto death»:

> «Commonly such a despairer is infinitely comic. Think of a self (and next to God there is nothing so eternal as a self), and then that this self gets the notion of asking whether it might not let itself become or be made into another…than itself. And yet such a despairer, whose only wish is this most crazy of all transformations, loves to think that this change might be accomplished as easily as changing a coat. For the immediate man does not recognize his self, he recognizes himself only by his dress, he recognizes (and here again appears the infinitely comic trait) he recognizes that he has a self only by externals. There is no more ludicrous confusion, for a self is just infinitely different from externals. When then the whole of existence has been altered for the immediate man and he has fallen into despair, he goes a step further, he thinks thus, this has become his wish: «What if I were to become

> another, were to get myself a new self?» Yes, but if he did become another, I wonder if he would recognize himself again! … So in the case of the immediate man when he is in despair it is impossible to represent him truly without a touch of the comic; it is, if I may say so, a clever trick to talk in this jargon about a self and about despair. … It is impossible to represent truly this sort of despair without a certain admixture of satire. The comical thing is that he will talk about having been in despair; the dreadful thing is that after having, as he thinks, overcome despair, he is then precisely in despair. It is infinitely comic that at the bottom of the practical wisdom which is so much extolled in the world, at the bottom of all the devilish lot of good counsel and wise saws and «wait and see and «put up with one's fate» and «write in the book of forgetfulness» — that at the bottom of all this, ideally understood, lies complete stupidity as to where the danger really is and what the danger really is. But again this ethical stupidity is the dreadful thing».

But then, Kierkegaard turns to the Real Despair, to the «dreadful thing» of Blows on Conscience of men with Active Ego-protection; because while men in their «comic pursuit for false Ego» sin against their eternal soul as True Self of Spirit, as Conscience and Justice, the real Despair appears at their backs, — the Despair of riddled Conscience. And this kind of Despair Kierkegaard is not inclined to consider in terms of satire. He is absolutely earnest when asserting that blows on conscience, or ethical despair, or despair of true self is perdition and such perdition which never ends.

S. Kierkegaard, «Sickness unto death»:

> «So then he despairs, that is to say, by a strangely preposterous attitude and a complete mystification with regard to himself, he calls this despair. But to despair is to lose the eternal — and of this he does not speak, does not dream. The loss of the earthly as such is not the cause of despair, and yet it is of this he speaks, and he calls it despairing. What he says is in a certain sense true, only it is not true in the sense in which he understands it; he stands with his face inverted, and what he says must be under stood inversely: he stands and points at that which is not a cause of despair, and he declares that he is in despair, and nevertheless it is quite true that despair is going on behind him without his knowing it. It is as if one were to stand with one's back toward the City Hall and the Court House, and pointing

> straight before him were to say, „There is the City Hall and the Court House." The man is right, there it is... if he turns around».

2. THE CURSE OF THE ATREIDS. TRAGEDY OF CONSCIENCE IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY

Symbol of Christian Church of Friendliness is Madonna and Child. It is really perfect symbol for Unity of Energy of Spirit, because no other relations between humans than that of mother and child would better symbolize the phenomenon of Oneness of Field of Force of Energy of Spirit in brotherly tenderness, care and responsibility to each other. Up to this day, becoming parents for many people means the only way to experience what is it to feel to another person this passion of Oneness of Energy of Spirit — True Self as One object of control, True Self as many people dear to you beyond your care of yourself. For great men, such as Jesus or fathers of Church, or Great Writers, such as Plato, Chesterton, Tolstoy, Herzen, Renan, Toynbee, Spinoza, Fromm, Maslow, Einstein, Kierkegaard, Schelling and others — this feeling of integral unity of Energy of Spirit of men is available without parenthood. But for common men family remains their only experience of this essential feeling in our wretched culture.

Mythology of Greece so acute in noticing features of schizoid Hubris Ego and its Narcisse-Inlovesickness, could not skip that downside of Ego-protection mentioned by Kierkegaard, — that reverse side of active Field of Ego-system as riddled conscience of the men, who had devoted their spirit to the service of the Ego. To my opinion, such Myth in Greek mythology, — Myth which exposes riddled conscience of ancient schizoid Greece in its infatuation with Hubris Ego — is Myth on Curse of Atreids, or rather cycle of myths. These narrative may be considered as manifestation of riddled conscience of people in pursuit of fancy masks of «original sin» of Field of Ego-system

Considering this text, you may have been noticed that Heroes of this Greek tragedy as usually are fighting with each other for

two things: Power of Kingdoms and Romance of Hubris Ego. This is their main and essential motivation. And amidst course of events for this Masks of Ego, the most horrendous things happens to their family, — horrors beyond human imagination with their children takes place in their lives. Besides fight goes on between members of one family — brothers and sisters, spouses, parents and children. And family is symbol of conscience of energy of spirit, because in all times since Axial Age at least people felt that oneness of True Self in poignant and dear love to his offspring. It I was brothers Cain and Abel who introduced the same tragedy of real Despair of spirit in Bible, because for our time it is only family when conscience as integrity of people in oneness of True Self is felt and recognized.

They don't scruple to kill each other kids and even to kill their own kids in their strive for Thrones of Kings, or in their pursuit for Glory of War of Troy, when Agamemnon settles for sacrificing his own daughter for goddess Artemis in order to reach out to Troy and to enter the glorious war as a leader and king. Naturally his wife Clytemnestra wages war to her husband and will kill him with his nephew, son of Thyestes.

Wikipedia, «Curse of Atreids»:

> «Atreus and his brother Thyestes were exiled by their father for murdering their half-brother Chrysippus in their desire for the throne of Olympia»
> «She gave it to Thyestes, her lover and Atreus' brother, who then persuaded Atreus to agree that whoever had the lamb should be king. Thyestes produced the lamb and claimed the throne».
> «Atreus then learned of Thyestes' and Aerope's adultery and plotted revenge. He killed Thyestes' sons and cooked them, save their hands and feet. He tricked Thyestes into eating the flesh of his own sons and then taunted him with their hands and feet. Thyestes was forced into exile for eating human flesh».
> «Aegisthus, son of Thyestes then killed Atreus, although not before Atreus and Aerope had two sons, Agamemnon and Menelaus, and a daughter Anaxibia»
> «Agamemnon married Clytemnestra, and Menelaus married Helen her famously attractive sister. Helen later left Sparta with Paris of Troy, and

> Menelaus called on all of his wife's former suitors to help him take her back., Artemis stilled the winds so that Agamemnon's fleet could not sail. A prophet named Calchas told him that in order to appease Artemis, Agamemnon would have to sacrifice the most precious thing. This was his first-born daughter, Iphigenia He sent word home for her to come. After doing the deed, Agamemnon's fleet was able to get under way»

The end of story is this. Clytemnestra in adultery with Agamemnon's nephew, who killed Agamemnon's father for killing his brothers, killed Agamemnon, and sit down on the throne of kingdom with killer of legal king like Hamlet's mother and her lover. And Orestes, the Hamlet of antiquity kills his mother and his lover. He is in consequence overwhelmed with bad conscience, — Furies persecuting and torturing him with feeling of bitter guilt. And eventually he «After many years, with Apollo by his side, he pleaded to Athena. No descendant of Atreus had ever done so noble an act». This may mean only one thing which can be expressed correctly only in terms of Christianity: Orestes repented and Orestes after his penitence, expressed his regret and asked for forgiveness of God to purge his conscience from his sin. And this «noble an act» was requited by forgiveness: and 'neither he nor any descendant of his would ever again be driven into evil by the irresistible power of the past.» Thus Orestes ended the curse of the House of Atreus»

Christian philosophy or Plato's philosophy of purging conscience from sins of Field of Ego is apparently in the upshot of this tragedy which, unlike Romance tragedies ends up like «Bliss of Christianity», which is capable to overcome Despair of riddled conscience on the conditions of sincere repentance.

Wikipedia, «Curse of Atreids»:

> «While he was fighting the Trojans, his wife Clytemnestra, enraged by the murder of her daughter, began an affair with Aegisthus, son of Thyestes. When Agamemnon returned home he brought with him a new concubine, the doomed prophetess, Cassandra. Upon his arrival that evening, before the great banquet she had prepared, Clytemnestra drew a bath for him and when he came out of the bath, she put the

> royal purple robe on him which had no opening for his head. He was confused and tangled up. Clytemnestra then stabbed him to death. Goaded by his sister Electra, Orestes swore revenge. He knew it was his duty to avenge his father's death, but saw also that in doing so he would have to kill his mother. He was torn between avenging his father and sparing his mother. «It was a son's duty to kill his father's murderers, a duty that came before all others. But a son who killed his mother was abhorrent to gods and to men. «When he prayed to Apollo, the god advised him to kill his mother. Orestes realized that he must work out the curse on his house, exact vengeance and pay with his own ruin. After Orestes murdered Clytemnestra and her lover Aegisthus, he wandered the land with guilt in his heart. After many years, with Apollo by his side, he pleaded to Athena. No descendant of Atreus had ever done so noble an act and 'neither he nor any descendant of his would ever again be driven into evil by the irresistible power of the past.» Thus Orestes ended the curse of the House of Atreus»

Sartre, adherent of Nietzsche did not like this upshot of the story, so that he composed in his play «Flies» exactly the reverse of the Christian repentance. Nietzsche, who was sharply distinguishing between Field of conscience (ethics and Christianity) and Field of Ego-system (esthetics and heroes of Olympus), already in «Birth of tragedy» accuses Sophocles of «singing Christian Saint:, which maybe connected with Oedipus tragedy with similar subject: Orestes is persecuted by his bitter conscience for murdering his mother and Oedipus is devastating from the fact of accident incest with his mother. Sartre is also discontented with tragedy of Orestes «singing Christian Saint» like his teacher Nietzsche and rewrites tragedy to grant it contrary outcome: Orestes fights for Absolute Ego — Hubris Ego of Heroes in order to overcome Gods of Olympus and to become one of them. He hates ethics and conscience and takes Furies like disturbing Flies as Christian conceptions of riddles by Sins conscience from the town. He is proud of his murder. We remember Freud interpretation of Oedipus Myth as desire for mother. Maslow says in Motivation and personality that Freud's attempts to envisage love as rooted as sex proved to be «a bad mistake». Nothing could

validate this conclusion of Maslow better than true meaning of Oedipus tragedy: as severe punishment of sanctuary of family — the true self of conscience — for overindulgence in material energy of Hubris Ego.

We also shall not forget that Goethe did not omit this parallel to Tragedies of Romance the cycle of Tragedies of Riddles Conscience in Greek Mythology, dedicating to both his compositions: Second Part of Faust to the former and " Iphigenia» (sacrificed daughter of Agamemnon) to the latter.

The Curse of Atreids, finished thus by Christian repentance and asking from God forgiveness by Orestes, started with sin of grandfather of Atreus and his brother Thyestes, — famous Tantalus by tortures of his punishment. It was that Tantalus who killed his own son to prepare feast for Gods of Olympus. Again Mythology refers us to theme of sanctity of Family ties and especially parents and children, to expose the depth of fall of men, who sacrifices their True Self to the material energy of Ego. You people, who immolates energy of spirit on altar of their vainglory and mad romance — you are like those madmen who eat their own children, says the Myth. Tantalus aimed to please Olympus gods or to deceive them to become one of them, smarter then gods, but failed. Gods felt insulted and outraged and doomed him to eternal «tantalizing».

Horace, Book 1, Satire 3:

> «Unknown solder: «May the gods grant to you, most mighty king, a triumph over Troy so you can bring the fleet back home. Am I allowed to try a question and receive a prompt reply?» Agamemnon: «Your question?»: «Why let Ajax, number two behind Achilles as a hero, who so often rescued the Achaeans, stink?
> Solder: «You! You who upon the Aulis altar placed your darling child, and not some calf, and laced her head with salt and grain, you reprobate! Did you believe you kept your thinking straight? Indeed, what has this crazy Ajax done? He wouldn't brutalize his wife and son when he unleashed his sword to kill the flock!: «Agamemnon: But in order to release the ships of war that were immobile on a hostile shore, it was appropriate that I appease the gods with blood.» Solder: «As everyone agrees, that blood is yours, you madman!»

Wikipedia, «Curse of Atreids»:

> «The «House of Atreus' begins with Tantalus. Tantalus, the son of Zeus and the maiden Pluto, enjoyed cordial relations with the gods until he decided to slay his son Pelops and feed him to the gods as a test of their omniscience. Most of the gods, as they sat down to dinner with Tantalus, immediately understood what had happened, and, because they knew the nature of the meat they were served, were appalled and did not partake. But Demeter, who was distracted due to the abduction by Hades of her daughter Persephone, obliviously ate Pelops's shoulder. The gods threw Tantalus into the underworld to spend eternity standing in a pool of water beneath a fruit tree with low branches. Whenever he reaches for the fruit, the branches raise his intended meal from his grasp. Whenever he bends down to get a drink, the water recedes before he can drink. Thus is derived the word «tantalizing» in English».

Can we conceive that this tantalizing as «insatiable hunger» maybe interpreted as physical control of cyclic homeostasis with its insatiable destitution of hunger-fear? The punishment of Gods to vanity of Hubris Ego for treachery of Conscience of True Self as ceaseless pain of cyclic homeostasis of material energy.

3. F. SCHELLING ON GREEK TRAGEDY OF ROMANCE AS COMEDY OF HUBRIS EGO, LEADING TO REAL TRAGEDY OF CONSCIENCE

The excerpt below from Schelling's «Night Watches» develops Kierkegaard's opinion on physical control of Ego as «comical Despair», because it is not True Self of person. Moreover, Schelling emphasizes the fact that person with active Field of Ego-system is only marionette in theatre of absurdity, because he is deprived of himself, of his reason, of his scientific control, of his willpower and understanding of reality. He is nothing but play in hands of stupid material energy which functions with its own laws of physical control. This loss of True Self by masks of Ego Schelling underscores postulating that his marionettes lacks heart, and are made from wooden.

He then develops his theme of persons with active Ego as marionettes and masks, eating True Self of men on Tragedies of Greek Romance, and exposes law of those tragedies of Masks-Marionettes as simultaneous love and hate, and incapacity to unity, to alliance, to relationship which normally love implies.

Then he passes to real Tragedy of Conscience which is always the outcome of comical tragedy of Romance. Two brothers are fighting for Helena with «Truly Grecian contours», and one wooden brothers appears to have heart, his conscience is still alive. It is this brother who kills Helena and another brother to be left in horrible loneness with his bad conscience: «finally it is as if a strange voice speaks from the puppet's mouth and calls,» thou shalt live eternally.»

We shall not forget that Friedrich Schelling loved his friend Friedrich Holderlin and survived his mental death with pain: he depicts him as naïve child, as Mozart voice, as «poet with heavens full of Greek gods», who know nothing of reality of the earth.

Exactly like Kierkegaard, Schelling thus asserts that suffering of riddles conscience is insufferable, and thus is real Hell, inflicted by Original Sin of material energy of Ego-system.

S. Kierkegaard, «Sickness unto death»:

> «Yet in another and still more definite sense despair is the sickness unto death. It is indeed very far from being true that, literally understood, one dies of this sickness, or that this sickness ends with bodily death. On the contrary, the torment of despair is precisely this, not to be able to die. So it has much in common with the situation of the moribund when he lies and struggles with death, and cannot die. So to be sick unto death is, not to be able to die — yet not as though there were hope of life; no, the hopelessness in this case is that even the last hope, death, is not available. When death is the greatest danger, one hopes for life; but when one becomes acquainted with an even more dreadful danger, one hopes for death. So when the danger is so great that death has become one's hope, despair is the disconsolateness of not being able to die. It is in this last sense that despair is the sick ness unto death, this agonizing contradiction, this sickness in the self, everlastingly to die, to die and yet not to die, to die the death. For dying means that it is all over, but dying the death

> means to live to experience death; and if for a single instant this experience is possible, it is tantamount to experiencing it forever»

F. Schelling, «Night Watches»:

> «Clown comes and excuses the marionette director for having disposed things like our Lord God and entrusted the most important roles to the least talented actors; precisely from this, however, he deduces in turn the advantage that the play must turn out movingly, just as is the case with great tragic materials that have been worked over by petty, ordinary poets. He makes the most insipid remarks about the life and the character of the times: that both are now more moving than comic and that one now has less cause to laugh over men than to weep — for which reason then even he himself has become a moral and grave fool and shows himself only in the noble genre where he might earn much applause.
> «thereupon the wooden puppets themselves come forward; two brothers without hearts embrace, and Clown laughs over the clattering together of their arms and over the kiss for which they are not able to move their stiff lips. e one wooden brother remains in marionette character and expresses himself with infinite stiff ness, even frames long, dry periodic sentences, into which no life at all can intrude, and which therefore form a model of prosaic style.
> «Now things progress. Two new puppets come forward, a Columbine with a page who spreads an umbrella over her; the Columbine is the company's prima donna and, without flattery, the model maker's masterpiece. Truly Grecian contours, and everything about her worked over to the ideal. e one brother comes, he who previously spoke in prose; he espies her, strikes himself on the place for the heart, hereupon suddenly speaks in verses, rhymes all end syllables, or applies assonance with a and o, so that Columbine is frightened at this and runs off with the page. e brother tries to rush after her. However, because the marionette director makes a slip here, he bangs solidly against Clown, who now makes extempore a very nasty satirical speech in which he sets forth to him that it does not please his creator — namely the marionette director — to allot the lady to him and that the play should therefore become quite mad and comical, since a melancholy fool furnishes the drollest person in a farce. — e other puppet bursts into curses, even blasphemes in despair against the director, over which, for laughter, tears stream from the onlookers' eyes. Finally, however, the marionette still clutches the hope of finding the lady again and decides at least to search through the whole theater. Clown accompanies it. «In the third act Columbine appears

again and acts very nicely with the other brother marionette; they also sing a tender duet with one another and exchange rings right then

«When those first two have finally gone to bed, Clown comes back with the other brother. e la er tells how he has made far journeys from one pole to the other and yet never found Colum bine, on account of which he is ready to despair and take his own life. Clown opens a flap on the marionette's chest and to his surprise now actually finds a heart in it, over which he grows concerned and in his anxiety gets a number of clever ideas, for example, that everything in life, the pain as well as the joy, is mere appearance, in which regard the one bad point is merely that the appearance itself never comes to appearance, on account of which the marionettes have also never suspected that someone had the best of them and was playing with them merely for amusement, but rather fancy themselves to be very serious and important persons

Harlequin now also joins in and jeers at love, because it is not a heroic sentiment and cannot be used to promote the general good. He calls upon the director to abolish it completely in the sequel and introduce pure moral feelings in his troupe. Finally he presses for a revision of the human race and for some highly necessary world repairs; he also insists very obstinately on knowing why he has to play the fool for a public not of his acquaintance.

He also praises the director for having abolished Greek fate and introduced in its place a moral theatrical order, according to which everything has to turn out well in the end. " e last act now makes one laugh oneself quite to death.

«After a short pause he appears again with the brother-marionette, who holds a drawn dagger in his hand and, after a short, stiff tirade, cuts down first the page, then Columbine, and finally himself. e brother stands quite vacant and dumb among the three wooden puppets who lie round him on the ground; then, without speaking a further word, he snatches the dagger to dispatch himself after them for good and all; but in this moment the wire, which the director is drawing too tightly, breaks, and the arm cannot carry out the blow and dangles motionlessly; finally it is as if a strange voice speaks from the puppet's mouth and calls,

«thou shalt live eternally.»

4. SECOND PART OF «FAUST» AS SCHIZOID ROMANCE OF HUBRIS EGO BY GOETHE. THE CASE OF HOLDERLIN'S «HYPERION»

For my part I consider Second part of Goethe's Faust to be the exact copy of Holderlin's «Hyperion or Hermit in Greece», even in that case if Goethe had never heard of Holderlin's romance.

I cannot express the essence of both romances with other word but Russian «Poshlost». I did not find equivalent of this word in English, because its usual translation is «vulgarity or platitude». But term «vulgarity» rather suits to baseness and wickedness of stupid persons. Holderlin and Goethe was not stupid, of course, but still these two Romances of theirs are «hollow», «emasculated», «nonsensical» — the mere absurdity of Hubris Ego, striving to reach Olympus.

Yes, maybe this word «Hollowness» is nearer than any other to Russian word «Poshlost».

Russian literature is singular exactly in this sphere of exposition of hollowness of Field of Ego-system and in exposition of true tragedy of riddled conscience. Take books of Nikola Hogol, who says that he saw his task to expose «stupidity of Devil» and «Poshlost of Devil», or in other word absurdity and emasculation of hollow vanity of Ego. Indeed, devil or Mephistopheles of second part of «faust», which is ally of faust in bringing back Helena and making him the King and royalty of Olympus — is very stupid and very emasculated devil. Hollowness and Poshlost of devil is proved. And Goethe could celebrate victory like Hogol who is recognized master in exposing stupidity and hollowness of devil, but the fact is Goethe assumes devil clever in helping his Faust to arrange marriage between Helena and King Faust. And thus this is ordinary schizoid Romance of Hubris Ego, exact copy of that of Holderlin's Hyperion in its absurd hollowness of meaning.

And that Poshlost (Hollowness) of suffocating stuffiness of Field of Ego-system is exactly what Chesterton calls «That unmistakable mood of Hanwell (madhouse) ": it is not stupid

in sense of capacity to reasoning, but it is emasculated of any sign of common sense and of passions of humans.

Chesterton. «Orthodoxy»:

> «Now, speaking quite externally and empirically, we may say that the strongest and most unmistakable mark of madness is this combination between a logical completeness and a spiritual contraction. The lunatic's theory explains a large number of things, but it does not explain them in a large way. I mean that if you or I were dealing with a mind that was growing morbid, we should be chiefly concerned not so much to give it arguments as to give it air, to convince it that there was something cleaner and cooler outside the suffocation of a single argument. For it was our case against the exhaustive and logical theory of the lunatic that, right or wrong, it gradually destroyed his humanity. I do not mean only kindness, I mean hope, courage, poetry, initiative, all that is human. And I have described at length my vision of the maniac for this reason: that just as I am affected by the maniac, so I am affected by most modern thinkers. That unmistakable mood or note that I hear from Hanwell, I hear also from half the chairs of science and seats of learning to-day; and most of the mad doctors are mad doctors in more senses than one. They all have exactly that combination we have noted: the combination of an expansive and exhaustive reason with a contracted common sense. …. They are universal only in the sense that they take one thin explanation and carry it very far. But a pattern can stretch for ever and still be a small pattern. They see a chess-board white on black, and if the universe is paved with it, it is still white on black. Like the lunatic, they cannot alter their standpoint; they cannot make a mental effort and suddenly see it black on white».

In First Part of his «Faust» Goethe appears as poet of first row, and that because his First Part narrates real Tragedy of riddled conscience, and displayed it masterly — for he wrote in his diary that he knew the heroin in real life. I think that in this regard Hogol made better choice than Gorthe, when he decided to delete his Second part of «Dead Souls» on the grounds, that his vanity cannot dictate him, and his immature thoughts is not what world needs. «I don't know the solvation of problem I have formulated in my first part, — he explained his decision, — than what for this second part»? Goethe in his First part questions true problems, but

in second part it is merely his Ego which propounds us to admire his Olympic achievements with Helena.

1). STAGE ONE ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: PROVING PERMANENT EGO AS POWER (PLUS) OR STABLE SUPERIOR EGO-PROTECTION

Chorus
O marvellous woman, don't disdain
Inheritance of the noblest estate!
For the highest fate's granted to you alone,
The glory of beauty that towers above all.
The Hero's name sounds his advance,
And proudly he strides:
But he bows down, most stubborn of men,
Before conquering Beauty, in mind and sense
Helen (Who has left the doors open, in her turmoil.)
A daughter of Zeus is stirred by no common fear,
No lightly passing hand of Terror can touch her:
Only the Horror that the womb of ancient Night,
Raised from chaos, and shaped in its many forms,
In glowing clouds that shoot, upwards and outwards,
From the peak's fiery throat, to shake the hero's breast.
Lynceus, the Warden of the Tower
Let me kneel, and let me see her,
Let me live, or let me die,
Already I'm devoted to her
Heavenly lady from on high.
Waiting for the dawn's advances,
Gazing at her eastern house,
Suddenly the sunlight dances,
Marvellously in the south!
Drawn to see the marvel closer,
Instead of the ravine and height,

Instead of earth and heaven there,
I gazed at her, the sole delight.
I was granted powers of vision
Like the lynx, high in the tree:
But now I peered in indecision
As in a dark and clouded dream.
How think? Even if I'd so wished?
Wall, and tower? Bolted gate?
Mist, it rose, and cleared the mist,
Came the Goddess here in state!
I surrendered heart and eye
Drinking in the gentle light:
How that beauty blinds, and I
Was blinded wholly by the sight.
I forgot the watchman's duty,
And the promised trumpet call:
Threaten then, now, to destroy me —
Anger lies in Beauty's thrall.
Helen
I cannot punish this evil that I brought here,
With me. Ah me! What a fierce fate it is
Pursues me, so that everywhere I possess
The hearts of men, and that they neither spare
Themselves nor anything else of worth.
They steal, seduce, fight: rushing to and fro,
Demigods, heroes, gods, even daemons
Led me in my wanderings, here and there.
Alone I've confused the world, doubly so:
Now I bring threefold, fourfold woe on woe.
Take this innocent away: let him go.
It's no shame to be deceived by the gods.

2). STAGE TWO ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: FLATTERY OF SOMEBODY TO CONFIRM THAT HIS HUBRIS-EGO IS SOURCE OF ALL POWER, PERMANENT AND BASIC «PLUS» OF FORCE (GOD)

Faust
O Queen, amazed, I see them both together:
The certain archer, and the stricken prey:
I see the bow, from which the shaft was loosed,
That wounded him. Arrow after arrow,
Now strikes me. Imagining the feathered whirr
Of arrows crossing every court and hall.
What am I now? My walls you make unsafe
My most faithful servants, you make rebels,
Already I fear my army too obeys
A victorious and unconquered lady.
What's left to do but add myself as well,
And all that I have vainly imagined mine?
Freely and loyally, before your feet,
Let me acknowledge you as Mistress,
Whose presence wins you throne and ownership.
Anaxagoras (After a moment, solemnly.)
Till now I've praised the subterranean powers,
But turn, in this case, to higher ones than ours…
You! Above, always evergreen,
Triple-named, triply to be seen,
I cry to you, by my people's woe,
Diana, Luna, Hecate, so!
You, in deepest thought, the heartening,
You power profound, calmly shining,
Reveal your dark side's fearful shower,
Without spells, show your ancient power!
(A pause.)
Am I heard so swiftly?
Has my cry

To the deep sky
Stirred Nature's ranks so quickly?
Already, greater, greater, nearing,
The Goddess' orbed throne appearing,
Monstrous, fearful to the sight!
With fires that redden in the night…
No closer, threatening disc of power!
You'll straight destroy us: sea and shore!
So it was true, the Thessalian women,
Trusted with wicked magic runes,
Enchanted you from your circling path,
Wrested evil things from you, in wrath?…
The bright shield now darkens,
Suddenly splits: flashes, sparkles!
What a hissing! What a drumming!
Thunder, wind, and rain are coming! —
Humbled, on the steps of your throne! —
Forgive me! I brought this on, alone.

3). STAGE THIRD ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: HE, WHO CONFIRMED PERMANENT PLUS OF HUBRIS-EGO AS FOUNT OF POWER BECOMES EQUAL IN FORCE

Thus he is coming as «Loading of Super Ego» as Plus too. Two Gods (omnipotent power of qualitative abstractions of force of Filed of Ego-system).

Faust is «King of Kings"like Persian emperor now, fighting Menelaus and granting Kingdoms with royal duties.

Faust
Rash disturbance! Insistent, she comes pushing in here:
Senseless haste is wrong, even where there's danger.
Unlucky news makes the fairest messenger ugly:
You, ugliest of all, bring only bad news gladly.

But you'll not succeed for once: disturb the air
With your empty breath. There's no danger looming here,
Your danger's only an idle threat to me.
(Calls, and explosions from the towers, trumpets and cornets, martial music.
A powerful army marches past.)
No! Now you'll see the heroes gather,
The whole wide land will here unite:
He deserves the ladies' favour,
Who, in their defence, shall fight.
(To the leaders, who step forward from the ranks, and advance.)
Rage silently, and do your duty,
Then you'll achieve the victory,
You, the prime of northern beauty,
You, the flower of the east.
Cased in steel, with steel gleaming,
The army shatters realms at will,
They appear: the earth is shaking,
They advance, it echoes still.
At Pylos, once, we came to shore,
Old Nestor is no longer living,
Our independent army saw
Us shatter all the mighty kings.
From these walls, in an instant,
Send Menelaus back to sea:
There robbing, killing, is his errand,
As is his wish and destiny.
Dukes, I greet you every one,
Commanded by the Spartan Queen:
At her feet lay vale and mountain,
Win the kingdoms in between.
Germans, with your walls and towers,
Defend Corinth and her bays!
Then Achaia's hundred gorges

I'll trust to you, the Goths, always.
Let the Franks advance on Elis,
Messene, to the Saxons brave,
Normans, hold the Argolis,
Rule the shore: and rule the wave.
When everyone has his own land,
At foreign foes, let force be aimed,
While Sparta holds the high command
Our Queen's ancestral domain.
She'll behold you each, delighting
In lands, possessed of every right:
And at her feet you'll seek her blessing,
Acknowledgement, and law and light.

4). STAGE FOUR ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: ROMANTIC LOVE OF TWO PLUSES

Euphoria of Romance of Two pluses in Child Euphorion. Now happiness is absolute and complete — Kingdom of two royalties and unity in child. Goethe has no other facts of «unity in euphoria love» except child for you. This is his only proof that this is Love and fusion of two persons and not absurd raptures of two abstractions.

Faust
Then let her be as if no age has bound her!
As Achilles on Pherae once found her,
Beyond all ages. What rare luck:
In spite of every fate, to win her love!
And shall I, by the strength of my yearning,
Not draw that unique form towards me, living,
That eternal being, equal to the divine,
Great yet tender: kind as she's sublime.
You saw her once: today I too have seen her,
Lovely in her attraction: as lovely as desired.

Now my soul and being is strongly tied:
If I can't win her, I shan't survive.
Euphorion
Hear the song of childhood sung now,
Its delight belongs to you,
See me leap about in time, now
Let my parents' hearts leap too.
Helen
It requires two noble hearts
For Love to bless humanity,
But to be a thing apart
They must make a precious three.
Faust
All we sought is now discovered:
I am yours, and you are mine:
And we two are bound together,
There's no better fate to find.

5). STAGE FOUR ON BREAKING CYCLIC HOMEOSTASIS OF FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM: TWO MINUSES ALTERNATING WITH TWO PLUSES IN FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM

And of course, the proof of their Euphoria Love disappears in accident death. Tragedy kills Love of King of Kings and his Queen: they have nothing except that child in common.

Helen (To Faust.)
Alas, the ancient word proves true for me, as well:
That joy and beauty never lastingly unite.
The thread of life, as the thread of love, is torn:
Painfully, lamenting both, I must say: farewell,
And enter your embrace, once, and then no more.
Persephone, receive me, and this child of ours!
(She embraces Faust: her body vanishes, her dress and veil remain in his

hands.)
Phorkyas (To Faust.)
Hold tight to what alone remains to you.
Don't let the garment go. Already, daemons
Pull at its hem, and wish to drag it down
Into the Underworld. Hold tight to it, now!
It no longer veils the divinity you've lost,
But it is divine. Employ then the priceless,
Noble gift for yourself, and soar on high:
It will carry you quickly from the lowest
To the highest ether, while you can endure.
We'll meet once more, far away from here.

5. FIRST PART OF «FAUST»: GOETHE ON TRUE TRAGEDY OF RIDDLED CONSCIENCE

Words of sage and prophet uttered Chesterton when saying that it is existence Hanwell (madhouse), which proves existence of Hell as punishment for Original Sin as active Field of Ego-system.

Indeed, A. Kempinsky, director of psychiatric clinic in Krakow in «Psychology of schizophrenia» says that people can hardly endure the sight of schizophrenia psychosis — so much impressed they are with depth of suffering.

Because that witches Sabbath, which people undergo in their pursuit of physical control of Ego will end up either with loss of their soul (energy of spirit), or with real tragedy of conscience, when person realizes that he was just marionette in hands of alien energy, or in psychosis of schizophrenia.

The latter means explosion of Field of forces of Intellect — the foundation of energy of spirit — and in concert with this explosion the loss of all remains of orientation in reality. The sight of such explosion in attack of catatonic fear is really dreadful spectacle. Love of energy of spirit has been wasted, and accumulation of hate in pain of «dead Ego» undermines the Field of Force of Intellect.

Thus Original Sin of material energy really leads to Hell of either psychosis or to Hell of real tragedy of conscience, brilliantly described by Goethe in his First Part of Faust. His genius got perfect manifestation in creation of this masterpiece. It is equal to Macbeth by Shakespeare. Another genius examples of describing the tragedy of conscience we find in famous novels of Dostoevsky.

It is this words of Margaret, which display that in first part of Faust Goethe still remembered that true tragedy of conscience is incomparable with tragedy of Dead Ego of physical control.

> «It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,
> And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!»

Chesterton, «Orthodoxy»:

> «But I think this book may well start where our argument started — in the neighbourhood of the mad-house. Modern masters of science are much impressed with the need of beginning all inquiry with a fact. The ancient masters of religion were quite equally impressed with that necessity. They began with the fact of sin — a fact as practical as potatoes. Whether or not man could be washed in miraculous waters, there was no doubt at any rate that he wanted washing. But certain religious leaders in London, not mere materialists, have begun in our day not to deny the highly disputable water, but to deny the indisputable dirt. Certain new theologians dispute original sin, which is the only part of Christian theology which can really be proved. …In this remarkable situation it is plainly not now possible (with any hope of a universal appeal) to start, as our fathers did, with the fact of sin. This very fact which was to them (and is to me) as plain as a pikestaff, is the very fact that has been specially diluted or denied. But though moderns deny the existence of sin, I do not think that they have yet denied the existence of a lunatic asylum. We all agree still that there is a collapse of the intellect as unmistakable as a falling house. Men deny hell, but not, as yet, Hanwell. For the purpose of our primary argument the one may very well stand where the other stood. I mean that as all thoughts and theories were once judged by whether they tended to make a man lose his soul, so for our present purpose all modern thoughts and theories may be judged by whether they tend to make a man lose his wits».

DUNGEON
FAUST
(with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron door)
A shudder, long unfelt, comes o'er me;
Mankind's collected woe o'erwhelms me, here.
She dwells within the dark, damp walls before me,
And all her crime was a delusion dear!
What! I delay to free her?
I dread, once again to see her?
On! my shrinking but lingers Death more near.
(He grasps the lock: the sound of singing is heard inside.)
My mother, the harlot,
Who put me to death;
My father, the varlet,
Who eaten me hath!
Little sister, so good,
Laid my bones in the wood,
In the damp moss and clay:
Then was I a beautiful bird o' the wood;
Fly away! Fly away!
MARGARET (on her knees)
Who, headsman! unto thee such power
Over me could give?
Thou'rt come for me at midnight-hour:
Have mercy on me, let me live!
Is't not soon enough when morning chime has run?
(She rises.)
And I am yet so young, so young!
And now Death comes, and ruin!
I, too, was fair, and that was my undoing.
My love was near, but now he's far;
Torn lies the wreath, scattered the blossoms are.
Seize me not thus so violently!
Spare me! What have I done to thee?
Let me not vainly entreat thee!

I never chanced, in all my days, to meet thee!
FAUST
Shall I outlive this misery?
MARGARET
Now am I wholly in thy might.
But let me suckle, first, my baby!
I blissed it all this livelong night;
They took 't away, to vex me, maybe,
And now they say I killed the child outright.
And never shall I be glad again.
They sing songs about me! 'tis bad of the folk to do it!
There's an old story has the same refrain;
Who bade them so construe it?
FAUST (falling upon his knees)
Here lieth one who loves thee ever,
The thraldom of thy woe to sever.
MARGARET
My mother have I put to death;
I've drowned the baby born to thee.
Was it not given to thee and me?
Thee, too! — «Tis thou! It scarcely true doth seem—
Give me thy hand! «Tis not a dream!
Thy dear, dear hand! — But, ah, 'tis wet!
Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah, God! what hast thou done?
Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!
Do not affray me!
FAUST
O, let the past be past!
Thy words will slay me!
MARGARET
No, no! Thou must outlive us.
Now I'll tell thee the graves to give us:
Thou must begin to-morrow

The work of sorrow!
The best place give to my mother,
Then close at her side my brother,
And me a little away,
But not too very far, I pray!
And here, on my right breast, my baby lay!
Nobody else will lie beside me! —
Ah, within thine arms to hide me,
That was a sweet and a gracious bliss,
But no more, no more can I attain it!
I would force myself on thee and constrain it,
And it seems thou repellest my kiss:
And yet 'tis thou, so good, so kind to see!
MARGARET
I dare not go: there's no hope any more.
Why should I fly? They'll still my steps waylay!
It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,
And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!
It is so wretched, to be strange, forsaken,
And I'd still be followed and taken!
FAUST
I'll stay with thee.
MARGARET
Be quick! Be quick!
Save thy perishing child!
Away! Follow the ridge
Up by the brook,
Over the bridge,
Into the wood,
To the left, where the plank is placed
In the pool!
Seize it in haste!
«Tis trying to rise,
«Tis struggling still!
Save it! Save it!

FAUST
Recall thy wandering will!
One step, and thou art free at last!
MARGARET
If the mountain we had only passed!
There sits my mother upon a stone, —
I feel an icy shiver!
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And her head is wagging ever.
She beckons, she nods not, her heavy head falls o'er;
She slept so long that she wakes no more.
She slept, while we were caressing:
Ah, those were the days of blessing!
FAUST
The day dawns: Dearest! Dearest!
MARGARET
Day? Yes, the day comes, — the last day breaks for me!
My wedding-day it was to be!
Tell no one thou has been with Margaret!
Woe for my garland! The chances
Are over — 'tis all in vain!
We shall meet once again,
But not at the dances!
The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken:
The square below
And the streets overflow:
The death-bell tolls, the wand is broken.
I am seized, and bound, and delivered—
Shoved to the block — they give the sign!
Now over each neck has quivered
The blade that is quivering over mine.
Dumb lies the world like the grave!
FAUST
O had I ne'er been born!

Now compare this extract from Goethe's Faust. The famous scene of Dungeon, with this description of tragedy of his hamlet and Ophelia in madhouse by Schelling: he is once more exhibiting that mad mechanisms of masks of Ego are killing True Self of Energy of Spirit, and thus provoking real tragedy of conscience, which is insufferable hell: — «Praise God there is a death, and afterward no eternity!» I uttered involuntarily.

F. Schelling, «Night Watches»:

> «I opened Ophelia's door; she lay pale on her cot, endeavoring to lull into sleep on her breast a dead, just born child; by her a crazy girl stood and placed a finger on her mouth as if she were beckoning to me for silence. «Now he's sleeping!» Ophelia said and regarded me smiling, and that smile for me was like looking into a freshly dug grave.
> — «Praise God there is a death, and afterward no eternity!» I uttered involuntarily. She smiled on and whispered after a pause, as if language sought to dissolve gradually into breaths and gently disappear: " e role comes to an end, but the I remains, and they bury only the role.
> Praise God that I am coming out of the play and can put aside my assumed name; after the play the I commences!» — «It is nothing!» I said, shaking. ...I stood by her bed stormily provoked, and in me there was a re lease of anger, as if for wild laughter — I was startled, for no laughter came, but the first tear that I wept. Near me, another was howling — but it was only the storm that whistled through the madhouse».

Had Geothe finished with this plot resolution of his First Part, inserting Second part between seduction of Margaret and this outcome in tragedy of conscience, his Faust would have had sense of great psychological masterpeice. Because in this case, Hubris Ego of Second Part, glorified now, would have appeared as Schelling's derision over stupid, comical Hubris Ego. Then, giving outcome with tragedy of conscience after his derision on Hubris Ego he would demonstrated thus that his personage repented thus, and he, Geothe agrees with him.

But alas, finishing poem with glorifying Hubris Ego he deprives his poem of integrity, exposing his second part in absurdity

of Holderlin's «Hyperion» in sober earnest extolling of Romance of madhouse.

SCIENTIFIC FORMULA EIGHT. THE CASE OF NIETZSCHE: ROMANCE WITH WAGNER, DEAD EGO AND SCHIZOPHRENIA

HIGHLY TALENTED WITH SPECULATIVE THOUGHT GENIUS OF NIETZSCHE

He was undeniably philosopher, writer and musician of huge talent. In his work «Schopenhauer as teacher» brilliantly has set forth philosophy of metaphysics of Intellect.

But like any talented man of high capacity of speculative thought, like entire western civilization of science, like ancient Greece — Nietzsche's mind is split on authentic Intellect as scientific control and fictitious Intellect as formal logic. Either to become genius of scientific control and great achievements in philosophy, science and art or to become ill-minded schizoid megalomaniac — this was fatal choice he had to make to determinate his life.

Two events defined his unfortunate turn to schizoid mentality of vainglory of Hubris Ego: firstly, it was war, and secondly, it was his Romance affair with Wagner. From my point of view, Russell's elder son, who also fell prey of schizophrenia in his mature age, would have managed to escape this horrible outcome of his gifted with thought mind had not he been subjected for a few years to the horrors of World War Second.

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

> «Indeed, his is a changed soul. He is no longer the „loyal Swiss" of another time; he is a man among men, a German proud of his Germany. A war has transformed him; he glorifies war. War awakes the energy of men; it even troubles their spirits. It obliges them to seek

> in an ideal order, an order of beauty and duty, the ends of a life which is too cruel. The lyric poet, the sage, misunderstood in ages of peace, are heard with respect in ages of war. Then men have need of them, and are conscious of their need. The same necessity which ranges them behind their chiefs renders them attentive to genius. Humanity is made truly one, and is drawn towards the heroic and the sublime, only under the pressure of war. ….He had never recovered entirely from the ordeals of the war. Neither sleep nor sure and certain health were ever at his call again. In February the nervous force which had sustained him suddenly gave way, and his disorders assumed».

The second obvious cause of Nietzsche's ruined ultimately intellect in Hubris –Ego is his Romance affair with Wagner. I shall endeavor in this chapter to demonstrate that it really was a Romance affair far from «friendship».

It was those three years, spent in Wagner's house in Triebschen, during which Nietzsche's ideology had undergone that crucial transgression to fictitious intellect as «protection of Hubris Ego» in formal speculations, detached from reality. And since that time with process of aggravation of Romance affair, with emergence of «effect of Dead Ego» and «Complete dependence» from Wagner, his «philosophical attitude» as sceptic and cynic, as almighty power of Superman firmly established itself.

His book «Birth of Tragedy» was written for Wagner and avowedly honors Wagner as new genius and even prophet of German nation. And it is this book, where Nietzsche appears with his Greek Idealism as protection of Hubris –Ego, as endeavor to profess avowedly that Power as Beuaty is the only vital value, while Morality is not merely non-entity, but perilous weakness to the survival of the mankind. In this book Nirtzsche felt still very diffident, for it was his try to please Wagner, his first independent groping in search for his own philosophy. Later, when Romance affair with Wagner will overwhelmed him entirely, in his additional Foreword to the book he will be assertive: Yes, this is book against morality and Christianity!

1. WAGNER AS DIVINITY. ACQUAINTANCE WITH WAGNER

«Idealism» of Wagner as Sadomasochism of Field of Ego-protection: his promotion of slavery in «State and Religion» amazed Nietzsche and exerted vigorous influence on all writing of Nietzsche.

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

> «Come and sleep a couple of nights under our roof,» wrote Wagner. «We want to know what you are made of. Little joy I have so far from my German compatriots. Come and save the abiding faith which I still cling to, in what I call, with Goethe and some others, German liberty.» Nietzsche was able to spare these two days and henceforward was a familiar of the master's. He wrote to his friends: «**Wagner realises all our desires: a rich, great, and magnificent spirit; an energetic character, an enchanting man, worthy of all love, ardent for all knowledge. ... But I must stop; I am chanting a pæan...**
> «I beg you,» he says further, «not to believe a word of what is written about Wagner by the journalists and the musicographers. No one in the world knows him, no one can judge him, since the whole world builds on foundations which are not his, and is lost in his atmosphere. **Wagner is dominated by an idealism so absolute, a humanity so moving and so profound, that I feel in his presence as if I were in contact with divinity...»**

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

> Richard Wagner had written, at the request of Louis II., King of Bavaria, a
> short treatise on social metaphysics. This singular work, which had been conceived to fascinate a young and romantic prince, was carefully withheld
> from publicity, and lent only to intimates. Wagner gave it to Nietzsche, and few
> things surely that the latter ever read went home more deeply. As traces of the
> impression he received from it are to be discovered in his work down to the
> very end, it will be worth our while to give some idea of its nature.
> Wagner starts by explaining an old error of his: in 1848 he had been a Socialist.

Not that he had ever welcomed the ideal of a levelling of men; his mind, avid
of beauty and order, in other words, of superiorities, could not have welcomed
a notion of the kind. But he hoped that a humanity liberated from the baser
servitudes would rise with less effort to an understanding of art. In this he was
mistaken, as he now understood.
«My friends, despite their fine courage,» he wrote, «were vanquished; the
emptiness of their effort proved to me that they were the victims of a basic
error and that they had asked from the world what the world could not give
them.»
His view cleared and he recognised that the masses are powerless, their
agitations vain, their co-operation illusory. He had believed them capable of
introducing into history a progress of culture. Now he saw that they could not
collaborate towards the mere maintenance of a culture already acquired. They
experience only such needs as are gross, elementary, and short-lived. For them
all noble ends are unattainable. And the problem which reality obliges us to
solve is this: how are we to contrive things so that the masses shall serve a
culture which must always be beyond their comprehension, and serve it with
zeal and love, even to the sacrifice of life? All politics are comprised within
this question, which appears insoluble, and yet is not. Consider Nature: no one
understands her ends; and yet all beings serve her. How does Nature obtain
their adhesion to life? She deceives her creatures. She puts them in hope of an
immutable and ever-delayed happiness. She gives them those instincts which

constrain the humblest of animals to lengthy sacrifices and voluntary pains. She envelops in illusion all living beings, and thus persuades them to struggle and to suffer with unalterable constancy.

Society, wrote Wagner, ought to be upheld by similar artifices. It is illusions

that assure its duration, and the task of those who rule men is to maintain and to propagate these conserving illusions. Patriotism is the most essential. Every child of the people should be brought up in love of the King, the living symbol of the fatherland, and this love must become an instinct, strong enough to render the most sublime abnegation an easy thing.

The patriotic illusion assures the permanence of the State but does not suffice

to guarantee a high culture. It divides humanity, it favours cruelty, hatred, and

narrowness of thought. The King, whose glance dominates the State, measures

its limits, and is aware of purposes which extend beyond it. Here a second

illusion is necessary, the religious illusion whose dogmas symbolise a profound

unity and a universal love. The King must sustain it among his subjects.

The ordinary man, if he be penetrated with this double illusion, can live a

happy and a worthy life: his way is made clear, he is saved. But the life of the

prince and his counsellors is a graver and a more dangerous thing. They

propagate the illusions, therefore they judge them. Life appears to them

unveiled, and they know how tragic a thing it is. «The great man, the

exceptional man," writes Wagner, „finds himself practically every day in the

same condition in which the ordinary man despairs of life, and has recourse to

suicide.» The prince and the aristocracy which surrounds him, his nobles, are

forearmed by their valour against so cowardly a temptation. Nevertheless, they

experience a bitter need to «turn their back on the world.» They desire for

> themselves a restful illusion, of which they may be at the same time the authors and the accessories. Here art intervenes to save them, not to exalt the naïve enthusiasm of the people, but to alleviate the unhappy life of the nobles and to sustain their valour. «Art,» writes Richard Wagner, addressing Louis II.,»I
> present to my very dear friend as the promised and benignant land. If Art
> cannot lift us in a real and complete manner above life, at least it lifts us in life itself to the very highest of regions. It gives life the appearance of a game, it withdraws us from the common lot, it ravishes and consoles us.»
> «Only yesterday» — wrote Nietzsche to Gersdorff on the 4th of August, 1869
> — «I was reading a manuscript which Wagner confided to me, Of the State and
> Religion, a treatise full of grandeur, composed in order to explain to 'his young
> friend,» the little King of Bavaria, his particular way of understanding the State
> and Religion. Never did any one speak to his King in a tone more worthy, more
> philosophical; I felt myself moved and uplifted by that ideality which the spirit
> of Schopenhauer seems constantly to inspire. Better than any other mortal, the
> King should understand the tragic essence of life.»

Later, after his divorce with Wagner (which never really took place) Nietzsche will work out his own conception on «Eternal Return» of atheist Zaratustra to displease Wagner. For all his activity after his acquaintance with Wagner should be divided on two big periods: the first one, when all he did — he did to please Wagner, and second, when all he did, — he did to displease Wagner. And in this second period his confession to one of his best friends, Fräulein von Meysenbug (the dear friend of late Herzen), that it was Wagner's ideology. Which inspired all his writing. In this, Wagner appears Satan, which seduced Nietzsche from the right way of real philosophy of metaphysics of intellect — to the ground of fictitious speculative thought as «protection of Hubris Ego», the Wagner's Idealism. Moreover, for Wagner «ideology»

remained always only means to his dream to set up his own theater and when cynicism of his «Ziegfried» imperiled popularity of his theater, he easily turned back to morality and democracy of Christianity in «Parsifal». For Nietzsche's really profound capacity of thought such easy shifting of conceptions appeared fatal.

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

> «What form did the poetical exposition of the Eternal Return then take in his
> soul? We do not know. Nietzsche did not care to talk about his work; he liked to complete it before making announcements. However, he wished
> that his friends should know the new movement in which his thought was
> engaged. He addressed to Fräulein von Meysenbug a letter in which Wagner
> was treated without deference, then he added a mysterious enough promise:
> «If I am not illusioned as to my future, it is by my work that what is best in
> the work of Wagner will be continued — and here, perhaps, is the comical
> side to the adventure.»
> D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:
> «He considered anew primitive Greece, the city of
> the seventh and the sixth centuries; thither a mysterious attraction ever drew
> him back. Was it the seduction of a perfect beauty? Doubtless, but it was also
> the seduction of that strength and cruelty which a modern conceals as he
> conceals a stain, and which the old Greeks practised with joy. Nietzsche loved
> strength; on the battlefield of Metz he had felt within him the appetite and
> instinct.
> «If,» he wrote, «genius and art are the final ends of Greek culture, then all the
> forms of Greek society must appear to us as necessary mechanisms and stepping-stones towards that final end. Let us discover what means were

utilised by the will to act which animated the Greeks...» He discerns and names
one of these means: slavery. «Frederick Augustus Wolf,» he notes, «has shown
us that slavery is necessary to culture. There is one of the powerful thoughts of
my predecessor.» He grasped it, held it to him, and forced it to disclose its
whole meaning. This idea, suddenly discovered, inspired him; it was profound
and moved him to the depths of his being; it was cruel, almost monstrous, and
satisfied his romantic taste. He shuddered before it, he admired its sombre
beauty.
«It may be that this knowledge fills us with terror,» he wrote; «I such terror is
the almost necessary effect of all the most profound knowledge. For nature is
still a frightful thing, even when intent on creating the most beautiful forms. It
is so arranged that culture, in its triumphal march, benefits only a trivial
minority of privileged mortals, and it is necessary that the slave service of the
great masses be maintained, if one wish to attain to a full joy in becoming
(werde lust).
«We moderns have been accustomed to oppose two principles against the
Greeks, the one and the other invented to reassure a society of an altogether
servile kind which anxiously avoids the world, slave: we talk of the 'dignity of
man' and the 'dignity of labour.»
«The language of the Greeks is other. They declare in simple terms that work is
a disgrace, for it is impossible that a man occupied with the labour of gaining a
livelihood should ever become an artist...
«So let us avow this cruel sounding truth: slavery is necessary to culture; a truth

> which assuredly leaves no doubt as to the absolute value of being.
> «The misery of those men who live by labour must be made yet more vigorous,
> in order that a very few Olympian men may create a world of art… At their
> expense, by the artifice of unpaid labour, the privileged classes should be
> relieved from the struggle for life, and given such conditions that they can
> create, and satisfy a new order of needs… And if it is true to say that the
> Greeks were destroyed by slavery, this other affirmation is, most certainly, even
> truer: for lack of slavery, we are perishing.»
> But what was the origin of this very institution of slavery? How was the submission of the slave, that «blind mole of culture,» secured? The Greeks
> teach us, answered Nietzsche: «The conquered belongs to the conqueror,» they
> say, «with his wives and his children, his goods and his blood. Power gives the
> first right, and there is no right which is not at bottom appropriation,
> usurpation, power.»

2. TWO PLUSES OF NARCISSE — INLOVESICKNESS OF NIETZSCHE

(he as loading of Ego and Wagner as loading of his SuperEgo. Romance of Nietzsche (I am talking here of Nietzsche, not of Wagner).

Beginning of functioning of gravitation of narcisse-Inlovesickness in Nietzsche with «Flattering» of both Wagner to his Book «Birth of Tragedy». Admiration with «Birth of Tragedy», which irritated and saddened the rest of the world.

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

> «Towards mid-December, he accompanied Richard Wagner to Mannheim, where
> a two days' festival was being devoted to the works of the master.
> «Oh, what a pity you were not there!» he wrote to Erwin Rohde.

«All the sensations, all the recollections of art, what are they compared to these? I am
like a man whose ideal has been realised. It is Music, and Music alone!... When
I say to myself that a certain number of men of the generations to come — at
least some hundreds among them — will be moved by this music as I am
myself, I cannot augur for less than an entire renewal of our culture!»
He returned to his house in Basle: but the impression of his days in Mannheim
remained with him. The details of his everyday life caused him a strange and
tenacious disgust.
«All that cannot be translated into music,» he wrote, «is
repulsive and repugnant to me... I have a horror of reality. Or, rather, I no
longer see anything of the real, it is only a phantasmagoria.»
D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:
«On the last day of 1871, his book appeared: Die Gebürt der Tragödie aus dem
Geiste der Musik (The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music). The sub-title
which the current editions give, Hellenism and Pessimism, was added in 1885
on the issue of the second edition.
Friedrich Nietzsche sent the first copy to Richard Wagner, from whom he received almost at once a frenzied letter.
«DEAR FRIEND, — I have never read a finer book than yours. It is all
splendid! At this moment, I write to you very hurriedly because the
reading has profoundly moved me, and I expect that I wait for the return
of my sang-froid to re-read you methodically. I said to Cosima: After you,
he it is whom I love most; and then, at a long distance, Lenbach, who has
made so striking and so true a portrait of me... Adieu! Come soon to see
us!
«Yours,
«R. W.»
On the 10th of January Wagner wrote again:

«You have just published a book which is incomparable. All the influences
which you may have undergone are reduced to nothing by the character of your
book: what distinguishes it from every other, is the complete confidence with
which a penetrating individuality displays itself. It is here that you satisfy the
ardent desire of myself and of my wife: in short, a strange voice might have
been talking of us, and we would have fully approved it! Twice we have read
your book from the first line to the last — in the daytime, separately — at night,
together — and we were lamenting that we had not at our disposal that second
copy which you had promised. We deliver battle over that sole copy. I am
constantly in need of it; between my breakfast and my working hours, it is it
that sets me going; for since I have read you, I have begun again to work on my
last act. Our readings, whether together or separately, are constantly interrupted
by our exclamations. I am not yet recovered from the emotion which I experienced. There is the condition we are in!»

And Cosima Wagner wrote, for her part:

«Oh, how fine your book is! How beautiful it is and how profound, how profound it is and how audacious!» On
January 16th he delivered his first lecture. His joy, his sense of security, were extreme. He knew that Jacob Burckhardt read and approved him; he knew that he had the admiration of Rohde, Gersdorff, Overbeck. «What they say of my book is incredible,» he wrote to a friend. «... I have concluded an alliance with Wagner. You cannot imagine how we are bound to one another, and how identical are our views.»

3. HYPERESTHESIA OF NARCISSE-INLOVESICKNESS OF NIETZSCHE. FIRST STEPS TO «EFFECT OF DEAD EGO» OR TO «TWO MINUSES»

He is irritated and resented by authority of his much elder teacher. He calls him «dictator» and feels insulted. Like for Strindberg any pressure from his wives was insufferable for him and instantly produced obsessive thought on their desire to enslave him, — Nietzsche is constantly reflecting on Wagner's desire to enslave and to humiliate him.

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

> «Nietzsche wanted to fight for Wagner, for he loved Wagner and he loved battle. «To arms, to arms!» he writes to Rohde; «war is necessary to me, ich brauche den Krieg.» But he had already proved many a time, what he now began sadly to understand, that his nature did not lend itself to reticence and to the prudence necessary in such a contest, in which public opinion was the stake.
>
> **There was no instant but a word, an attitude ran foul of his radical idealism.**
>
> ……..He felt the instinctive constraint that he had already known at Triebschen. Wagner disturbed him. He hardly recognised the grave and pure hero whom he had loved so much. He saw another man, a powerful workman, brutal, vindictive, jealous. Nietzsche had thought of making a
>
> tour in Italy, with a relation of Mendelssohn's; he was obliged to give up this idea in order to humour the master, who detested the race, even to the very name of Mendelssohn.
>
> «Why is Wagner so distrustful?» Nietzsche wrote in his diary; «it excites distrust.
>
> Wagner was as dictatorial as he was distrustful. The days had become rare when he could converse at leisure with nobleness and freedom as he had done at Triebschen. He spoke briefly, he commanded. Nietzsche was still ready to go on a mission to Northern Germany to speak, write, and found Vereine, and to «thrust under the noses of the German savants the things which their timid eyes failed to perceive.» Wagner would not accept this proposal; he wished Nietzsche to publish his lectures on The Future of our Educational Systems. Nietzsche resisted a desire in which he thought he detected a certain egotism.

«Our Herr Nietzsche only wants to do what he likes,» exclaimed the irritable Wagner. His anger saddened and humiliated Nietzsche both on his own account and on his master's. He thought, «Ill, weighed down with work, have I no right to respect? Am I under any one's orders? Why is Wagner so tyrannical?» **We read in his diary, «Wagner has not the strength to make those around him free and great. Wagner is not loyal; he is, on the contrary, suspicious and haughty.»**

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

«I will study the souls of my contemporaries, and I shall have every authority to say to them: **Neither science nor religion can save you; seek refuge in art, the power of modern times, and in the artist who is Richard Wagner.** «The philosopher of the future,» he wrote, «he must be the supreme judge of an æsthetic culture, a censor of every digression.»

Nietzsche went to Naumburg for the Christmas holidays. Wagner sent him word to ask him to stop at Bayreuth on his way home to Basle

……..«It is Burckhardt who is keeping you at Basle,» wrote Cosima Wagner.

Nietzsche wrote and remedied things, but the painful impression remained.

«Everything is quieted,» he told the friend who had informed him; «but I cannot quite forget. Wagner knows that I am ill, absorbed in work, and in need of a little liberty. I shall be, henceforth, whether I wish it or no, more anxious than in the past. God knows how many times I have wounded him. Each time I am astonished, and I never succeed in precisely locating the point in which we have clashed.»

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

Friedrich Nietzsche returned to Basle. He succeeded, with the aid of Gersdorff, in drawing up his second «Thoughts Out of Season,» The Use and Abuse of History. But he wrote few letters, few notes, he formed no new project, and for the moment almost entirely escapes from our study.

The double hope of his youth, that he might assist at the triumph of Wagner,

and have a share in achieving this triumph, was ruined. His help had been

refused. He had been told: «Your text is too grave, too solemn.» And he asks

himself, What does this mean? Is not the art of Wagner a matter of supreme

gravity and solemnity? He is unhappy, humiliated, wounded in his amour

> propre and in his dreams. During these last weeks of 1873 he lived like an
> earthworm in his room at Basle

4. SUCCESS OF WAGNER'S IDEALISM IN THEATER AND ILL-SUCCESS OF NIETZSCHE'S ATTACK ON PLATONIC SOCRATISM

We have seen above that it was Wagner in his essay «State and Religion», written for unfortunate king Ludwig, who seduced Nietzsche to extol slavery and romance of elite aristocracy of heroic Greece.Following his intellectual honesty Nietzsche first frankly did his best to find Truth on this way, but failed. His attack on Platonic Socratism made him ill fame in scientific cycles and ultimately compelled him to resign from the office of professor. Wganer have employed this ideas of Nietzsche in his Ziegfried, the immoral, cynical rebel against gods and heavens, but when time came he decisively turned back to Christianity in Parsifal.

In his letters to Nietzsche, as it is obvious below, he urged Nietzsche to provide for him this kind of dangerous, rebellious and still extremely original thought, but he is doing his best to remain in shadow himself to avoid any discredit of the kind that experienced Nietzsche after his book for Wagner. The latter escapes to oppose to such foundation of philosophy like Platonic Socratism, but urges to the crime Nietzsche.

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

> «At the same time there appeared a pamphlet, The Philology of the Future, a reply to F. Nietzsche. The author was Willamowitz, who had been Nietzsche's comrade at the school of Pforta.
> «DEAR FRIEND,» he wrote to Gersdorff, who informed him of the pamphlet,
> «Don't worry over me. I am ready. I will never entangle myself in polemics. Friedrich Nietzsche re-opened his Greek books, so invariably beautiful and satisfying. He explained — before very few pupils, because the evil fame of the Gebürt withdrew young philologists from him — the Choephores of Æschylus and some passages of ante-Platonic philosophy

All the same, he continued to be interested in the successes of his glorious friend. In July Tristan was played at Munich. He went, and met many other disciples;

….His first impression on his return was trying. All his pupils left him. He was not at a loss to understand the reason of this exodus; the German philologists had declared him to be «a man scientifically dead.» They had

condemned him personally, and put an interdict upon his lectures. «The Holy Vehmgericht has done its duty well,» he wrote to Rohde. «Let us act as if nothing had happened. But I do not like the little University to suffer on my account, it hurts me. We lose twenty entries in the last half-year. I can hardly as much as give a course on Greek and Latin rhetoric. I have two pupils, one is a Germanist, the other a Jurist.»

…At the commencement of December, Nietzsche was lucky enough to find his master again for a few hours, and to live with him in the intimate way that reminded him of the days at Triebschen. Wagner, passing through Strassburg, called to him; and he went at once».

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

«This charge pronounced against Socrates surprised his audience in Basle.

Wagner knew it, and in September, 1870, wrote to Nietzsche an enthusiastic but

extremely shrewd letter.

«As for me, I cry out to you: That's it! you have got hold of the truth, you touch

the exact point with keen accuracy. I await with admiration the series of work

in which you will combat the errors of popular dogmatism. But none the less

you make me anxious, and I hope with all my heart that you are not going to

come a cropper. I would also like to advise you not to expound your audacious

views, which must be so difficult to establish, in short brochures of limited

range. You are, I feel, profoundly penetrated with your ideas: you must gather

them together into a larger book of much wider scope. Then you will find and

will give us the mot juste on the divine blunders of Socrates and Plato, those

creators so wonderful as to exact adoration even from us who forswear them!
Our words, my dear friend, swell into hymns when we consider the incomprehensible harmony of those essences, so strange to our world! And
what pride and hope animate us when, returning on ourselves, we feel strongly
and clearly that we can and should achieve a work, outside the reach even of
those masters!»
.....«However, we may be certain that Nietzsche begged Wagner to ally himself with him, to aid him in rendering clear those difficult views of his.
Wagner replied:
«MY DEAR FRIEND, — How good it is to be able to exchange such letters! There is
no one to-day with whom I can talk as seriously as with you — the Unique [1]
excepted. God only knows what would happen to me but for that! But I should
be able to give myself up to the pleasure of fighting with you against «Socratism» only on one condition, that of having an enormous deal of time at
my disposal, free from the temptation of any better project — to speak quite
plainly, I should have to abandon all creative work. Division of labour is a good
thing in this connection. But Philology remains in my blood; it directs me in
my work as a musician. As for you, remain a philologist, and keeping to Philology, allow yourself to be directed by music. I mean what I say in a very
serious spirit. You have taught me within what base preconceptions a
professional philologist is to-day expected to imprison himself — I have taught
you in what an unspeakable den a genuine 'absolute' musician must to-day
waste himself. Show us what Philology ought to be, and help me to prepare the
way for that great «Renaissance' in which Plato will embrace Homer, and in

> which Homer, penetrated by the ideas of Plato, will be at last and for the first
> time the sublime Homer...»

5. TWO MINUSES OF GRAVITATION OF NARCISSE-INLOVESICKNESS

Effect of Dead Ego. Alternating Love and Hate. The Zero of relationship of Love and Hate simultaneously.

Beginning of his «Eternal Return» to anger. Again perfect analogy with Strindberg's case: like Strindberg many times tried to desert his wives in fury on their attempts «to enslave him», — in same way Nietzsche from this time on embarks his constantly failing attempts to abandon Wagner. To my mind it was this disability to quit relationship with Wagner which «dawned upon him» his idea of Eternal Return for sequent writings on Zaratustra.

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

> «Then, having posited this general principle, he approached the definitive questions: «What kind of man is Wagner? What does his art signify?»
> **It was a catastrophe in fairyland. The modern Æschylus, the modern Pindar**
> **vanished; the beautiful metaphysical and religious decorations fell in, and**
> **the art of Wagner appeared as it really was** — an art, the late, magnificent,
> and often sickly flower of a humanity fifteen centuries old.
> «Let us really ask ourselves,» wrote Nietzsche in his notes, of which his friends did not know — «Let us really ask ourselves what is the value of the
> time which adopts the art of Wagner as its art? It is radically anarchical, a
> breathless thing, impious, greedy, shapeless, uncertain of its groundwork,
> quick to despair — it has no simplicity, it is self-conscious to the marrow, it
> lacks nobility, it is violent, cowardly. This art unites pell mell in one mass all that still attracts our modern German souls; aspects, ways of feeling, all

comes pell mell. A monstrous attempt of art to affirm and dominate itself in
an anti-artistic period. It is a poison against a poison.»
The demi-god was gone, and in his place was a stage-player. Nietzsche recognised despairingly that he had allowed himself to be captured by the
gambols of a giant. **He had loved with simplicity and with the ardour of his**
youth, and had been deceived. There was jealousy in his anger, and a little
of that hatred which is never far from love. His heart, his thought, of which
he was so proud, he had given to a man: this man had trifled with these sacred gifts.
We may pass over these personal sorrows; others, even more profound, humiliated Friedrich Nietzsche. He was humiliated because he had betrayed
Truth. He had desired to live for her; he now perceived that for four years
he had lived for Wagner
……He loved Wagner; he had never ceased to love him. He had been able to
correct himself of his intellectual error. Richard Wagner was not a philosopher or an educator of Europe. True enough, none the less he was a
wonderful artist, the source of all beauty and of all happiness, and
Nietzsche desired him still, as one desires a woman, because she gives joy.
Any idea of rupture was unbearable, and to none did he confess his thoughts.».
……His courage failed him, and for the second time he refused the master's invitation. An echo reached him of the irritation caused at Bayreuth. To a friend he wrote: «I hear that they are again worried about me there, and that they consider me unsociable and ill-humoured as a sick dog. Really, it is not my fault if there are some people whom I prefer seeing at a distance to near at hand».
…….**These revolts were only momentary. Nietzsche had not the strength to break**
with Wagner. He longed with his whole being to preserve the friendship.
Certainly he had refused to go to Bayreuth. But he had given excuses. He

had asked for time, given urgent work as a pretext; he had made arrangements for the future. **And towards the end of July, receiving a new**

invitation, tired at last of denying himself, he set out.

Meanwhile a curious idea had occurred to him.

Did he merely wish to affirm his independence? or did he wish to correct

Wagner? It may be that he conceived the fantastic dream of influencing his

master, purifying him, lifting him up to the height of the devotion which he

inspired. He took a score of Brahms, whom he admired, and whom Wagner

pursued with a jealousy that was comic at times, slipped it in his trunk, and,

early in the first evening, put it well in view on the piano. It was bound in

the most beautiful red. Wagner perceived it, and, without doubt, understood;

he had the sense to say nothing. Next day, however, Nietzsche repeated the

manœuvre. Then the great man exploded; he screamed, raged, and foamed;

then dashed off, banging the doors behind him. He met Nietzsche's sister,

who had come with her brother, and, suddenly laughing at himself, gaily

related the anecdote.

«Your brother had again thrust that red score on the piano, and the first thing I see on entering the room is it! Then I fell into a fury, like a bull before a red rag. Nietzsche, as I knew well, wanted me to understand that

that man, too, had composed beautiful music. I exploded — what is called

exploding!»

And Wagner laughed noisily. The bewildered Fräulein Nietzsche sent for

her brother.

«Friedrich, what have you done? What has happened?»

«Ah! Lisbeth. Wagner has not been great...» Wagner had laughed; he was

appeased. That same evening, he made friends again with the enfant

terrible. **But Nietzsche, as he shook hands with the master, allowed himself**
no illusion: the gulf between them was deeper, the definitive separation
more menacing

6. COMPLAINS OF NIETZSCHE ON HIS FEELING OF DEAD EGO TO HIS GOOD FRIENDS

D. Halevy, «The life of Friedrich Nietzsche»:

«How unlucky for you,» retorted Treischke, «that you met this Nietzsche, this madman, who tells us so much about his inactual thoughts, and who has nevertheless been bitten to the marrow by
the most actual of all vices, the folie des grandeurs.»
Overbeck, Gersdorff and Rohde wretchedly watched the failure of this book
which they admired. «It is another thunderbolt,» wrote Rohde; «it will have
no more effect than fireworks in a cellar. But one day people will recognise
it and will admire the courage and precision with which he has put his finger on our worst wound. How strong he is, our friend.» And Overbeck:
«The sensation of isolation that our friend experiences is growing in a painful manner. Ever and ever to sap the branch of the tree on which one
supports oneself cannot be done without grievous consequences.» And Gersdorff: «The best thing for our friend would be for him to imitate the
Pythagoreans: five years without reading or writing»
«Dear, true friend,» he wrote to Gersdorff in April, 1874 «if only you could
have a far lower opinion of me! I am almost sure you will lose those
illusions that you have about me, and I would wish to be the first to open
your eyes, by explaining fully and conscientiously that I deserve nothing. If
you could understand how radically I am discouraged, and from what melancholy I suffer on my own account. I do not know if I shall ever be capable of production.

7.HYPERESTHESIA OF DEAD EGO OF NIETZSCHE. JEALOUSY TO WAGNER'S DISCIPLES AND FRIENDS

Nietzsche cannot meet Wagner not because of his insight on «Christianity» of «Falsehood» of Wagner, but merely because his own defeat with his writings and Wagner's great success killed his Hubris-Ego. Killed his Superior Ego-protection in other words. Halevy assumes that problem of Nietzsche was his sensibility in his love to truth, and that Wagner has offended his honest thought by his trickery and opportunism. But Nietzsche many times openly opposed himself to truth at least theoretically. Besides, he later many times again praised chrisitianity, and Wagner's Parsifal too. His inconsistency is well-known.

The only real reason of his incapacity to confront anger was his Romance of Narcisse-Inlovesickness, which is broken cyclic homeostasis of Physical control of Field of Ego-system. Normally it has Plus and Minus, and ordinary people, with active material energy, have no difficulty to associate in such cases. Any other man, on place of Nietzsche wouldn't find any problem to subject his will to Wagner's, at least in conventionalities, on surface. For Wagner, whatever tyrannical character he might have, was merely Wagner — composer and poet, he was not Hitler. So that all his multiple disciples felt quite convenient his leadership. And from Nietzsche he demanded only to pay him some conventional tribute — to visit his theater, to associate with him. Lastly, even after many rejections of Nietzsche, he always remained his friend.

Thus, it is obvious, that problem was in Nietzsche, who could either submit his will to will of his teacher or abandon him and his art, which he found false art. Nietzsche made neither first step, nor second step. Instead he continued to feel «insulted» by «tyrannical character» of Wagner, and devastated by the fact of Wagner's success and his own defeat. It was this bitter awareness of success of his teacher and of his own defeat which prevented him from enjoying triumph of his dear friend.

His Dead Ego, like Dead Ego of Holderlin's Hyperion, who tells his Diotima that after his military defeat he is forced to desert her, prevents Nietzsche from «euphoria» with his beloved Wagner. The period of «Two Pluses» is gone. Period when he believed in power of Wagner and enjoyed his own success in his eyes. Now, comes period of Two Minuses, when his defeat and Wagner's association with many other philosophers and disciples assures him, that his Ego is dead and that it is Wagner who killed his Ego.

With this respect his sharp jealousy to Wagner's disciples and followers also reminds us the case of Strindberg and his mad jealousy towards his wives. He displayed his poignant jealousy already in house in Triebshen.

D. Halevy, «The Life Of Friedriech Nietzsche»:

> «Friedrich Nietzsche had gone back to his old way of life; almost every week he
> was Wagner's guest. But soon he perceived that since the German victory
> Triebschen had changed. Too many intimates made haste to the master's house,
> too many unknown people invaded the abode whose peaceful seclusion he had
> loved. They were not all of the sort that Nietzsche would have desired; but
> Wagner talked, discoursed, overflowed with them all. Judging that the favourable moment had come, he had set out to rouse Germany and secure at
> last the construction and gift of the hall which he needed, the theatre, or the
> temple, of Bayreuth.Friedrich Nietzsche heard and took part in these discussions with an uneasy
> ardour».
> D. Halevy, «The Life Of Friedriech Nietzsche»:
> «In these moments of depression he was always seized by memories of Wagner, and of the almost serene existence that he had tasted in his
> intimacy. The glory of the master, a moment faded, went on increasing; the
> public bowed before success, and Nietzsche, who had fought in the difficult

times, had now to stand aside in the hour of triumph. The idea that the art of
Wagner was within his reach, always offering the miracle of its «fifteen enchanted worlds»; **the idea that Wagner himself was there, offering himself also, ever genial, abundant, laughing, tender, sublime, caressing,**
and like a god creating life around him: the idea that he had possessed so
much beauty, and that, with a little cowardice, he could possess it again, and
that never, never again would he possess it; this was an everlasting sadness
to Nietzsche.
The year 1876 was about to begin, the representations of the Tetralogy were
announced for the summer. Friedrich Nietzsche knew that his irresolution
must then cease: «I was exhausted,» he wrote later, «by the sadness of an
inexorable presentiment — the presentiment that after this disillusion I should be condemned to mistrust myself more profoundly, to despise myself more profoundly, to live in a profounder solitude than before.»
.....He needed a pride of this sort to confront the imminent crisis. The disciples
of the master gave him a dinner, and Nietzsche, who did not want to be
present, had to excuse himself. He wrote an impassioned letter of which
Wagner comprehended perhaps the hidden signification.
«Seven years ago, at Triebschen, I paid you my first visit. And every year,
in this month of May, on this same day upon which we all celebrate the anniversary of your birth, I myself celebrate the anniversary of my spiritual
birth. For since then, you live and work in me always like a drop of fresh
blood that had as it were entered into my veins. This element that I owe to
you urges me on, humiliates, encourages and stimulates me. It never allows
me to rest, so much so that I should perhaps bear a grudge against you for

> **this eternal disquietude if I did not know that it ever drives me on towards a**
> **freer and better state.»**

8. THE «ETERNAL RETURN» OF NIETZSCHE TO WAGNER

To reconcile with Wagner, whom he now blamed as author of false art and Lier, Nietzsche dedicates him essay «Wagner in Bayreuth», which has become the hymn of Wagnerism.

D. Halevy, «The Life Of Friedriech Nietzsche»:

> «Wagner answered him at once in a few exuberant lines. He told of the toasts
> drunk to his glory and of his humorous responses, with so many puns, cock
> and-bull stories and impenetrable allusions, that it is necessary to give up
> the attempt to translate. Nietzsche was moved by this letter. At the moment
> it arrived he was feeling very much the master of himself, very sure of his
> future. The history of his past years suddenly appeared as a grand adventure
> that was now for ever closed. He considered it with an indulgent regard,
> and, measuring the joys he owed to Wagner, he wished to express his gratitude. The other summer, at Steinabad, when in a similar state of mind,
> he had filled some pages of notes. He took them up again, in spite of a nervous affection of the eyes which prevented him from working without
> help, and undertook to draw from them the substance of a volume. Singular
> attempt! Disillusioned, he wrote an enthusiastic book, the most beautiful in
> Wagnerian literature. But a forewarned reader recognises almost from page
> to page the idea that Nietzsche expresses in masking it. He writes the eulogy of the poet; of the philosopher he does not speak; he denies, for him

who can understand, the educative bearing of the work.
«For us,» he writes, «Bayreuth signifies the consecration at the moment of
battle... The mysterious regard that tragedy turns towards us is not an enervating and paralysing charm, but its influence imposes repose. For beauty is not given to us for the very moment of battle; but for those
moments of calm which precede and interrupt it, for those fugitive moments
in which, reanimating the past, anticipating the future, we penetrate all the
symbols; for those moments when, with the impression of a slight
weariness, a refreshing dream descends upon us. The day and the strife are
about to begin, the sacred shadows fade away, and art is once more far from
us; but its consolation is still shed upon man, as a morning dew...»
There exists a radical opposition between these thoughts and those that
inspired The Birth of Tragedy. Art is no longer a reason for living, but a preparation for life, a necessary repose. Three menacing lines end
Nietzsche's little book: «Wagner is not the prophet of the future as we might
fain believe, but the interpreter and the glorifier of a past.» Nietzsche had
not been able to keep back these admissions. Brief and disguised as they
were, he had hoped that they might not be heard, and his hope, it seems,
was justified. Wagner wrote as soon as the pamphlet had appeared:
«FRIEND! — Your book is prodigious!
«Where did you learn to know me so well? Come quickly, and stay
here during rehearsals until the representations.
«Yours,
«R. W.
«July 12th.»

9. PROGRESS OF «ALTERNATION OF TWO MINUSES AND TWO PLUSES» OF NARCISSE-INLOVESICKNESS WITHIN NIETZSCHE

Eternal escape and return, jealousy, resentment for preferring other philosophers and philosophies to his, hyperesthesia, big love and big hate to Wagner.

D. Halevy, «The Life Of Friedriech Nietzsche»:

> (escape from Wagner's rehearsal again after anew attempt of reconciliation)
> «The rehearsals began in the middle of July, and Nietzsche, who did not wish
> to miss one of them, went, in spite of the precarious state of his health, with
> an impatience that astonished his sister. Two days later she received a letter:
> «I almost regret ever having come; up till now, everything is wretched… On
> Monday I went to the rehearsal; it displeased me, I was obliged to go out.»
> What was happening? Fräulein Nietzsche waited with great uneasiness. She
> was slightly reassured by a second letter: «MY DEAR GOOD SISTER, — At present things are better…" But the last sentence read strangely: „I must
> live very much to myself, and decline all invitations, even Wagner's. He finds that I make myself scarce.» Almost immediately came the last letter:
> «I hope to leave: it is too senseless to stay here. I await with terror every
> one of these long musical evenings. Yet I stay. I can stand it no longer. I shall not be here even for the first performance; I will go no matter where
> — but I want to leave; here everything is unbearable.»
> (Jealousy of Nietzsche to other philosophers, serving his teacher)
> What had occurred? Had the mere sight of the world driven him away so
> soon? Nietzsche had led a very hard existence, during the past two years, «the friend of enigmas and problems.» He had forgotten men: he suffered on

encountering them again. A Titan, Wagner, held them captive, protected
them against every enigma and too disquieting «problem»; and in this shadow they seemed satisfied. They never reflected, but repeated
passionately the formulas that had been given them. Some Hegelians had
come: Wagner offered himself to them as a second incarnation of their master. All the Schopenhauerians were there; they had been told that Wagner had translated into music the system of Schopenhauer. A few young
people were calling themselves «idealists,» «pure Germans»: «My art,» declared Wagner, «signifies the victory of German idealism over Gallic sensualism.» All, Hegelians, Schopenhauerians, pure Germans, agreed in
the pride of triumph: they had succeeded. Succeeded! Nietzsche heard this
extraordinary word in silence. What man, he pondered, what race ever did
succeed? Not even the Greek, which was bruised in its most beautiful flights.
(Nirtzsche Hubris Ego (logic Ego-protection) was built on opposition to Christianity. Wagner, yielding back to Christianity again thus was giving mortal blow on his Ego. Halevy is mistaken here: it was not intellectual honesty of Nietzsche, which thwarted him from dialogue with Wagner. It was merely Blow on Ego)
A new element aggravated his trouble. He was informed definitely of the
significance of the forthcoming work, Parsifal. Richard Wagner was about
to declare himself a Christian. Thus, in eighteen months, Nietzsche
observed two conversions: Romundt was weak and perhaps the victim of
chance; but Nietzsche knew that with Wagner everything was grave, and
answered to the necessities of the century. Neo-Christianity did not yet
exist: Nietzsche felt it all through Parsifal.
(Finely, Nietzsche's pain of Dead Ego becomes insufferable, and he escapes again)
He held his peace, he dissembled his dreadful impressions, and wished to observe without weakness or desertion the tragic solemnities. But he could not. Soon he weakened and had to fly.

«I should be insane to stay here. I await with terror each of these long musical evenings, and yet I
stay. I can bear no more... I shall go, no matter where, but I will go: here
everything is torture to me...»
(«Eternal return» Of his Narcisse-Inlovesickness)
……Then, all of a sudden he released the cry of his sick soul: «I shall give back to men,» said he, «the
serenity which is the condition of all culture. And the simplicity. Serenity, Simplicity, Greatness!»
Nietzsche, once more master of himself, returned to Bayreuth without
delay: he wished to complete his experience. The excitement of the crowd
was even greater than on the day of his departure. The old Emperor William
was present, on his way to the grand manœuvres. He had paid Wagner the
compliment of being present on two evenings.
During the general rehearsals, and the first three performances of the Tetralogy, Nietzsche
appeared to be sad and dejected...»
Each evening was a triumph, and each of them added to Nietzsche's
distress. The Rhinegold, the Valkyrie — these old pieces recalled his youth,
his enthusiasms for Wagner, whom he did not know, whom he did not dare
hope to know.
«There he is,» he thought, «my ally... the Homer who has been fertilised by
Plato...»
Nevertheless he always felt the immense void which his renouncement of Richard Wagner left in him»

10. ROMANTIC WARS BETWEEN PARTNERS

High Tragedy of Romance ends up by murdering partners each other as everybody knows. This is because of insufferable pain of dead Ego of «two pluses and two minuses» of gravitation of narcisse-inlovesickness.

Nietzsche, to survive from his pain od Dead Ego makes next mistake: he attack Wagner in order to save his dead Hubris Ego. He cannot understand plain thing: there is only one escape from his woe: to stop to protect his Ego, to desert thus Field of Ego-system and to turn to Scientific control of energy of Spirit.

Or at least, to assume attitude of normal cyclic Field of Ego — to submit his Ego in simple Inlovesickness to Wagner's Narcissism, like his many disciples.

In Both cases, he will secure some escape from impasse of schizoid Ego-protection.

But Nietzsche proceeds instead to aggravate his case of Hubris Ego, making new attempt to protect it. He cannot understand that reviving thus his Hubris Ego — he revives his Big and irresistible Love to Wagner. Because it is those two pluses of realization of Nietzsche's Hubris In Wagner, which will continually preserve the woe of two minuses, the woe of failing to justify Love of Wagner. To escape this stupid situation, he had only to laugh at his own Ego, to submit his «majesty» to Wagner's will in conventions, to humiliate his «great hero Achilles» in his eyes to ordinary behavior of philistine, and then to forget of his great Love to Wagner, in whose eyes he felt himself Achilles. To forget Wagner and to begin, liberated from his influence, honest scientific research, honest intellectual efforts, exempted from Ego-protection.

But Nietzsche chooses the opposite: he is again up to protect his Hubris-Ego, to remain great hero Achilles in eyes of his beloved even at the cost of his death. And thus secures his «eternal return» to him. He attacks this time everything in philosophy which was dear to him: metaphysics as he understands it, Idealism, and again and again — Christianity and morality, to rout Wagner and his disciples in the very heart.

The decisiveness with which he abandons all his previous thoughts and his teacher Schopenhauer only proves that from the moment he met Wagner, his thought stopped being scientific control, and became merely Ego- protection: creation of Ideal

Almighty hero Achilless. This was his real goal, not search for truth. And when Schopenhauer failed to rapture him on Olympus, he easily abandoned him and all his philosophy as needless means in strive for his true purpose: the assertion of his Hubris Ego.

D. Halevy, «The Life Of Friedriech Nietzsche»:

> «Certainly this work is paradoxical. No one is so ardent as Friedrich Nietzsche, no one has such a belief in his work, in his mission, in the sublime ends of life; and yet he labours to scoff at them. He reverses every thesis that he has hitherto upheld. Pereat Veritas, fiat vita! — he had once written. Now he writes, Pereat vita, fiat Veritas! Above poetry he places science; above Æschylus, that same Socrates whom he had at other times denounced. No doubt it is only a pretence, and he knows it. The ideas which he expresses are not really his own. He arms himself with irony for a combat which will be short: for he is not an ironist. He wants to find, and is convinced that he will find, an unknown lyricism which shall inspire his great works. Human, All Too Human, is the sign of a time of crisis and of passage, but what a surprising crisis, what a difficult passage!
>
> Round Wagner and Bayreuth, «beautiful souls» were innumerable. Friedrich Nietzsche, who had just missed being one of these, wished, by talking in the manner of old Socrates, to make them feel the absurdity of their faith. Human, All Too Human, was the title which he had chosen. Right at the end of his conscious life, he recounted the object of his book.
>
> «A torch in my hand,» he writes, «and the light not smoky, I have cast a lively light upon this subterranean world of the Ideal. It is war, but war without powder and without smoke, without war-like attitudes, without pathos, without dislocated limbs — all that would still be 'idealism.» Error after error, I took them and placed them on the ice, and the ideal was not even refuted — it froze. Here, for example, freezes 'the Genius'; in this other corner freezes 'the Saint'; beneath a thick stopper of frozen ice 'the Hero';

and, lastly, it is 'the Faith' which freezes, she who is named «Conviction';
and then here is «Pity,» which notably grows cold — in fact, nearly everywhere freezes 'the thing in itself.»»
(he condemned Wagner's Parsifal as wickedly «Christian»)
On January 3, 1879, he received the poem Parsifal, which Richard Wagner
sent him. He read it, and could better measure the always increasing
distance which separated him from his old master. He wrote to the Baron
von Seydlitz:
«Impression from the first reading: more Liszt than Wagner; the spirit of the
counter-reformation; for me who am too accustomed to the Greek and human atmosphere, all this belongs to a too limited Christianity; the
psychology is fantastic; there is no flesh and far too much blood (the Last
Supper especially has far too much blood about it for me); I do not like hysterical chambermaids. The style seems like a translation from a foreign
language. But the situations and their developments — are they not in a vein
of the greatest poetry? Never did a musician propose a higher task to his
music.»
(He defies Wagner with his Book of attack on him with only goal: to prove to Wagner that he deserves his love, because he is enough strong to ruin him)
…..What were his thoughts? We may conjecture that he was occupied solely
with Wagner and his book. One month, two months had passed, and he had
not acknowledged the receipt of Parsifal. Human, All Too Human was printed, and the publisher was waiting. But how should he forewarn the
master, how prepare him for this surprising document? His disciples had
accustomed him to the most obsequious homage, the most profound intellectual deference. Nietzsche knew that his independent work would
scandalise the dovecot of Bayreuth. When the moment for his
pronouncement came he took fright. He was as much concerned for the

public as for Wagner himself. He was ashamed of the philosophy which he
was giving forth as his own.
«I send you this book: Human, All Too Human; and at the same time I tell
you, you and your noble companion, in complete confidence, my secret; it
suits me that it should be also yours. The book is mine…
«I find myself in the condition of mind of an officer who has carried a
redoubt. Though wounded he is upon the heights and waves his standard.
More joy, far more joy than sorrow, though the neighbouring spectacle beTerrible»
(Wagnerians are in the right when calling his behavior «mad»)
Erwin Rohde disapproved of his book, Richard Wagner made no reply; but Nietzsche knew how he
was being judged in the master's circle. **«The caricaturist of Bayreuth,» said they, «is either an ingrate or a madman.»**
«Human, All Too Human» had no success. Richard Wagner, it was said, was amused by the smallness of the sales. He chaffed the publisher: «Ah, ah! now you see Nietzsche is read only when he defends
our cause; otherwise, no.»

11. ROMANTIC SUICIDE. «NIETZSCHE IS LOST, HIS CONDITION IS DESPERATE». THE «ETERNAL RETURN»

When Romance Hero fails to kill their partners to preserve love of those partners, they as everybody knows, attempts suicide. Because pain of dead Ego becomes insufferable.

D. Halevy, «The Life of Nietzsche».

«The intemperate weather had tried him; he lost his exaltation, and a long
period of depression set in. He constantly thought of the Eternal Return, but
now, having lost courage, he only felt a horror of it. «I have lived again through the days at Basle," he wrote to Peter Gast. „Over my shoulder death
looks at me.» His complaints are brief; a word is enough to let us divine the

abysses. Thrice, during these weeks of September and October, he was tempted to suicide. «Whence came this temptation? It was not that he wished to avoid suffering; he was brave. Did he then wish to prevent the
ruin of his intellect? This second hypothesis is perhaps the true one
….**The break with Wagner was his great and lasting sorrow. «Such a farewell,»**
he wrote, «when one parts because agreement is impossible between one's
manner of feeling and one's manner of judging, puts us back in contact with
that other person, and we throw ourselves with all our strength against that
wall which nature has set up between us and him.»
In February, 1879, Lisbeth Nietzsche wrote to Cosima Wagner: had her brother advised her to
make the overture? Did he know of it? Did he approve of it? We cannot say. Cosima answered with an imperial and sweet firmness.
«Do not speak to me of Human, All Too Human,» she wrote. «The only thing that I care to remember in writing to you is this, that your brother once wrote for me some of the most beautiful pages that I know… I bear no malice against him: he has been broken by suffering. He has lost the mastery of himself, and this explains his felony.» She added, with more spirit than sense, «To say that his present writings are not definitive, that they represent the stages of a mind that seeks itself, is, I think, curious. It is almost as if Beethoven had said: «See me in my third manner!» Moreover, one recognises as one reads that the author is not convinced by his work; it is merely sophism without impulse, and one is moved to pity.
….Rohde, Gersdorff, touched by the wreck of this man of whom they had hoped so much, wrote to Overbeck: «They say that Nietzsche is lost, advise us.» «Alas,» replied Overbeck, «his condition is desperate.» Even Richard Wagner remembered and was touched. «Can I forget him,» he wrote to Overbeck, «my friend who separated from me with such violence? I clearly see that it would not have been right to demand conventional considerations from a soul torn by such passions. One must be silent and have pity. But I am in absolute ignorance of his life, and of his sufferings; this afflicts me. Would it be indiscreet if I asked you to write me news of my friend?«Overbeck and his wife attended the invalid. Friedrich Nietzsche gave up his professorship; he sent in his resignation, which was accepted»

12. PROCEEDING IN SALVATION OF HIS DEAD HUBRIS EGO, INSTEAD OF SEEKING ESCAPE «BEYOND FIELD OF EGO-SYSTEM»

Instead of seeking salvation from his mortal disease beyond Field of Ego-system, Nietzsche continues to fight for his Dead Ego with Wagner, even with late Wagner, when he dies.

He discovers in his morbid intellectual activity «The Eternal Return of a Wheel», the cyclic homeostasis of Field of Ego-system. He, maybe the only man on earth, with such honesty exposes mechanisms of physical control of material energy to prove that only this Darwinian paradigm is truth. And that all Idealism and Metaphysics, which he continues to confuse, is bad mistake — as bad mistake as Wagner himself. He professes that truth is to be found «Beyond Good and Evil», — that is to say beyond Field of Intellect of energy of spirit.

And he doesn't suspect, that true escape and true heroism was the exact contrary: it was Beyond Field of Ego-system, beyond Field of physical control, his dear «force and power» of Superman, which failed him so bitterly.

D. Halevy, «The Life of Nietzsche».

> «To complete Zarathustra — what did that imply? The work was immense: it had to be a poem which
> would make the poems of Wagner forgotten; a gospel which should make the Gospel forgotten. From 1875 to 1881, during six years, Friedrich Nietzsche had examined all the moral systems and shown the illusion which
> is at their foundation; he had defined his idea of the Universe: it was a blind mechanism, a wheel which turned eternally and without object. Yet he wished to be a prophet, an enunciator of virtues and of purposes: «I am he
> who dictates the values for a thousand years," he said in those notes in which his pride bursts forth. „To imprint his hand on the centuries, as on soft wax, write on the will of millennia as upon brass, harder than brass, more noble than brass, there,» Zarathustra was to say, «is the beatitude of the Creator.»
> ….He tries new titles: We other Immoralists, We other Hyperboreans: then returns to his old title and keeps to it — The Will to Power: An

Essay towards the Transvaluation of all Values. Between September 3rd and September 30th he draws up a first section: The Antichrist; and it is a third pamphlet. This time he speaks outright, he indicates his Yea and his Nay, his straight line and his goal: he exalts the most brutal energy. All moral imperatives, whether dictated by Moses or by Manu, by the people or by the aristocracy, are lies. «Europe
was near to greatness,» he writes, «when, during the first years of the sixteenth century, it was possible to hope that Cæsar Borgia would seize the Papacy.» Are we bound to accept these thoughts as definitive, because they
are the last that Nietzsche expressed? While he was drawing up The Antichrist, he returned again to his Dionysian Songs, outlined in 1884, and completed them. Here we find the sure expression of the presentiments that then agitated him.
«The sun sets,
Soon thy thirst shall be quenched,
Burning heart!»

13. ONCE MORE WHEAL OF ETERNAL RETURN. NOW LOVE TO WAGNER'S PARSIFAL AND CHRISTIANITY

No wonder, that Eternal Return, invoked him thus again, returned him Wagner's Parsifal and his Christianity once again.

D. Halevy, «The Life of Nietzsche».

«Madame V. P. was no doubt Nietzsche's companion [2] when he heard the
prelude to Parsifal at the concerts in the Casino at Monte Carlo. He listened
without any bitterness, with the sudden indulgence of a worn-out adversary.
«I loved Wagner,» he wrote in September to Peter Gast; «I still love him.»
Assuredly he still loved him, when he could speak as he did of this symphony which he had just heard.
«I do not seek to know whether this art can or should serve some end,» he wrote to Peter Gast, «I ask myself: Has Wagner ever done better? And I find
this: the most exact conscience and psychological precision in the manner

of relating, expressing, and communicating emotion;... a
sympathy, a penetration, which enters like a knife into the soul — and a pity
for what he has discovered and judged at the bottom of that soul. Such beauties one finds in Dante and nowhere else. What painter has ever painted
so melancholy a look of love as Wagner in the last accents of his prelude?»
The Christian tendencies are also benevolent, and nothing is so desirable," writes Nietzsche, „as their
permanence; for they suit all those who suffer, all the feeble, and it is necessary for the health of human societies that suffering, that inevitable
weaknesses, be accepted without revolt, with submission, and, if possible,
with love.» «Whatever I may happen to say of Christianity,» wrote
Nietzsche in 1881 to Peter Gast, «I cannot forget that I owe to it the best
experiences of my spiritual life; and I hope never to be ungrateful to it at the
bottom of my heart.**» This thought, this hope, has never left him; and he**
rejoices to have found a word of justice for the religion of his childhood, the
only one which still offers itself to souls.
On December 14, 1887, he addressed a letter to an old correspondent of the
Basle days, Carl Fuchs. The accent is a proud one.
«Almost all that I have written should be erased. During these latter years
the vehemence of my internal agitations has been terrible. To-day, at the
moment when I should be rising higher, my first task is to modify myself, to
depersonalise myself towards higher forms.
We can tell, from a letter addressed to Peter Gast (February 13, 1887), that
Nietzsche was at this date by no means satisfied with his work. «I am still in
the tentative, the introductory, the expectant stage...» he wrote, and he added: «The first rough draft of my Essay towards a Transvaluation is

> ready; it has been, on the whole, a torture, and I have no longer the courage
> to think of it. In ten years I shall do better.»

14. «THE CASE OF WAGNER». THE LAST RETURN OF ETERNAL WHEEL»

Once more time Nietzsche hated his master Wagner with intention, of course, to finally fall in eternal love with him. He wrote his famous critics of Wagner as composer — as honest attempt to say truth, as all that he wrote. He wrote his essay «The case of Wagner». But the delusive courage of Hubris Ego failed him again, and in his last book, Ecce Homo, — last because soon after that book he was overwhelmed by psychosis: he assumed himself to be Crucified Christ and Torn apart Dionysus in psychosis. «Look at the titles of the chapters of his last work: — says Halevy, — „Why I am so prudent. — Why I am so wise. — Why I have written such good books. — Why I am a fatality. — Glory and eternity…" He calls his last work: Ecce Homo».

This was last manifestation of his famous «delusion of grandour». But singularity of Hubris Ego is not in megalomania, it is in effect of Dead Ego. It is desperate attempts to save that Dead Ego, which produce semblance of megalomania, for their true mania is mania of Dead Ego.

It was that last book of Nietzsche — Ecce Homo — where he, after his attempt once more to hate Wagner and save his Hubris in attack on him in «The case of Wagner» — again returns to his master in his usual grand love. The Eternal Return of Nietzsche appeared unescapable for him.

D. Halevy, «The Life of Nietzsche».

> «In November, 1888, Friedrich Nietzsche, already stricken with madness, set
> himself to recount his history. «Since I am here recalling the consolations of
> my life, I ought to express in a word my gratitude for what was by far my

most profound and best-loved joy — my intimacy with Richard Wagner. I
wish to be just with regard to the rest of my human relationships; but I absolutely cannot efface from my life the days at Triebschen, days of
confidence, of gaiety, of sublime flashes — days of profound perceptions. I
do not know what Wagner was for others: our sky was never darkened by a
cloud.»
D. Halevy, «The Life of Nietzsche».
«The days of serenity have gone by. Wounded to the death, Nietzsche wishes
to return blow for blow. Richard Wagner is his mark, the false apostle of
Parsifal, the illusionist who has seduced his period. If he formerly served
Wagner, now he will disserve him, out of passion as out of a sense of duty.
He thinks: «It is I who made Wagnerism; it is I who must unmake it.» He
wishes to liberate, by means of a violent attack, those of his contemporaries
who, weaker than himself, still submit to the prestige of this art. He wants
to humiliate this man whom he has loved, whom he still loves; he wishes to
defame this master who was the benefactor of his youth; in short, if we do
not mistake, he wishes to take vengeance on a lost happiness. So he insults
Wagner; calls him a decadent, a low comedian, a modern Cagliostro. This
indelicacy — an unheard-of thing in Nietzsche's life — suffices to prove the
presence of the evil.
The Case of Wagner being completed, Nietzsche began a new pamphlet,
directed not against a man, but against ideas — against all ideas that men
have found whereby to guide their acts. There is no metaphysical world, and the rationalists are dreamers; there is no moral world, and the moralists

are dreamers. What then remains? «The world of appearances, perhaps? But
no; for with the world of truth we have abolished the world of
appearances!“ Nothing exists but energy, renewed at every instant. „Incipiet
Zarathustra.»
D. Halevy, «The Life of Nietzsche».
«Ariadne, I love you,» he wrote to Cosima Wagner.
Overbeck started immediately. He found Nietzsche, watched over by his hosts, ploughing the piano with his elbow, singing and crying his Dionysian glory. He was able to bring him back to Basle, and introduce him, without too painful a scene, into a hospital, where his mother came to seek him. He lived another ten years. The first of them were cruel, the later more kindly; sometimes even there seemed to be hope. He would recall his work. «Have I not written fine books?» he would say. He was shown portraits of Wagner. «Him,» he would say, «I loved much.»

SCIENTIFIC FORMULA NINE. TO REMOVE NARCISSE-INLOVESICKNESS AND ESCAPE «DEAD EGO»

1. TRUE HEROISM OF REJECTION OF EGO-PROTECTION. SERMON OF JESUS AND HEROISM OF FATHERS OF CHURCH AND SAINT MARTYRS

We now back to the beginning of our Formulas. For we have started with assertion that true Heroism is Christian sermon, and Christian Sermon is sermon on rejection of Field of Ego-system.

Gospel as Sermon on Fighting one's own Material Energy (Evil)

— Now, we can say boldly that we have deciphered Renan's term on «pure religion». Indeed, I admit that my Sermon was Sermon on Laws of Psychic Energy, namely on Fight of Energy of Spirit with Evil as Material Energy, which every person possesses as original sin — continued Jesus his Lecture

— I know that many of my critics blamed me for hate to the world and to the biological body of humans. But this was entirely erroneous, because my battle was fought against material Energy of psyche (mind), not against biological body.

— My War was waged to Field of Egosystem to put it in modern words of Discovery of Psychic Energy, — said Jesus, — and not against the rest of material world. Because it is material energy of mind which is Evil for humans, being parasite, which works havoc for energy of Spirit. Not any other material energy of universe can be defined as Evil for Humankind.

— Hence my Sermon was on Evil of Field of Egosystem, or on Evil of material energy of mind. I will endeavor to demonstrate this now.

— First of all, my appeal to get rid from Self was gravely misunderstood in this respect. Naturally, I meant to get rid from Field of Egosystem of material energy, from False Ego, to put it in terms of Discovery. I cannot and did not mean to get rid from your True Self, which is Energy of Spirit! For all my Sermon was on growth and preservation of Energy of Spirit, as you know! And what is Soul, what is mind, what is Self of human being if not his Spirit?

— This is the key to somewhat equivocal phrase of Gospel:

Mark 8:

34 Whosoever will come after me, let him a deny
himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.
35 For whosoever will save his life
shall lose it; but whosoever shall
lose his life for my sake and the
gospel's, the same shall save it.
36 For what shall it profit a man,
if he shall a gain the whole world,
and lose his own soul?

— It is apparent, that person cannot to lose and to save his life simultaneously. Thus, this phrase has sense only in the case if we are talking on two different lives: life of material energy of Ego and life of energy of spirit of true self (soul). Then its meaning clears up immediately: he who will lose his Ego of material energy following my sermon will save his eternal life of energy of spirit, his true self and his true life.

— My dear Chesterton! I love your defense of my Theory of Psychic Energy in your famous and genius Orthodoxy! These words explain everything out. Thank you! And many thanks to your brother Cecil for stressing another of your brilliant observations on reducing Ego to zero as conditions of fullest enjoyment of life! Indeed, I did not prohibit enjoying life when I insisted on abolishment of Ego! I meant true and full enjoyment of life through obtaining health and force of energy of spirit! Energy of Spirit of Divine Space of Intellect!

G.K. Chesterton, «Orthodoxy»:

> «One can hardly think too little of one's self.
> One can hardly think too much of one's soul»

Cecil Chesterton, "G.K.Chesterton, a criticism»:

«Nothing can be truer and more vividly expressed than his defense of Christian virtue of humility:

«Heretics»: «Now, the psychological discovery is merely this, that whereas it had been supposed that the fullest possible enjoyment is to be found by extending our ego to infinity, the truth is that the fullest possible enjoyment is to be found by reducing our ego to zero»

— Of other Christian writers I shall single out such great philosophers like Spinoza (Ethics) and Seren Kierkegaard (Wherther Or, Sickness unto death! — They deserve your acclamations. Both of them managed it brilliantly to exhibit that Ego is «satanical obstinacy against God» (Kierkegaard), disease and weakness of material energy (temporal Self opposed to eternal Self of Spirit by Kiekegaard). That haughtiness and violence of sadomasochism of material energy is disaster not only for environment, but first and foremost for man himself. And both insisted that Ego is product of stupidity and ignorance. Thus, both described Energy of Spirit (Soul of Ture Self, Eternal Self) as Love to God Intellect, and as Great Power of human Genius, His Health and Grace, produced by Divine Thought of humankind.

— Now, it is needless to numerate names of great scientists of humanistic psychology, followers of Christian philosophers like Spinoza and Kierkegaard, and Plato too can be easily identifies as Christian writer as Trubezkoy says on his essay on Plato and Aristotle. All of them kept referring to these honorable authors in their works, while distinguishing between False Ega as disease of mind and True Self as energy of intellect, spirit, power and good health: Karl Jung, Erich Fromm, A. Maslow, K. Horney, K. Rodgers, A. Adler, G. Allport, V. Frankl, and others.

— Famous passage on prohibition of adultery is not hate to biology of men. It is hate to Cyclic homeostasis of physical control of material energy, which consists of two gravitations: Superior Ego-protection (Narcissism) and Inferior Ego-protection (Inlovesickness) and produces relations of sadomasochism (command — subjection). It is this Cyclic Homeostasis of material energy of psyche which abuses biology of men through overindulgence in sexual intercourse, through debauchery and profligacy of all kinds. And it is this Cyclic Homeostasis of physical control of material energy of psyche, which works havoc for any serious exertions of men in attempt to concentration of his powers of thought and conscience. Through this unity of two cyclic homeostasis of two material energies — biological and psychical — sexual intercourse, innocent for animals- becomes hell of seduction into abyss of Satanism of material energy for men with active Ego. This is why it is wise to take any precautions against biological intercourse, and as Gospel says to confine all biological relations to one wife and one husband. Maslow's research confirms this considerations of Gospel.

MATTHEW 5:

> 28 But I say unto you, That
> whosoever looketh on a b woman to
> lust after her hath committed adul
> tery with her already in his heart.
> 29 And if thy right eye a offend thee,
> pluck it out, and cast it from thee:
> for it is profitable for thee that one
> of thy members should perish, and
> not that thy whole body should be
> cast into b hell.
> 30 And if thy right a hand offend
> thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee:
> for it is profitable for thee that one
> of thy members should perish, and
> not that thy whole body should be
> cast into b hell.
> John 6

63 It is the a spirit that quickeneth;
the flesh profiteth nothing: the
words that I speak unto you, they
are spirit, and they are life.
John 3
3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee,
Except a man be a born b again, he cannot see the kingdom
of God.
4 Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old?
can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?
5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be a
born of b water and of the c Spirit, he can not d enter into the
kingdom of God.
6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the
Spirit is spirit.
7Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be a born again

2. SCIENTIFIC FORMULA HOW TO REMOVE EFFECT OF DEAD EGO OF SCHIZOID ROMANCE LOVE

— We have established equation of Romance as Emergence of Two Pluses on Field of Ego-system:

1) A. proved that Ego is always Plus, Power, Force; A= Power (+)

This means that opposite pole of Field of Ego-system — SuperEgo (outer world) — is always Minus, always weakness, subordinate to power of Ego.

2) Now we take any external object of outer world, which will be reflected in Field of Ego-system of A. as Minus of Super Ego. That is to say as some slave and non-entity, despised by Olympic Hubris Ego. Say his name is B.

3) B. confirms that Ego of A. is Power, Hero, Olympic God. Flattery means everything in this case, for it solves mathematics of quantities of force of Field of Ego-system.

Mathematics of Ego-system of A confirms that B. is also Power, because he recognized power of A.

Thus, it is enough to give some good and subtle enough to sooth woes of conceited man flattery to schizoid Hubris Ego in order to return Super Ego as «Plus», as Power.

— Now we need to explain how to get things back: how to Remove Effect of Two Pluses of Romance, in order to Remove also Two Minuses of Romance as effect of Dead Ego

It is obvious from our equation:

1) Equation between Ego and SuperEgo emerges as result of «Flattery» to Hubris Ego, — that is to say result of recognition of Power of Hubris by someone, who that becomes loading of SuperEgo as «second Plus», or dear beloved

2) Then to get things back we have only to deliberately prove that person, which became thus loading of Hubris as second Plus, in reality aims only to eat power of Hubris, to humiliate and destruct it

3) To prove this we will need all heroism of Christian Self-denial, because the process implies deliberate Blow on «Dead Hubris Ego» with its famous Hyperesthesia. For example Nietzsche went the length of all his stupid books and sacrifice of his career and life only with regard to Protect his Ego, to prove omnipotence of his Ego and Victory of his Ego.

4) The operation we are suggesting to cancel Romance of Two Pluses is the exact reverse to Nietzsche's behavior. Not to do your best to protect your Ego, sacrificing to it energy of spirit and youe life, but on the contrary — to do your best to humiliate your Ego in eyes of the person, who has become loading of your SuperEgo as second Plus.

This is easy mathematics of Removal of Romance of Two Pluses and Two Minuses of very dangerous for health schizoid gravitation Narcisse — Inlovesickness.

3. MY OWN EXPERIENCE IN REMOVAL ROMANCE OF TWO PLUSES AND TWO MINUSES IN ORDER TO CURE «EFFECT OF DEAD EGO»

STAGE ONE

Realization of my Hubris Ego in dean of my Moscow's University's Faculty. Emergence of Two Pluses of Narcisse-Inlovesickness of Romance.

T.L. Khugaeva Thinikashvili «Switch the current of your energy» (2008, 2023, ISBN 978-5-0050-8050-9)

> ***А ты что, и вправду умная?..***
> Я думала об этом загадочном декане, который согласился посодействовать моему переводу. «В общем, — рассказывал мне отец по приезде, — в МГУ нам на этот раз жестко отказали, и я вспомнил про Плехановскую академию. Я пошел тогда к их президенту, но его у себя не оказалось. А у них так: много институтов и один президент. Тогда я пошел к директорам институтов. Двое наотрез отказали: мы говорит, переводим строго по Москве. А тут с Кавказа. Я уже хотел уходить, но думаю, дай зайду еще к одному. И представь себе, он согласился. Я ему пообещал ходатайство правительства республики. Вот говорит, принеси эту бумагу, и мы ее переведем. Ничего, говорит, особенного тут нет. Конечно, ему надо еще спросить президента, но он обещал посодействовать». Президент согласился, и я вылетела в Москву. Я прилетела в субботу, и вот в понедельник, я ждала своего загадочного благодетеля у входа: охрана сказала, что он еще не подошел, и не пропустила меня внутрь. Почему он вдруг согласился мне помочь? Он не просил денег и не намекал на взятку. По крайней мере, так сказал отец. «Я ему говорю: я тебе белого коня подарю! А он говорит: не надо мне твоего коня! Такой молодой, и уже декан». Молодой? Но ведь он меня не видел. Я же не могла ему заочно приглянуться.
> — Можно мне пройти к Басову? Уже 11. Неужели он еще не подошел?
> — Хорошо, идите. Наверное, он с другого входа прошел. Это на пятом этаже, налево, по узкому коридорчику, железная дверь.
> Эта встреча оказала огромное воздействие на мою энергетику. С бешено бьющимся сердцем я опустила золотую ручку двери. Женщина с прозрачными, голубыми глазами вопросительно взглянула на меня.
> — Александр Иванович у себя?
> — Да, но он занят. Подождите.
> Почти с радостью вынырнула я из их красивого светлого кабинета. Миссия просителя тяжелым грузом ложилась на мое величество. Ми-

нут через двадцать дверь распахнулась, и на пороге появился высокий широкоплечий мужчина в длинной, черной мантии.

— Так я тебе что говорю! — разрезал напряженную тишину его энергичный голос. — Мы только что посвящали в почетные доктора академии этого корифея большой политики! А там, глядишь, и сами с усами! — втолковывал он, громко хохоча и прогибаясь всем телом, чтобы акцентировать сказанное вышедшему вслед за ним мужчине. Я не сводила с него напряженного взгляда, догадываясь, что это собственно и должен был быть тот самый Басов. Внезапно он смолк и оглянулся на меня. На его лице моментально застыла холодная, высокомерная маска. Стальной блеск зеленных, строгих глаз прожег меня насквозь, до смерти напугав мое величество.

— Здравствуйте! — с огромным трудом преодолела я свой страх.

— Здравствуй! — отрезал он с прежним высокомерием и строгостью.

— А я по поводу перевода.

— Какого перевода?

— Из Владикавказа… к вам заходил мой отец.- я была почти в предобморочном состоянии, загипнотизированная страшным блеском его надменных глаз.

Жуткие локаторы зеленных глаз метнулись и остановились на стене рядом со мной, словно хотели скрыть от меня что-то, что задело их за живое.

— Хорошо! — собрался он несколько секунд спустя, что-то для себя соображая. — Очень хорошо! — Его взгляд слегка смягчился и даже повеселел. — Ну, теперь жди! Я сейчас отойду. Буду через час, полтора, не раньше.

Меня слегка покоробило это бесцеремонное «ты», но я уже была готова, к тому, что все получается «не так».

— Можно? — просунула я голову час спустя.

— Входи! — заорал Басов из глубины кабинета. — Ольга, посади ее там. Пусть подождет. — обратился он к женщине с голубыми глазами. Меня усадили за стол в небольшой приемной, соединяющей два кабинета. Справа от меня находился кабинет Басова — более просторный и нарядный, а слева кабинет его заместителя — Ольги Алексеевны Гришиной.

Я сидела, скромно опустив голову: моему величеству оказывали огромную, жизненно важную услугу, и его переполняло чувство ответственности за этот дар и благодарности. Оно такая зануда — это величество! Жутко вспоминать, как страдала его гордость в тот момент.

— Это у нас «Финансы и кредит»! — доносилась до нас с величеством эмоциональная речь Басова. — А на западе просто «Финансы». Ведь кредит — это тот же финансовый рынок!

Я пыталась сосредоточиться на их диалоге, но от волнения мысли путались и обрывались. И вновь фраза врезалась в возбужденный мозг.

— У меня пять замов! — сотрясал Басов воздух. — Представь себе! И все равно работы невпроворот.

Наконец, он проводил посетителя до дверей и с энтузиазмом развернулся ко мне.

— Извини, что заставил тебя так долго ждать. Пойдем, посмотрим, что у тебя там. — ласково обнял он меня за плечо.

Мое величество едва не подавилось: это еще что за новости! Он извиняется за то, что помог мне с переводом и ласкает за то, что я доставила ему хлопоты! Не давая мне поднять головы от смущения, величество пребывало в диком недоумении и смятении.

— Садись сюда. — предложил мне Басов кресло напротив своего стола. — Так. Ну, давай, что ты нам принесла. Посмотрим, что ты за уникальная такая!

Так! Вот оно что! Отец наговорил ему бог весть чего! Страшно было и представить себе, что он мог понарассказывать. Величество, как всегда, жутко испугалось, что его рассекретили, и что теперь будут над ним смеяться. Я прятала свое Я от всех в тот период. А тут на тебе! Все то исподнее и искреннее, что выходило из меня в период самых сильных кризисов величества, когда оно билось в агонии и всеми возможными способами доказывало, что ему нужна учеба, на блюдечке с золотой каемочкой было представлено этому чужому человеку.

— Что ни одной четверки?! — обалдел Басов. — Ты что, и вправду умная?

Я истерично расхохоталась, хотя лицо Басова не выдавало не малейшего признака того, что это была шутка. Какое-то время он внимательно изучал содержимое папки. Я сидела напротив, по-прежнему не смея поднимать на него взгляда, пока он сам не обратиться ко мне. Меня смущал тот напор живейшего интереса и энтузиазма, с которым он взялся за мою проблему. И это на фоне всех наших прежних неудач!

Что же ты за уникальная такая?..

Наконец, он вновь поднял на меня насмешливый, испытывающий взгляд, до смерти напугав мое величество все тем же вопросом:

— Что же ты за уникальная такая?

Пока я не знала другого способа выжить, кроме как прятать от всех свое величество, притворяясь простой и негордой девочкой. Избавиться от величества у меня не было никакой возможности — потому как я, собственно, не знала о его существовании. Я называла это

«не выходить на личные отношения», «не показывать своего настоящего Я». Разумеется, я не могла и помыслить избавиться от своего настоящего Я.

Я подняла голову и посмотрела ему в глаза. Крутая смесь любопытства, симпатии и снисходительности убедили меня, что он сумел разглядеть мое настоящее Я и проникнуться к нему живейшей симпатией. Вот чем объясняется его неординарный поступок! Он настоящий гений, ученый, человек, который сделает все, что будет в его силах, чтобы помочь пробить дорогу настоящему таланту. Ну, что ж! Если в нас с величеством поверили, мы ляжем костьми, но оправдаем это доверие.

— Посмотрим. — ответили мы очень осторожно, чтобы не увеличивать чувства ответственности, итак уже натянувшего нервы до предела.

— Вот и я говорю: «Посмотрим!» — искрясь весельем, почти заорал на меня Басов, прогнувшись ко мне всем телом в своей эмоциональной манере. — Сессию не боишься сдавать?

Я боялась. Еще как боялась. На дворе конец ноября, вот-вот грянут первые зачеты, а я не знакома с предметами, меня в лицо не видели преподаватели, у меня нет лекций, рекомендуемой литературы, ничего. Но дороги назад не было. Так или иначе, но я бы все равно бросила тот университет.

— Попробую.

— Молодец! — горячо поддержал меня Басов, и какое-то время с интересом меня разглядывал. — Возьми у девочек из группы тетрадки и отксерь. Папе скажи, чтоб дал денег на карманные расходы. — в его кокетливом тоне чувствовалось снисхождение большого дяди к маленькой девочке. — Вот это не теряй! Пригодиться. — указал он на распечатку из моей «отличной» зачетки. — Да нет! Вы все напутали! — вдруг не понравилось ему что-то в моих документах. Я перестала ощущать биение своего сердца. — Ну, ладно. Сделаем по другому. — вернул он меня к жизни. — Вот тебе бумага: пиши заявление. Да нет! Не на мое имя! На имя президента. Виталию Ивановичу Видя-пи-ну… — диктовал он мне явно польщенный моей оплошностью.

— А все таки мы выиграли ваш Спартак! — искрящиеся радостью глаза смотрели на меня почти влюблено. Нас с величеством приглашали на дружескую беседу с деканом московского ВУЗа. Мы были глубоко тронуты. Я с удовольствием признала их победу, широко улыбнувшись в ответ и отразив в глазах всю глубину своей благодарности этому неординарному человеку.

— Теперь иди в деканат, скажи, чтобы тебе выписали академическую разницу, и принесешь, покажешь мне. Нет, сиди. Сейчас вместе пой-

дем. — остановил он меня, снимая трубку. — А-а-а! Банкир! — заорал Басов в трубку, утонув в своем кожаном кресле. — Что-то давно ты не звонил! Зазнался небось!

Я отведу ребенка...

Впечатленное величество испугалось и дальше уже не слушало.

— Я отведу ребенка. — положил Басов наконец трубку и, непринужденно обхватив меня за плечи, повел в деканат.

— Это Хугаева Лейла. Она перевелась к нам из Владикавказа, потому что ее там плохо учили! — В своей шумной манере, с нотками снисходительной иронии в голосе представлял он меня там. — Она совершенно уникальная, одаренная, таких во Владикавказе больше нет! Она свободно владеет английским языком! Выпишите ей разницу на полную катушку: она одаренная — сдаст! Там должно быть много. Они ведь не четыре года учатся, как мы, пять. Общежитие ей не нужно. Потом покажешь мне. — развернулся он ко мне на последок и удалился.

Я стояла в полной растерянности. Если до этого у меня еще были сомнения, что он видит мое настоящее Я, то теперь они окончательно исчезли: становилось совершенно очевидно, что отец рассказал ему все, а это только верхушка айсберга. Выходит, он не просто сумел проникнуться искренней симпатией к моему таланту, но еще и сумел не испугаться, не разозлиться, как реагировали обычно другие. Наоборот: стремление воспитывать и ставить на место, которое было у моего прежнего декана, заменила у него отеческая нежность и снисходительность.

Разница оказалась впечатляющая: 5 экзаменов, 15—17 зачетов и еще курсовая. При этом 3 из 5 экзаменов были по высшей математике. Теперь, когда разница была у меня в руках, у меня впервые возникла проблема, которая впредь на протяжении всего обучения в плешке станет традиционной: величество не пускало меня в кабинет к Басову, ему было стыдно навязываться. «Но он же сам меня просил!» — уговаривала я его. Наконец преодолев чудовищное сопротивление, я возникла на его пороге с гримасой страдания на лице:

— Извините, можно?

— Заходи, заходи! — заорал мне Басов в своей бесцеремонной манере. — Так будешь ждать, ничего в плешке не дождешься! — хохотал он. — Ну, давай свою разницу.

Он внимательно изучил разницу. Я не представляла, зачем ему это понадобилось: «Может быть дело в том, что если он решит, что задача мне не по плечу, он не станет меня переводить?» — в страхе думала я.

— Пошли. — вышел из-за стола Басов и его рука вновь дружески легла мне на плечо. — Сдашь? — спросил он по пути.

— Не знаю… Там три высшие математики.

— Ой, как трудно! — засюсюкал (!) Басов, кокетливо сложив губы трубочкой.

«Может и впрямь по московским меркам это не трудно?» — опешила я.

— А мне перезачтут то, что я в университете сдавала?

— Конечно перезачтут! — уверил меня Басов. — У тебя же государственный университет.

В деканате сидели секретари — три привлекательные девушки с кричащим макияжем и тесной одеждой — с такими недоброжелательными выражениями лиц, что мои однокурсники позже называли их «редисками». Лицо Басова изменилось, словно по мановению волшебной палочки. Оно вдруг превратилось в ту надменную маску, с которой он разговаривал со мной в начале нашего знакомства.

— Готовьте приказ о зачислении. — властно распорядился он. — Пусть пока сдает сессию, я разрешаю. Разницу потом. А я пойду, попробую подписать заявление у президента.

— Нет. Давайте сначала заявление, а потом приказ. — уверенно возразила брюнетка с черными глазами, поразив меня своей храбростью. И макияж у нее не был кричащим. В общем, она мне почти понравилась.

— Хорошо. — сдался Басов без боя. — Специализацию пусть сама выбирает. Я разрешаю.

— Мне к вам завтра зайти? — остановила я его на выходе. Моему величеству требовалось персональное приглашение, иначе оно вновь замучает меня у его дверей.

— Ну, зайди. — пожал плечами Басов. — Под лежачий камень же вода не течет!

Это уже был тот шумный весельчак, с которым мы успели подружиться. Я с завистью посмотрела ему вслед. Счастливый человек! Сейчас закроется в своем просторном, светлом кабинете и будет болтать с банкирами и президентами, подшучивая с высоты своего благополучия над бедными студентками вроде меня. Его кипучая энергия оказала сильное воздействие на мой тогда еще очень нестабильный организм. Тепло, сила, уверенность, которые он излучал в таком изобилии, и главное статус столичного ученного, абсолютно покорили меня. Мое настоящее Я потянулось к доброте, ласке, обеспеченности и силе, мое величество было сражено тем, что его увидел и оценил настоящий представитель Разума абсолюта. Это воздействие было настолько сильным, что я физически почувствовала, как

тысячи мелких иголок одновременно вонзились в меня, не оставив нетронутым ни одного островка моего тела.

— А все остальное ты уже сдала?!..

— Сегодня суббота, Гришиной нет. — предупредила меня Марина, выписывая ведомость.

— А у кого тогда ее подписать?

— Ну, вон, Басов уже у себя. Может он подпишет. — пряча в плотно сжатых губах улыбку она окинула меня оценивающим взглядом. Я действительно неплохо выглядела. Пышные кольца свежевымытых отросших волос мягко обрамляли бледное лицо. Длинная, узкая юбка выгодно подчеркивала похудевшее тело. И странное дело: я не чувствовала обычное напряжение от необходимости зайти к нему в кабинет. Я не топталась молча у порога и не высматривала разрешения войти у него на лице, как делала это обычно. Совсем напротив. Я бодро поздоровалась, и легким шагом преодолев приемную, в одно мгновение оказалась у его стола. Я стеснялась только своего ученного: проницательного и великодушного, видевшего меня насквозь и восхищавшегося в свою очередь мной. Мелкий эгоизм Басова повредил между нами нить. Сознание собственной привлекательности делало меня еще более холодной.

— Здравствуй! — вложил Басов всю душу в приветствие. Казалось, он с трудом удержался, чтобы не встать мне навстречу. Виновато нахмурившись, он медленно выводил на ведомости свою помпезную роспись: «Да, я знаю, — говорило его лицо. — этот экзамен тебе приходится сдавать, потому что я отказался его перезачесть».

— Спасибо! — заторопилась я к выходу.

— Пожалуйста. — прохрипел Басов, не смея поднять на меня глаз.

На пути к выходу я разминулась с каким-то пареньком.

— Как у тебя успехи? — услышала я за спиной голос декана.

«Надо же! Он спрашивает его об успехах. Мог бы и у меня спросить. У меня!» — осенило меня уже у самых дверей.

— У меня?!

Лицо Басова вдруг залила густая краска.

— Да.

Ничего не могло так подкупить величество, как это милое, милое смущение! Об обиде было тут же забыто.

— Хорошо! — в одно мгновение вернулась я и, опершись плечом о косяк двери, зафиксировала на нем полный ожидания и нежности взгляд. «Не переживай. — говорили мои глаза. — Ты ни в чем меня не подвел. И я и не думала на тебя обижаться. Я с удовольствием отвечу на все твои вопросы».

— Что тебе осталось? — набрался Басов смелости.
— Еще один экзамен и курсовая.
— А все остальное ты уже сдала?!! — почти заорал Басов, внезапно забыв о своем смущении и изумленно выкатав на меня глаза.
— Ну еще два зачета. — окончательно умилилась я, расплываясь в широкой улыбке.
Басов оторопело пялился на меня, не веря своим ушам.
— Мо-ло-дец. — упавшим голосом выговорил он, наконец, и повержено склонил голову к своим бумажкам. Бедолага студент переводил ошалелый взгляд с декана на меня и обратно.
Я полагаю, вы уже догадались, какой дозой морфия стала эта триумфальная победа для моего величества. Если до сих пор я только воображала себе как он восхищается на мои успехи и самоотверженность, то теперь я могла убедиться в этом воочию. Более того, даже в самых своих смелых мечтах я и представить себе не могла, что его до такой степени поразят мои успехи! «Но если он считал такие успехи совершенно невероятными, зачем он попросил выписать разницу „на полную катушку"?» — единственный вопрос, который не вписывался в прелесть прочей картины.
Я выпорхнула из кабинета, чувствуя, как дикий восторг заполняет каждую клеточку моего существа. В такие минуты я бывала настолько опьянена эмоциями, что теряла ориентацию во времени и в пространстве. Спрятавшись от любопытных глаз в пустой аудитории, я приземлилась на парту и устремила мечтательный взгляд в окно: «Так и есть! Он просто не знал о моих успехах и боялся, что я повисну на нем мертвым грузом. Он думал, я какая-нибудь бессовестная попрошайка, которая пытается злоупотребить его добротой. Но после той нашей встречи, когда он увидел, как мне плохо и когда я с ним не поздоровалась при этом, он понял, что я не собираюсь вешать на него свои проблемы. Ему стало меня жаль, поэтому он был такой приветливый сегодня.» Горячая волна нежности растекалась по моему телу, связывая мое дыхание с ним. «Бедный! Он, наверное, хотел предложить свою помощь. Наверное, ему это было непросто, но он решился из любви ко мне. А когда я не откликнулась на его вопрос, он решил, что я больше не желаю его знать. Какая боль была написана на его лице, когда я развернулась!» Я упивалась этой болью, этой демонстрацией глубины его «любви» к себе, возносясь на вершину счастья. «А когда он услышал про мои успехи, он понял, что опоздал с помощью и совсем растерялся. Бедный мой! Ты не волнуйся, Сашенька, это ничего, что ты мне не помог. Это я была виновата. Я больше тебя ни о чем не попрошу. Перед глазами стояло его изумленное, красное от сму-

щения лицо: «А все остальное ты уже сдала?!!» Теперь он знает, что и я на что-то способна!

STAGE TWO

Blow on Hubris Ego («Insult from object of Romance») and Emergence of Two Minuses.

T.L. Khugaeva Thinikashvili «Switch the current of your energy» (2008, 2023, ISBN 978-5-0050-8050-9)

Папа все еще там работает?..

С Басовым мы по-прежнему беседовали взглядами, случайно встречаясь в коридоре или в его кабинете. Как-то я задумалась, уютно устроившись на подоконнике, как вдруг кто-то энергично потрепал меня за коленку:

— Что? Уснул?

Басов! Счастливая улыбка озарила мое лицо. Басов смеялся в ответ, развернувшись на меня на ходу. В другой раз, услышав мое традиционное «Здравствуйте, можно?», обращенное к его заму — Гришиной, он поспешно вышел из своей комнаты отдыха, расположенной за его столом. Но я уже прошла к Гришиной, и он не успел подписать мне ведомость лично. Он до того смутился этой неудачной попытке пообщаться со мной, что когда я на обратном пути подняла на него глаза, резко развернулся ко мне спиной. В тот же момент, осознав всю нелепость своего поведения, он медленно принял исходную позицию и заставил себя ответить на мое приветствие.

— Здравствуйте. — в другой раз встретила я его в коридоре.

— Здравствуй! — зазвенел голос Басова от нежности и умиления.

Вот так, коллекционируя эпизоды наших встреч, величество подпитывало свою наркотическую зависимость от его «любви».

Наконец, пришло время браться вплотную за подготовку к последнему третьему экзамену — «Банковские операции». На улице во всю бушевала весна и я, принарядившись, отправилась в академию за вопросами. Мне было так хорошо, что я даже решилась проехаться на лифте. В этот самый момент энергичная фигура Басова в эффектных солнечных очках возникла из-за угла. Мы моментально друг друга заметили и я, ритуально помучавшись, наконец, выдавила из себя «Здравствуйте!» «Здравствуйте!» — бодро поддержал меня Басов и оглядел попутчиков. Я специально прошла в самую глубь лифта, верная своей политике «ненавязывания». Но Басов прошел

вслед за мной, и еще раз обведя взглядом спины попутчиков, ласково обнял за талию. Боже! Какое море нежности и страсти затопило мое сердце!

— Ну, как у тебя дела?

— Спасибо, хорошо.

— Что тебе осталось?

— Еще один экзамен.

— Один экзамен? — захотел удостовериться Басов.

Я ответила глазами, впервые осмелившись поднять их на него.

— Домой поедешь?

И вновь я отвечала взглядом: «Да, — говорили мои глаза, — но это только потому, что ты не хочешь меня остановить! Останови меня! Пожалуйста!»

— Папка соскучился? — отшутился Басов.

И уже на выходе он еще раз ко мне развернулся:

— Папа все еще ***там*** работает? — и указал пальцем куда-то в небо.

— Он в министерстве. — занервничала сразу я, не понимая к чему он клонит.

— В министерстве? — удовлетворенно переспросил Басов. — Ну, передай ему привет.

Представляете себе, какую истерику закатило мне величество!

«Боже мой! — думала я по дороге домой. — Он думает, за моей семьей стоит какая-то реальная социальная сила, и поэтому я такая дерзкая. А мы с трудом сводим концы с концами. Вся моя ценность во мне самой и состоит. И если он этого не видит, то все пропало, надеяться больше не на что».

«Почему вы такая грустная, девушка?» — ворвался вдруг чей-то обеспокоенный голос в ход моих мыслей.

«Грустная? — думала я, поспешно уходя прочь. — Неужели это так бросается в глаза?». В который раз меня удивляла легкость, с которой люди читали на моем лице.

Здравствуй, девушка весенняя!..

Тем не менее, несмотря на свое отчаяние, я заставила отца позвонить Басову. Где-то в глубине своей детской души я лелеяла надежду, что вопреки всем очевидным доводам, он хочет сделать мне предложение или хотя бы намекнуть на желание породниться.

«Что ты его боишься? — выговаривал мне отец, после звонка. — Он так хорошо к тебе относиться. Сразу узнал, о ком я говорю. Спасибо, говорит, что не подвел. Тут, говорит, ее все хвалят. Говорят даже, что у нее научное мышление».

— Здравствуй, девушка весенняя! — радостно приветствовал меня Басов, когда я вошла к нему с последней ведомостью в руке. Он

не обратил внимания на протянутую ему ведомость, но вдруг с такой силой меня сжал в своих объятиях, что я лишилась возможности дышать. В следующее мгновение я ощутила его губы у себя на голове. Звук затяжного поцелуя совсем вскружил мне голову.

— Как у тебя дела? — наконец отпустил он меня. — Наверное, поклонники замучили? — хмуро поинтересовался Басов, взяв из моих рук ведомость.

— Могли быть и лучше! — рассмеялась я в ответ.

— Я говорю, наверное, поклонники замучили? — бесцеремонно перебил он мой смех.

— Да вроде нет. — польщенная его настойчивым интересом, скромно ответила я.

— Рассказываешь! — не поверил мне он. — Я же папе не скажу.

Я только улыбалась в ответ, не в силах понять, чего хочет от меня человек, к которому я продолжаю относиться по дочернему. Он еще раз прижал меня к себе с той же силой, и еще раз его губы со страстной нежностью припали к моей голове. Мне было одновременно и очень хорошо и страшно неловко.

— Хорошая девочка! — не умея приласкать меня иначе отпустил меня, наконец, Басов. И тут же, осознав комичность ситуации, разразился хохотом. Я смеялась вместе с ним, давая выход переполнявшим меня чувствам. Разминувшись на выходе с Гришиной, я поспешила спрятать от ее любопытных глаз свое счастливое лицо.

— Какая счастливая! — моментально среагировали на мое сияющее лицо девочки. — Сразу видно домой едешь.

С моего лица не сходила ошалелая улыбка. Я была настолько потрясена произошедшим, что с трудом ориентировалась в окружающем мире. Отделавшись дежурными фразами, я отправилась на поиски укромного местечка, где я могла бы свободно предаться переполнявшему меня счастью.

Весь май я кропотливо готовилась к государственному экзамену. Я слышала, что комиссию возглавляет декан и эта новость не позволила мне расстаться с учебниками вплоть до 11 июня, по которым был назначен «гос». Уже накануне я узнала, что декан возглавляет комиссию не у всех, и я не успокоилась, пока не узнала, будет ли он у нас. Как оказалось, не будет! Какое разочарование!

— Если хотите, поменяйте билет. — улыбнулась мне, как знакомой, методист с кафедры финансов, у которой мы тянули билеты.

— Спасибо, не надо. — мне попался тринадцатый билет, но после той тщательности, с которой я подошла к подготовке, даже число 13 ничего уже не могло испортить.

Вскоре два ответственных члена комиссии из семи, значащихся в списке, были в сборе:

— Ну, давайте, быстрее списывайте. Чего тянуть резину. — прикрикнул на нас один из них. Постепенно до меня стала доходить вся нелепость моего отношения к этому экзамену. Он оказался всего лишь формальным мероприятием, вместо серьезного научного теста, которым я его себе представляла. Мне оставалось ждать вручения диплома. Если он и там ничего не скажет, то это конец. Я еду домой, и весь ажиотаж моей столичной жизни можно расценивать как кошмарный сон, не имеющий никакого отношения к действительности. Неужели мы вот так и расстанемся, не сказав друг другу ни слова?

Сейчас мне с трудом вериться, что я была такой идиоткой. Но факт остается фактом: действительно была.

Что так нас и бросишь? Не броса-а-ай!...

На церемонию вручения я слегка опоздала: завозилась примеряя новый бежевый сарафан, приобретенный специально по этому случаю. Когда я вошла, наш курс уже был в сборе и Басов начал церемонию вручения дипломов. Он обвел меня оценивающим взглядом и вновь вернулся к своей публике.

— Диплом с отличием вручается... — называл он счастливого выпускника и спустя пару минут скреплял его триумф крепким рукопожатием. Невольно встречаясь со мной глазами, он тут же отводил взгляд, чтобы не выдать своего волнения на публике.

— Диплом с отличием.... Ой! Это я увлекся! — все же выдал он свое волнение. — Диплом вручается...

Я со страхом и нетерпением ждала своей очереди. Наконец, очередь дошла и до меня. Как только он произнес мою фамилию, все кто был в курсе нашей любовной истории — его заместитель и секретари, — напряглись и зафиксировали на нас свое пристальное внимание.

— Что так нас и бросишь? — с чувством сжал мою руку Басов. Я не смела поднять на него глаз, боясь выдать свое волнение на публике, но он все не отпускал мою руку. И только, дождавшись моего взгляда и глубоко вонзив в меня свои зеленые глаза, он, наконец, меня отпустил:

— Не броса-ай! — многозначительно протянул он на последок.

Усевшись на место, я стала рассматривать вкладыш в поисках тройки, которую мне поставил Слепов. Какого же было мое удивление, когда я обнаружила, что по валютно-финансовым отношениям у меня значится «отлично»! Видимо, Басов и Слепов вместе решили исправить эту несправедливость. Я все сидела и сидела в аудитории и наблюдала за Басовым, когда уже почти вся наша группа разошлась, и только редкие студенты оставались в ожидании своих ди-

пломов. Гришина и секретари стали понимающе поглядывать в мою сторону. Осознав, что ставлю себя в смешное положение, я заставила себя уйти.

Ты так мне нравишься, милая!...

Необходимо было принять решение: «Что означали его слова? Он явно хочет, чтобы я зашла». Мне нужно было зайти к нему во чтобы то ни стало, но величество совершенно обезумело от страха и не хотело меня туда пускать: «Как я зайду без ничего, без подарка к человеку, которому обязана своим переводом?» В итоге я порадовала Басова еще одной своей выходкой. Я купила на все деньги, что у меня оставались два роскошных букета роз. Красные розы я подарила Гришиной, а белые с красными прожилками у основания, занесла Басову:

— Большое вам спасибо за все!

Он яростно отшвырнул букет куда-то в сторону и решительно склонился к моему рту. Я медленно повернула голову к его губам, не думая ни о чем, кроме близости райского источника. В тот же момент его язык, преодолевая сопротивление моего напряженного рта, проник глубоко вовнутрь, а теплая ладонь согрела низ живота. Это был мой первый поцелуй.

— Ты так мне нравишься, милая!

Пьяная от потрясения, с затуманенным взором, я тяжело опустила сумку на кресло:

— О-бал-деть!

Я не знала, как реагировать на признания человека, которому говорю «вы», человека, с которым поддерживаю только деловое знакомство, без тени личных отношений. Сказать: «Я тоже вас люблю», значит низвести себя до роли влюбленной в своего хозяина прислуги, чего бы мне величество ни в жизнь не простило. Я бы возненавидела его сразу после подобного признания. И я продолжала молча смотреть в его ошалелые от поцелуя глаза, ожидая, что теперь мне может быть предложат, наконец, сесть и поговорят со мной по-человечески. Басов истолковал мое оцепенение как всегда по своему:

— Папа все еще в правительстве?

— Он никогда там и не был! — жестко осадило его мое величество, оскорбленное таким явным пренебрежением к нему. Отец, хоть и занимал должность замминистра сельского хозяйства, но величество не считало это принадлежностью к правительству, в том смысле, в котором должен был говорить такой человек, как Басов.

Басов выглядел растерянным. Он никак не мог сообразить, что происходит.

— Ты поедешь домой или останешься?

— Пока не знаю. — честно ответила я.

— Ну забрось мне свое резюме. Вот девочки оставляют. — и он протянул мне образец.

Я молча смотрела на расплывавшиеся перед глазами буквы, не понимая о чем он говорит. Разговор направлялся совершенно не в то русло, и я чувствовала себя все более неловко.

— Или ты хочешь сама? — нервно отдернул руку Басов, не дождавшись ответа.

— Нет, нет. — спохватилась я, испугавшись лишиться возможности общения с ним. — Если вы будете так добры, я буду вам очень благодарна. Я пыталась сама, но у меня ничего не вышло.

Я действительно чего-то там пробовала два раза, но во-первых кому нужен студент без опыта работы, а во-вторых я была подготовлена по теории и ровным счетом ничего не знала о практике, и прежде всего о бухучете.

— Почему? — обалдел Басов. — А что у папы нет связей в Москве?

— Нет. — так же жестко отрезала я.

Басов молча взял букет моих роз и небрежно бросил перед собой на маленький столик. Его манера как бы говорила: «Это еще что за новости дарить мне цветы, но в то же время это чертовски трогательно!» Какое-то время он внимательно его разглядывал. Поколебавшись еще немного он наконец решился сменить тактику. Он вплотную приблизился ко мне и я с ужасом вспомнила о тщательно припудренном, ненавистном прыще на носу.

— Роскошная.. — услышала я его неуверенный шепот.

— Нравлюсь? — с горькой иронией переспросило его мое величество.

— Определенно! — пожирал мое тело откровенными взглядами Басов. — Красивая женщина!

— Пока нет! — обиженная до глубины души, с вызовом переняла я его тон.

— Что?! — обрадовался Басов зеленому свету. — Ты уже взрослая или ты еще маленькая девочка?

— Смотря что вы имеете ввиду. — я говорила о психологической зрелости, которую тогда весьма самоуверенно считала уже достигнутой, и о реальном половом опыте. Но Басов истолковал мои слова по своему. Он вопросительно поднял бровь и радостно сверкнул глазами. В этот момент его отвлек с шумом вбежавший мужчина:

— Отправь! — небрежно махнул он в мою сторону, и заговорил о чем-то важном для них обоих. Я и без этого стояла как на раскаленных углях, а это его пренебрежительное «Отправь» окончательно доконало меня.

— Ну я пошла. — не стала я дожидаться когда меня выпроводят. Басов остановил меня властным взмахом руки.

— Виктор, подожди меня у Ольги. Я скоро.

Я не нашла в себе сил уйти — слишком важно мне было понять, что этот человек в конечном итоге хотел от меня.

— Так ты не ответила на мой вопрос. — впился в меня взглядом Басов.

— Если это то, что я думаю, то нет.

Вряд ли этот человек мог говорить о психологической зрелости.

— Неправда… — засомневался Басов, намекая на мою бурную реакцию на поцелуй.

— Правда. — отрезала я безапелляционным тоном, задетая до глубины души предметом нашего разговора.

Он стоял в нерешительности, не зная, что сказать или сделать. Я выразительно поглядывала на кресло, чувствуя, как у меня подкашиваются ноги от шокового состояния, но он делал вид, что не понимает значения моего взгляда.

— Ну, я пошла. — окончательно оскорбилась я проявленному неуважению.

— Появляйся! — не стал удерживать меня Басов. — Взрослей побыстрее! — прокричал он мне вдогонку.

Ну, это было уже слишком! Если быть взрослой означает иметь половой опыт, выходит, он просил меня лишиться девственности с кем-то другим.

— Не могу! — обхохоталось величество, теряя последние остатки мужества.

Не совсем понимая причин моего веселья, Басов все же решил меня поддержать. Потуги его деланного смеха только сильнее разозлили меня.

— Ты на каникулах в Москве будешь? — спросил он уже у самых дверей.

— Да. — ответила я, и уверенно пошла прочь.

Метро стало для моей клаустрофобии одним из самых тяжелых испытаний из тех, которым подвергла меня столица. Я часто ходила по две, три станции пешком или добиралась наземным транспортом. В этот день я даже не заметила, как спустилась в метро. Уставившись в точку перед собой, я напряженно прокручивала наш диалог снова и снова, каждый раз заканчивая тем же обреченным смешком: «Не могу!» Очнувшись на миг, я ловила на себе настороженные взгляды пассажиров и тщетно силилась придать своему лицу безучастное выражение. Уже через мгновение я снова слышала его страстное признание: «Ты так мне нравишься, милая!»

Дома я стала жертвой противоречивых чувств. С одной стороны его пылкое признание и поцелуй пробудили в моем сердце лавину ответной нежности, еще сильнее привязав меня к нему. С другой стороны его неуважение к моему величеству, непонимание того, чего я от него ждала, глубоко оскорбили меня. Мое сердце разрывалось на части, и я не знала, как поступить, чтобы притупить боль. «Как больно! — рыдала я, уткнувшись головой в подушку. — Боже, как больно! Ну, когда же я, наконец, стану человеком? Сколько еще крови должно из меня выйти?» Я перестала есть: от одного вида пищи мне делалось дурно

STAGE THREE

Obssession of Nietzsche «Eternal Return». Love and Hate, alternation of Two Pluses and Two Minuses. Dead Ego and lost sense of life without Romance (object of realization of Hubris Ego).

T.L. Khugaeva Thinikashvili «Switch the current of your energy» (2008, 2023, ISBN 978-5-0050-8050-9)

Так ты уже умеешь?...

Наконец, через неделю я поняла, что не успокоюсь, пока не выясню, чего же в действительности хотел от меня этот человек. Неужели он и вправду хотел меня вынудить к сексу из-за работы? И это после всего, что я сделала? Если так, он об этом сильно пожалеет. Я выскажу все, что я думаю об этом подлеце! Я потратила все деньги, что отец прислал мне на стоматолога на новый костюм, и отправилась к Басову.

Когда я вошла, я обнаружила на его лице такое отсутствующее и мечтательное выражение, что поняла, что меня давно ждали.

— Здравствуйте, можно? — остановилась я на пороге по своему обыкновению.

— Здравствуй, госпожа выпускница! — моментально оценил Басов мой новый костюм и впервые за наше знакомство протянул мне руку. Я протянула в ответ свою, и он нежно ее поцеловал.

— Принесла резюме?

— Да. — побледнела я и протянула ему файл. — только там три.

— Вот все три и оставляй. — испугался Басов конкуренции. — Вот тебе ручка и лист — пиши свои координаты.

— Адрес?

— Адрес, телефон, все.

— А там все есть. — кивнула я на резюме.

Басов удостоверился в правдивости моих слов и вновь вернулся ко мне. Я вдруг поняла, что эта неделя была нелегкой и для него. Видимо, он переживал, что я больше не приду, а у него нет даже моих координат.

Я стояла в полной растерянности, как вдруг Басов, склонившись к моему лицу и вонзив в меня свои страстные зеленые глаза, до отказа вытащил язык. На меня пахнуло перегаром, — видимо, набрался для храбрости. Величество чуть Кондратий не хватил: я с таким страданием закрыла глаза, что он поспешно выпрямился и отошел.

— Я к тебе заеду? — попробовал он с другой стороны нарочито небрежным тоном. Я продолжала храбро поддерживать разговор о «сексе», хотя с моим величеством происходили страшные вещи.

— Нет, что вы. Я ведь не одна живу. Там мои братья.

— На них не нарваться? — тем же тоном продолжал он. — А в какой сфере твои братья работают?

Я вновь не сдержала смешка разочарования.

— Бандиты? — перепугался Басов.

— Свободные художники.

Я продолжала отрезвлять его представления о своем социальном положении, чтобы он не раскатывал губу на принцессу. Нам с величеством было важно выяснить: уважает он ***нас*** или нет.

В этот момент Гришина, предварительно остановившись у двери и внимательно оглядев нас, вышла. Все это время Басов старался расположить меня в той части своего кабинета, которая не видна с ее кабинета. Когда она вышла, он почувствовал себя более уверенно. Опасливо озираясь на дверь, он уверенно запустил руку в отворот моего пиджака.

— А вдруг кто-нибудь войдет? — испугалась я.

Он взвесил рукой достоинство моей груди и поспешил отойти на безопасное расстояние.

— Приедешь ко мне в конце июля? Я буду здесь один, без всяких! — и он брезгливо махнул в сторону двери.

— Приеду. — не отводя от него напряженного взгляда, словно ожидая своей участи на эшафоте, тихо, но уверенно сказала я.

— Так ты уже умеешь? — все больше злился Басов моей дерзости. Он все никак не мог почувствовать себя сверху.

— Нет. Я же сказала, у меня никого не было. — я на лету приноравливалась к его жаргону.

— Ну, можно же по другому доставить женщине удовольствие.

Я не сразу поняла, о чем он говорит.

— Да нет. — рассмеялась я на конец. — Я же сказала: у меня никого не было! Я даже никогда не целовалась!

Басов на мгновение опешил.

— А хочется?

— Да. — честно ответила я, вспомнив как мечтала о нем по ночам. Секс с ним давно стал моей навязчивой идеей.

— Кого-то конкретно или-и-и? — вопросительно потянул Басов.

— Да. — я с прежним напряжением смотрела ему в глаза.

Тут он совсем взбесился. Оскорблено выпрямившись, он уничтожал меня взглядом, но я и не подумала отводить глаз. «Что дальше? Я вся внимание!» — говорили мои глаза. Наконец, он обмяк, не найдя в моих глазах насмешки и вновь склонился ко мне:

— Ну, ты придешь? ***Целоваться***-то придешь? — он все никак не мог понять мою мотивацию.

— Да. — опять кивнула я, не спуская с него напряженного взгляда.

— А можно я тебя по-у-чу? — спрятал Басов глаза в пол.

— Можно. Даже нужно. — с особенной злостью вновь поддакнула я.

Тут Басов уже не выдержал и разразился душевным смехом. Вошедшая Гришина застала уже сцену прощания.

— А кто будет звонить? — спросила я.

— Ты звони. Я не хочу компрометировать ни тебя, ни себя.

— У меня нет вашего телефона.

— Запиши.

Я записала его телефон, и мы расстались.

Пенсионер какой-то...

Следующие тридцать дней стали тяжелым испытанием для меня. Обострившаяся любовь с одной стороны и чувство униженности и оскорбленности с другой окончательно лишили меня аппетита и сна. «Если что, — успокаивала я себя. — я просто откажусь от его работы и все. Если мне не заплатили, значит, это контакт на равных и мне здесь нечего стесняться». Но тем не менее величество больно лягалось, провоцируя спонтанные решения. Бывало, я одевалась, чтобы ехать к нему немедленно в академию, открыть ногой дверь и надавать ему при всех пощечин:

«Да как ты посмел так со мной разговаривать? Кто дал тебе право? Я задыхалась от проклятых экзаменов в твоем институте, но я ни разу не обратилась к тебе за помощью! Я ничего тебе не должна. Еще раз раскроешь свой рот и пожалеешь, что родился на свет. Можешь мне верить!»

Я говорила все это своему бледному отражению в зеркале, выпучив от сжигавшей меня ярости глаза и конвульсивно сжав губы. Меня всю трясло от ненависти и возмущения. Но, в конце концов, я всегда

брала себя в руки, зная по горькому опыту, что агрессия никогда до добра не доводит, и продолжала мучиться в ожидании развязки. Волны гнева сменялись приступами любви, и печальный надрывный плач вырывался из моей груди. Я решила дождаться той роковой встречи в его кабинете и посмотреть своими глазами на то, что этот человек хочет мне предложить. Насиловать в институте он меня не сможет, следовательно, я ничем не рискую. Если мне что-то не понравиться, я просто уйду. Но, представляя себе, как он будет дотрагиваться до меня, я понимала, что никакая сила не заставит меня уйти, и я позволю ему делать все, что ему вздумается. Желание стало настолько сильным, что я уже не могла его контролировать. Но вот только как же он сможет любить меня после того, как я лишусь чувства собственного достоинства? Я представляла себе, какими горькими слезами зальюсь в момент, когда все будет кончено и я пойму, что больше не интересна ни ему, ни себе.

Важно было дожить до 20-го числа. Потом начинался период, который можно было считать «концом июля», то есть временем, на которое мы условились созвониться. Я боялась выходить из дому: «А вдруг он сам решит позвонить?» Наконец, я решилась звонить сама:

— Здравствуйте, это Лейла. — произнеся свое имя, я едва не умерла от унижения.

— Привет. Как у тебя дела?

— У меня все хорошо. А у вас?

— Да вот работаем, работаем по черному. Я говорил по твоему вопросу со своим выпускником, он сейчас в Российском кредите, он обещал что-нибудь подыскать.

Я пропустила это мимо ушей. Ни о какой работе с его помощью не могло идти и речи, пока я не разберусь, как этот человек представляет себе наши отношения.

— А-а… когда мне… приехать? — величество издыхало от унижения.

— Ну, я позвоню.

— Ну, я буду ждать.

— Хорошо.

Превратившись в законченную истеричку, я парила над телефоном словно коршун: не дай бох трубку снимет брат. Но как всегда бывает в таких случаях, когда он позвонил, трубку снял брат:

— Нет, вы не туда попали. — услышала я, галопом прибежав из кухни.

— Кто? — с замершим сердцем спросила я, когда он положил трубку.

— Алешу какого-то. — пожал он плечами.

— Ну, я же просила не брать трубку! — разревелась я.

— Да это не тебя! — испугался брат. — Пенсионер какой-то.

Достали меня все и вся!..

Я больше не могла выносить этого кошмара. Надо было ставить точку и пусть дело принимает любой оборот. Но уже был поздний вечер, следовательно, еще нужно было дожить до утра. Транквилизаторы оставались единственным спасением в таких случаях. На следующий день прямо с утра я позвонила Басову. Однако никто не взял трубку. Я звонила снова и снова, глотая транквилизаторы, но трубку так и не сняли. «Все кончено». — подумала я. Чтобы как то отвлечься на следующий день я уехала на книжную ярмарку и, по возвращении сделала контрольный звонок, хотя была уверена, что он больше не снимет трубку.

— А-а-а! Привет. — услышала я на свое удивление его раздраженный почти брезгливый голос. Так словно, он вдруг столкнулся с кем-то настолько отвратительным, что даже не считает нужным от него это скрывать. — Ну, как у тебя дела?

— У меня все хорошо. А у вас?

— Достали меня все и вся! — заорал Басов в трубку.

— Вы заняты?

— Да, я провожу совещание. Перезвонить через полчаса?

— Я буду ждать.

— Ну, давай.

Так и не дождавшись его звонка, через два с половиной часа я сама набрала ему.

— Да. — грозно рявкнул голос Басова в трубку.

— Александр Иванович, — с необыкновенной легкостью начала я заготовленную речь, — вы извините, что я опять вас беспокою, но я должна вам сказать, что я все-таки решила вернуться домой. Поэтому не стоит больше беспокоиться по поводу моей работы.

— А почему-у-у? — вдруг ласково заблеял голос Басова. — Тебе там будет лучше, да?

— Ну, я еще побуду здесь недельки две… — дала я ему последний шанс.

— Ну, я позвоню на следующей неделе. — усмехнулся Басов.

— Нет! — жестко отрезала я. Еще неделя этого ада? Ни за что на свете! — То есть, конечно, — вновь смягчился мой голос, — только по поводу работы я решила, как бы, окончательно, а поводу «позвоню» — с удовольствием!

— Хорошо. Счастливо! — издевательски слащаво напутствовал меня Басов.

Я нажала на рычаг и почувствовала, как огромный груз свалился с моей шеи. Величество было спасено, и на данный момент это бы-

ло главное. Нет, оно, конечно, пострадало и здорово пострадало — ведь от него отвернулся человек, которого оно глубоко уважало, и даже еще при этом посмеялся над ним. Но ничего страшного не произошло — и это было главное. В конечном итоге, мне было не в чем себя упрекнуть. Если он сам от меня отказался, значит, он меня не любит и значит, я тоже не буду его больше любить. Информация, которую я так хотела получить, теперь всецело в моих руках. Человек, который так откровенно надо мной издевается — это не тот лучезарный ученный в которого я была влюблена. Человек, который отказался от меня, только потому, что узнал, что мой папа не в правительстве — это не тот человек, которого я любила. Теперь то рвение, с которым я до сих пор завоевывала его любовь, я направлю на то, чтобы вытравить ее из сердца. Да, я все еще любила его, но его поведение ясно говорит о том, что это моя погибель. Ничего хорошего от контакта с ним ожидать не приходиться.
Нехотя, я улетела домой. Мне надо было переварить все произошедшее, осмыслить и решить, что делать дальше.

STAGE FOUR

Removal of Realisation of Ego in dean of my Moscow University's faculty. Deliberate humiliation of my Ego instead of Ego-protection. True Heroism of deliberate Blows on Ego in order to remove it.

T.L. Khugaeva Thinikashvili «Switch the current of your energy» (2008, 2023, ISBN 978-5-0050-8050-9)

Это продвинутая кафедра...
Прежде чем идти в академию, я набрала его номер телефона:
— Это продвинутая кафедра... — услышала я голос Басова, — алло? Алло?
Я повесила трубку. Он там, можно трогаться в путь. С бешено бьющимся сердцем, совершенно ошалев от напряжения, направилась я в академию. Вот та самая лестница, по которой я столько раз взбиралась к нему во сне. Бледная, как полотно, с холодными, мокрыми ладонями, медленно карабкалась я наверх. Вот какой-то мужчина спускается мне навстречу, обводит мою интригующую фигуру оценивающим взглядом.
— Время не подскажите? — обращаюсь я к нему, чтобы хоть как-то замедлить ход событий. Его почему-то смущает моя просьба,

но он охотно сообщает мне время, пряча предательскую улыбку на губах.

— Спасибо. — наблюдая за ним, словно во сне, произношу я жалобным голосом. «Он смутился? Я так хорошо выгляжу? Ну, что ж, надеюсь, все будет хорошо».

А вот и пятый этаж. Как быстро! Оттягивая решающий момент, я иду в обход, огибая коридор с другой стороны. Вынырнувшая из-за угла девушка стремительно стучит каблуками мне навстречу. Вдруг ее лицо расплывается в чуть насмешливой улыбке. Это Марина, его секретарь. Мы одновременно киваем друг другу.

— Привет.

— Привет. У вас там кто-нибудь есть?

— А что?

— Мне надо аттестат забрать. Я тогда не взяла.

Это чистая правда, и это был легальный предлог моего визита.

— А это не у нас. Это на третьем этаже.

— Хорошо. Спасибо.

— Пожалуйста. — и ее каблуки застучали прочь.

«На 3-м? Какое счастье! Мне надо на 3-й!. И я круто развернувшись, пошла вниз. Еще на некоторое время оттянута казнь моего величества, но это только усугубляет мои мучения. В поисках уединенного места для концентрации я захожу в туалет. Запершись в кабинке, собираюсь с духом. Не знаю, сколько времени ушло у меня на медитацию — не меньше часа, это все, что я могу сказать. Снова и снова перебирая в уме все те доводы, которые привели меня сюда, я искала в себе силы дойти до его проклятой двери и открыть ее.

«Если ты не сделаешь этого сейчас, то ни сделаешь уже никогда. Это твой единственный шанс восстановить душевное равновесие. Упустишь его, и ты пропала. Как я потом смогу уважать себя, если не смогла довести жизненно важное дело до конца? Не бойся его. Он — ничего, ноль, это только твои фантазии. Потом тебе все это будет просто смешно».

Отчаянно дернув шпингалет, я буквально побежала наверх. Нельзя дать себе время вновь засомневаться. Вот дверь, вот ручка, я вхожу. Басов стоял ко мне вполоборота и перебирал какие-то папки с документами. Он был не один. Какая-то незнакомая мне женщина помогала ему. Мне сразу бросилась в глаза его полнота: он явно набрал за эти два года. На звук хлопнувшей двери он не среагировал, продолжая увлеченно копаться в бумагах. Не в силах больше тянуть эту резину, я громко топчусь у порога, чтобы привлечь его внимание. Он медленно поворачивает голову ко мне и как-то очень неуверенно поднимает на меня глаза. В его взгляде нет ни

неожиданности, ни удивления. Он явно ждал моего визита: «Марина!» — подумала я.

— Сейчас, — как-то виновато обращается он ко мне. — Подожди минутку. Ты вернулась в Москву?

— Да. — произношу я не своими губами, чувствуя как окаменели мои почки, и, глубоко вздохнув, выхожу в коридор. Самое трудное было сделано, остальное дело техники.

Через несколько минут женщина покинула кабинет Басова. Он вышел вслед за ней и пригласил меня войти:

— Добрый день!

Я молчала, не в силах произнести ни звука. Достаточно, что после всех его оскорблений, я вновь была в его кабинете.

— Ну, что там у тебя? — ласково обхватил он меня за талию.

Я тебя вспоминал…

Мы встретились глазами, и какое-то время я не сводила с него испытывающего взгляда. Он моментально среагировал, сметив руку на низ живота.

— В общем, все дело в работе! — выпалила я, наконец, опершись на кресло и спрятав глаза в низко опущенной голове.

— А ты будешь ко мне приезжать?

— Да. — не поднимая головы подтвердила я.

— А ты девушка или женщина?

— Женщина!

— Точно?

— Да.

— А папа знает, что ты женщина?

— Он болен.

— Ну, он знает?

— Да не волнуйтесь вы!

— Что? — вдруг осекся Басов.

— Вот смотрите, я даже немножко модель. — и я вынула из сумки свое потфолио. Он с интересом разглядывал видневшийся из файла снимок. — Там много! — взяла я из его рук файл, чтобы показать все. Чтобы я, Хугаева Лейла, предлагала себя, показывая второсортные снимки, и униженно просила взамен работу!!! Я чувствовала, что справляюсь с поставленной задачей. Если он проглотит наживку, я буду спасена.

Мы их потом посмотрим. — испуганно озираясь на дверь, остановил меня Басов. Но он сделал это очень неловко, и фотографии рассыпались по полу. Не сдержавшись, он стал поднимать их и разглядывать. Теперь уже я его остановила, выхватив их из его рук и запихав обратно в сумку.

Пока все шло по плану. Он принимал мое поведение, как должное: не брякнулся в обморок и не кинулся мерить мне температуру.

— Ну, и кто этот счастливчик? — вдруг прижал он меня к себе. — Кто целует такую красавицу?

Я молчала, не понимая, зачем ему это понадобилось знать. Ревность? К той жалкой попрошайке, в роли которой я выступала? Мне трудно было в это поверить.

— А-а? — настаивал он. Но я так и не нашлась, что ответить. Подняв на него, наконец, глаза, я увидела, как его лицо, с зафиксированным на моих губах похотливым взглядом, томно поплыло на меня. И тут свершилось невероятное! В моей груди родился протест! Мне не хотелось его целовать. Мне не хотелось целовать Басова, о котором я мечтала последние три года точно! Вновь ощутив во рту его язык, я с трудом сдержалась, чтобы не оттолкнуть его: нужно было довести дело до конца.

— Хорошо. Я тебе позвоню. Напомни мне свой телефон. У тебя есть мои телефоны? Отлично.

— Ну, я пошла. — развернулась я к выходу.

— Подожди. Кто же так уходит?

Он вновь привлек меня к себе и поцеловал с прежней страстью.

— Ты прелесть. — нежно прошептал он, наконец, неохотно отстраняясь от меня. — Чем ты занималась?

— Я училась в аспирантуре. Но я больше не хочу учиться!

Он чему-то усмехнулся.

— Я устала. — отразила я во взгляде все страдания последних лет.

Он на мгновение задумался.

— Я тебя вспоминал… — наконец выдавил он из себя.

— Я тоже. — коротко отрезала я. Еще бы мне не вспоминать человека, который все это время был моей навязчивой идеей. Он вновь привлек меня к себе, но тут я взбунтовалась:

— Я до дома не доеду!

— Что?

Он вдруг развернулся и бодрым шагом пошел по направлению к своему телефону. Видимо, вызвать своего шофера.

— Ну, я пошла. — не поняла я его намерений, готовая к любому унижению. Басов остановился, поколебался с минуту и, наконец, махнул рукой:

— А-а! Давай, до встречи.

Ну, как ты? Жив здоров?..

Пьяная от захлестнувших меня эмоций, перемежая круговое проговаривание нашего разговора приступами нервного хохота, я спустилась в метро. И вновь моей насущной задачей было скрыть свое шо-

ковое состояние от попутчиков. И вновь мне это не удавалось: их любопытствующие, настороженные взгляды не раз задерживались на моем лице. Я же совершенно ошалела от одержанной победы над собой: все получалось, как нельзя лучше. Подумать только: мне был противен поцелуй Басова! Если все пойдет так и дальше, я убью сразу двух зайцев. Избавлюсь навсегда от его величества всесильного разума и найду источник настоящей силы: законы природы, управляющие психикой.

На этот раз Басов не рискнул откладывать дело в долгий ящик. Он знал по опыту, что лучше не испытывать мое терпение. Ровно через день, 31 августа 2000 года, в моей квартире раздался звонок:

— Лейла? — он впервые обращался ко мне по имени.

— Да. Это я.

— Ну, как ты? Жив здоров?

— Да. Спасибо.

— Какие у тебя планы на сегодня?

— Никаких.

— Сможешь подъехать вечером?

— Да, конечно.

— Ну, давай, где-то к пол шестому подходи.

— Да, хорошо.

— Ну, все. Договорились. Пока.

— До свидания.

Не чувствуя под собой ног, я вернулась в постель. Помимо всего прочего, этот эксперимент должен был стать моим первым половым опытом. До 3-х часов дня я не нашла в себе сил подняться с постели. Потом вскочила и принялась лихорадочно готовиться.

Как назло именно в тот момент я находилась в тяжелом денежном кризисе. Отец не любил финансировать мои поездки в Москву, а я жила на его средства и мне приходилось как-то выкручиваться. На тот момент у меня оставалась мелочь в кошельке, и я ждала со дня на день денежного перевода. Кольцо и цепочку я уже продала, оставался только маленький золотой крестик. Сорок рублей, вырученных за него в ломбарде, позволили мне довести дело до конца.

С ослабленными коленками, дрожащими конечностями, пошатываясь из стороны в сторону, и каждую минуту боясь грохнуться в обморок, пробиралась я сквозь толпы людей в метро. «Дорога широкая, а она меня толкает!» — жестко пихнула меня локтем какая-то женщина. Я извинилась, посмотрев в ее глаза такими замученными глазами, что она вдруг сразу осеклась. Никогда меня так не нервировал бешеный скрежет колес поездов и слепящий электрический свет

подземелья. Казалось, колеса стучат по рельсам моих нервов. Чтобы подавить острый приступ паники, я лихорадочно раскрыла припасенную специально для такого случая газету. Чувствуя, как звенит от напряжения каждый нерв, я теребила газету наслушавшимися руками. «Все будет хорошо! Все будет хорошо!» — успокаивала я свою перепуганную детскую душу. Мне страшно было вообразить, что будет представлять из себя секс с этим зрелым самцом, так воспламенившим меня своими страстными взглядами и ласковой фамильярностью.

Но вот путешествие по метрополитену, наконец, позади. Я предъявляю свой студенческий билет двухлетней давности охране на входе.

— Смотри-ка. Билет 98 года! Нельзя!

Я в панике кричу на них:

— Меня ждут. Мне назначили встречу. О чем вы говорите? Дайте мне позвонить. Меня ждет Басов.

— Звоните с метро.

Пошатываясь, я бегу обратно в метро. Мне нужно, во что бы то ни стало, попасть на эту встречу. Речь идет больше, чем о жизни и смерти: речь идет о научном эксперименте и эти знания могут пригодиться ни мне одной. И тут меня ждет сюрприз: жетонов для автоматов там нет, только карты, и самая дешевая из них стоит 60 рублей! А у меня на все про все 40! В поле моего зрения попадают девочки, о чем-то беспечно воркующие у одного из аппаратов.

— Сколько у вас минут на карте?

— Две.

— Вот вам 20 рублей, уступите их мне.

— Да как-то неудобно за две минуты двадцать рублей брать… — замялись они.

— Ну, берите десять.

— Ну, ладно, мы лучше двадцать. — хохочут они и удаляются.

— Алло, Александр Иванович?

— Да, да.

— Я приехала, а меня охрана не пускает!

— Ну-ка дай им трубочку.

— Я звоню с метро. Они мне даже позвонить не дали.

— Ты подходи. Я с ними поговорю.

Ну, я же не буду в тебя кончать…

С бешено колотящимся сердцем открыла я дверь и, сжавшись от страха, уставилась на Басова. Он в своей властной манере давал наставления какому-то парню, указывая на жалюзи. Мы встретились с парнем глазами, и я увидела, как его взгляд за стеклами очков вдруг остановился, а лицо вытянулось в состоянии абсолютного шока.

— Проходи, Лейла, проходи. — нахмурился Басов моему испуганному виду и, задержав на мне еще какое-то время подозрительный взгляд, повернулся вновь к парню. — Я сейчас отъеду. Тогда зайдешь в понедельник.

Но молодой человек его едва слышал. Он провожал мою удалявшуюся в глубь кабинета фигуру с тем же шокированным выражением лица. Басов настойчиво подталкивал парня, лишившегося дара речи, к выходу и, в конце концов, почти силком выставил его за дверь.

Брезгливая тревожность, написанная на моем лице, нервировала Басова.

— Я закрою дверь, чтоб нам не мешали? — осторожно осведомился он, боясь реакции протеста.

— Да, конечно.

Разжав мою вспотевшую руку, он с жадностью облизнул ладонь.

«Я же с улицы рук не мыла!» — в ужасе подумала я, радуясь, что это не я слизнула микробы. До меня не сразу дошло, что, поцеловав меня в следующее мгновение, он честно со мной ими поделился.

— Я не очень сведуща в этих вопросах. — оправдывалась я, все еще дрожа всем телом. — Я оставлю инициативу за вами.

— Н-нет! — грозно возразил Басов и потащил меня в свою таинственную комнатку в глубине кабинета.

— А как я поеду домой? — решительно остановила я его, понимая, что после такой нервной встряски мне не одолеть метро.

— Поедешь, как надо! — уверил меня Басов, готовый на все, лишь бы дойти на этот раз до конца. На меня пахнуло перегаром, и я поняла, что он принял для храбрости.

— А что, без презерватива? — секс ассоциировался у меня с понятием «безопасный».

— А ты не принесла? — осекся как-то Басов.

— Но я не знала.

— А почему ты спрашиваешь?

Говорить, что я за безопасный секс было как-то неловко.

— Я не хочу забеременеть.

— Ну, я же не буду в тебя кончать. — оскорблено передернул плечами Басов.

Я не очень поняла, что он имел в виду, слегка шокированная его жаргоном, но отступать было уже поздно.

— Я могу упасть в обморок.

— Ты теряешь сознание? Часто? Долго отходишь?

Вспоминая сейчас выражение лица Басова, я понимаю, что он был напуган, ну, может быть, чуть меньше меня.

— Да, нет. Просто для меня это все ново. Я нервничаю. Сейчас, я только привыкну...
— Выпьешь вина?
— Нет.
— Сначала секс? — деловито подошел он ко мне, все больше нервничая. — Дай лапки. Как ты больше любишь?

STAGE FIVE

Great Success of my Psychological experiment. Removal of realisation of my Ego from dean, destruction of Romance of Two pluses and Two Minuses. The end of obssession and Laughter on stupidity of Mask's of both Ego. Maslow's philosophical humor and Schelling's masks of Ego.

T.L. Khugaeva Thinikashvili «Switch the current of your energy» (2008, 2023, ISBN 978-5-0050-8050-9)

Вино французское?..
В жадности, с которой он разглядывал мое обнаженное тело, отчетливо просматривалось сдерживаемое годами желание. Я слепо подчинялась его инициативе, стараясь освоиться и собраться с силами. Нужно было преодолеть нервную дрожь и постараться отнестись к происходящему спокойно. Вскоре я уже была способна анализировать ситуацию. Басов явно нервничал, пытаясь скрыть свою неуверенность за маской мачо и большого босса, но чем больше он хмурился и задирал нос, тем меньше становилась его мужская сила. И это в то время, как я, воспитанная на описаниях пылких любовных сцен в романах и не менее горячих совокуплениях на экране, ожидала от этого зрелого соблазнителя неистощимой страсти и чудес любовной техники. Правда, он с лихвой компенсировал слабость потенции страстью поцелуев. Он с такой силой впивался в мой язык, что я боялась, что он его вырвет.
— Больно? — останавливал его мой вопль.
— Да.
И какое-то время он держал себя в руках. А потом все повторялось сначала.
— Вино французское? — отошел он к холодильнику и, развернувшись ко мне голым задом, стал разливать вино по бокалам.
— Не знаю. Я не разбираюсь.

— Как это? Человек с Кавказа и не разбирается в винах.

Мы сидели на видавшем виды небольшом, но уютном диванчике. Я смотрела на предусмотрительно разложенные на журнальном столике конфеты и фрукты, и думала, что не такого приема ожидала от большого босса. Вялая гроздь винограда стыдливо прикрывала пару неспелых персиков.

— Съешь конфетку. — протянул мне Басов шоколадку.

Я надкусила и положила обратно: несвежая и невкусная. Басов взял сразу две и демонстративно проглотил:

— Конфеты хорошие!

Я не стала возражать.

— Давай, я порежу тебе персик?

— Потом. Мне сейчас ничего не хочется.

И это тоже было чистой правдой. Если бы я съела хоть что-нибудь в этой комнате ужасов, мой перевозбужденный кишечник среагировал бы смертельной коликой.

А вот вино оказалось по-настоящему хорошим. Никогда раньше я не пила такого вкусного вина. Я сидела с бокалом в руке и не сводила пьяных от счастья глаз с обмякшей фигуры Басова. Нервно хохоча, я думала о том, что одержала сногсшибательную победу. Все получалось, как нельзя лучше: образ великодушного всесильного ученного таял на глазах, унося с собой последние остатки моей влюбленности.

— Много не пей! — злился Басов на торжествующие огоньки в моих глазах. — Пьяной быть не надо! — отчеканивая каждое слово, строго выговаривал он мне. — Пьяной быть не надо! Хватит, что я поддатый. — усмехнулся он в конце.

— Это не много. — залилась я еще более счастливым смехом.

Ты думала все будет супер-пупер?..

— Это я виноват. — наконец собравшись с духом, заговорил Басов о своем бессилие. Я вспомнила, как читала у Ремарка, что мужчинам всегда больно в таких случаях, и мне вдруг, неожиданно для себя самой, стало его жаль.

— Да, нет. Это я виновата, я знаю. — с готовностью взяла я вину на себя.

— Ну, вообще, — окончательно взбесился Басов. — в таких случаях всегда виноваты оба!

Меня поразил его резкий тон.

— Да, нет. Просто я нервничаю. А когда я нервничаю, я сильно нервничаю! — отразила я на своем лице весь свой внутренний ажиотаж, понимая, что только моя неуверенность успокоит его уязвленное самолюбие. — Это передается.

— Ну, что? Ты думала все будет супер-пупер? — не мог Басов понять о каких нервах идет речь.
— Все супер-пупер!!! — от всей души уверила я чему-то вдруг громко расхохотавшегося Басова. — Правда! Все очень хорошо! Вы не переживайте по этому поводу! Просто-о… Не хочу говорить…
— Ну, скажи-и-и… — умоляюще заблеял Басов.
— Я ведь в вас сильно влюбилась по началу.
— Почему?!
— Не знаю.
— Почему сразу не сказала? Я бы не стал с тобой ничего иметь.
— Почему?
— Ну, как это говориться. Чтобы не ломать тебе судьбу.
«Кто тебе позволит сломать мне судьбу?» — подумала тогда я.
— Да вы не волнуйтесь. Я все равно не собираюсь выходить замуж.
— Ну, ведь когда-нибудь придется?
— Не знаю. Не думаю. А вы вообще верите в такое дело как любовь?
На лице Басова отразились титанические усилия сохранить серьезное выражение лица, а глаза засветились от еле сдерживаемого веселья.
— Верю. — кивнул он мне.
— А вы думаете, за что люди любят друг друга? — продолжала я лечиться его пренебрежением.
— Вообще это сложный вопрос. — по прежнему, борясь с собой, осторожно подбирал слова Басов. — Кто-то любит за достоинства, а кто-то за пороки и недостатки.
— А вы себя к какой категории относите?
Тут Басов не нашелся, что ответить: сказать за достоинства, значит сказать, что его недостойное поведение любить не надо, сказать за пороки, значит обозвать собственное поведение порочным.
— Я думаю ко второй. — пришла я к нему на помощь.
— Нет, почему. — разоблачено усмехнулся Басов. — Я люблю и за достоинства. Но ведь нравиться же многим грубость.
— Я бы никогда не смогла полюбить человека за грубость.
— Но грубость же бывает ласковая.
— Да, я бы охарактеризовала так ваше поведение иногда. — вспомнила я каким бальзамом на душу ложилась его фамильярность, когда я еще считала, что он желает мне добра.
— А что касается меня, то я и не знаю, что думать о любви. — наивно округлила я глаза. — Вообще бывало и довольно сильно… — я говорила об этом так просто, словно эта ерунда никогда и не ставила меня на грань истерики.
— Да ты еще совсем маленький! — не выдержал, наконец, Басов и, давая волю душившему его смеху, обнял меня. — Все у тебя

будет хорошо! — он встал и отошел к холодильнику за бутылкой вина.

«Можешь не сомневаться!» — подумала я, со страхом оглядывая его грузное тело.

— А вы знаете, что забеременеть можно и без, ну, как это называется, эякуляции? Я в «Здоровье» читала.

— У меня еще ни одна женщина…

— Но я же особенная.

— Я знаю! — сказал Басов с таким видом, словно хотел предупредить, что принял все меры предосторожности против этой моей опасной особенности.

— Уникальная, как вы говорите.

— Ты сейчас не беременна?

— Думаете, я хочу вас «подловить»? — вложив в интонацию всю брезгливость, которую вызывало во мне это предположение, с насмешкой парировала я. Он и представить себе не мог, какую тонкую игру вела с ним я.

— Да, нет. — оскорбился Басов моей брезгливости, — просто когда я целовал твою грудь, мне показалось…

Я не представляла себе, каким образом эта процедура могла его информировать, но продолжать развивать эту тему, у меня не было ни малейшего желания. Я и так чувствовала себя настоящим героем, запросто обсуждая темы, с которыми только что, впервые соприкоснулась.

— Ты уже была взрослая, когда я тебя увидел? — с особенным чувством перебил меня Басов.

— Нет. Это уже потом, когда я уехала…

Басов все ниже опускал голову.

Теперь мне с трудом верилось, что у этого незнакомого мне человека и впрямь могли быть чувства ко мне.

— Ты где? — вывел меня из задумчивости Басов.

— Нигде. Я люблю иногда уходить.

— В кого?

Мне всегда казалась странной эта зацикленность мужчин друг на друге. Им всегда кажется, что их соперник другой мужчина. Ничего подобного. Нам с Басовым мешали два совершенно других фактора: разные природные данные и отсутствие знаний о закономерностях психики. Тогда же я его ненавидела за мелкий эгоизм, которого не могла понять и потому простить.

— В себя. — честно призналась я. — Вы себя любите? Мне, кажется, вы очень себя любите?

— Да нет. — его глаза, как всегда, когда он врал, вдруг округлились

и стали стеклянными, — так словно из них ушла жизнь. — Я не эгоист.

«Да, ты альтруист, чего там говорить», — думала я ласково улыбаясь в ответ.

Запала ты мне в душу...

— А я думал, где ты? С кем ты? — опять вернулась жизнь в его глаза, которые вдруг наполнились такой искренней печалью и грустью, что я невольно вспомнила, как тешила себя мыслью о его страданиях по мне. — Думал, выдали тебя замуж.

— Почему? — теперь я не могла этого понять.

— Не знаю. — болезненно прищурился Басов, опуская голову. — Девчонка девчонкой. Запала ты мне в душу.

Как я узнавала его! Не знает! Выходит, я ничем не отличилась? Но я продолжала улыбаться.

— Папа зашел твой. Выручи, говорит, переведи. Замучила меня дочь, совсем. Ну, я думаю, помогу ребенку. А когда я девушку увидел! — покачал Басов головой в восхищении. — Думаю, кому такое достанется?

Меня опять передернуло: ***Кому такое достанется!***

— А когда я тебя поцеловал... — покачал головой Басов, отразив во взгляде страдание.

Надо же, ему и впрямь тоже было больно.

— А потом я смотрел, как ты где-нибудь в коридорчике стоишь с тетрадкой...

— А я заметила.

— Заметила?! — чему-то страшно удивился Басов. — Мой взгляд заметила?!

— Да. Потом уже сама стала фантазировать.

Он в недоумении передернул плечами: «Не может быть! — говорило его лицо. — Мой взгляд невозможно было заметить». Интересно, если такой пожирающий взгляд невозможно заметить, то какой тогда можно?

— У меня ведь лежит твое резюме. — продолжал Басов признаваться в любви. — Я недавно чистил сейф. Все выбросил, а его оставил. Думал: «Будет в Москве, сообразит зайти?» Там еще телефончик есть. — хихикнул он под конец.

Я вспоминала, с каким чувством представляла себе, что он хранит мое резюме. И вот он мне признается, а мне все равно. Я даже не могу теперь понять, зачем ему это нужно было.

— Я вообще больше никогда не хотела приходить, но я не смогла... Басов опять нервно вздрогнул, уловив нотки сильной привязанности, и насторожился, готовый открещиваться от меня до седьмого пота.

Бедная девочка...

— А у меня дочь недавно в академию поступила. — решил он расставить точки над «и».

— У вас есть дочь?

— Да-а. — растаяв от умиления, промычал Басов.

— На вас похожа. Блондинка?

— Нет, она русая.

— Ну, да.

— Похожа, да. Мне тут говорят: «Не откажешься!» — засмеялся он.

— Она не знает что такое четверка! — вдруг опять остекленели его глаза, и я поняла, что это очередная атака на меня. Он и здесь не хотел давать мне преимущества. По математикам и на кризисных сессиях мне ставили четверки. — Она и на вступительных экзаменах получила все пятерки.

— Ой! — не выдержала я. — Сама поступила!

Зеленые глаза лезли из орбит от наигранного непонимания.

— Конечно! Все сама. У нее такой характер! Она у меня такая: лучше на экзамен не пойдет, чем четверку получит.

Мало того, что он заговорил о своей семье, указывая мне мое место, он еще хочет лишить мою гордость последнего оплота: веры в свою одаренность и твердость характера.

— У вас только дочь?

— Нет. — вновь разомлел Басов. — У меня еще сын есть. Он мне сегодня звонил: «Па! Привет!» Довольный такой. Мы же с ним почти не видимся. Когда он приходит, я уже сплю, когда я ухожу, он уже спит. А он у меня такой! Ему везде надо быть первым. Я-то еще както с возрастом. Пришлось его в 8-м классе воспитывать.

— А чем он занимается?

— Он тоже в академии учиться.

— А чего вы их обоих сюда?

И вновь оборона из стекла невинности в глазах.

— Да, они сами захотели.

— Тоже отличник?

— Не-е-ет, — махнул он рукой. — Тут он не в меня. Я был Ленинским стипендиатом. — смущаясь собственной исключительности, качал головой Басов.

Мне становилось ясно, насколько его задели мои успехи в учебе.

— А кто из них на вас больше похож по характеру?

— Сын добрее, а я до-о-обрый. — все не мог намиловаться на себя Басов, скромно опустив глаза долу. — Дочь на экзамене спросили: «Ты декана дочь?» Она говорит: «Да». А они ей: «Бедная девочка!»

Здесь я не выдержала и от души расхохоталась: «Точно!»

— Тише! — остановил меня Басов. — Они думают, если я тут бездельников гоняю, то я и дома, с ребенком, буду… А вообще характер у меня конечно сложный. Тут говорят Басов ни под кого не стелиться. У Ольги (Гришиной) сначала спрашивают, в каком я настроении. Если она говорит «нормально» — заходят, а если брови домиком, то боятся.

Здесь он брал реванш за мой характер и доброту. Он не только ленинский стипендиат, с дочерью отличницей и сыном мачо, но еще и самый хороший и самый не подкупный.

— Ну, Гришина вас, конечно, хорошо знает.

Он нервно дернул рукой, и маска безразличия мгновенно застыла на его лице.

— Да мы вместе учились. Я ее тогда и не замечал даже. Потом она ко мне пришла.

— Значит, у вас веселая жизнь. — подытожила я наш диалог. — Двое взрослых детей.

— Да-а! — все не подымал на меня глаз Басов из особенной скромности. — У меня жена никогда не работала. Хоть было кому детьми заниматься.

Так. Вот и до жены дело дошло. Было что-то особенно унизительное в этом обсуждении его домочадцев, но именно это и должно было ему нравиться.

Дед давал девушкам французские романы читать…

— Мои родители надумали разводиться, когда я был совсем маленький. Хорошо, что додумались отвезти меня к бабушке. Я ведь один в семье.

— Вы один в семье? — я вспомнила сколько лестного читала в своих книжках по психологии о таких маленьких тиранах.

— Да-а. А родители у меня из Твери.

Они не москвичи?

— Не-ет. И говорят у нас дворянский род. — распирало Басова от гордости. — Мой дед книжки собирал, у него была целая библиотека.

— Ваш дед ученный?

— Крестьянин. — с достоинством поправил меня Басов. — Он давал там девушкам читать французские романы.

— Читала я эту гадость. — не выдержала я.

— А вы в Москве родились?

— Да, я уже в Москве.

— А вам не доводится актер Басов? — продолжала я развеивать свои детские мечты.

— Нет. — Басов еле сдерживал веселье, блестевшее у него в глазах.

— Есть такой ученый, психолог Басов. А он?
— Нет.
Пока мы болтали, потенция Басова все убывала. К этому моменту его тело не выдавало уже ни малейших признаков возбуждения.
— У меня всегда так с новой женщиной.
Он и здесь не хотел делать мне исключений.
— Наверное, это у всех так. — посчитала я своим долгом поддержать его. — Пока люди притрутся…
Он как-то странно на меня посмотрел, не совсем понимая, что именно я имела в виду. В следующее мгновение он привлек меня к себе и уже в который раз принялся жадно целовать.
— Когда я вспоминала этот поцелуй, у меня все жгло внутри! — расталась я с последней интимной подробностью своей любви к нему. В ответ, он только плотнее прижал меня к себе.
— Давай, полежим. — и потеснив меня в глубь дивана, он прилег с краю и положил мне голову на грудь. — А ты голая еще красивее!
Я засмеялась.
— Правда!
— Это я просто похудела вовремя! — смеялась я, довольная ходом событий. — Мне ведь надо было готовиться к фотосессии. Но голой я не снималась. Голой я не снималась.
— Кто тебя снимал?
— Види Вичи.
— Нет. *Кто* тебя снимал?
— Фотограф. — поразил меня его вопрос. «Ревность?»
— Кто тебя туда заманил?
«Ты!» — подумала я.
— Я сама пошла. Просто интересно: модель, модель.
Он не стал развивать эту тему. Видимо, такой деловой подход к торговле своей внешностью задевал его собственнические чувства.
— А почему ты про презерватив спросила? — с затаенной в голосе болью поинтересовался он. — Кому не доверяешь: мне или себе?
Каждый его вопрос оказывался очередным ребусом для меня. Он не представлял себе, с кем разговаривает. Мой опыт ограничивался парой порнофильмов и статьями в медицинских журналах. На этот раз я так и не сообразила, чего он от меня хотел. Причем тут доверие? Бох его знает!
Человек, о близости с которым я мечтала последние 4 года, лежал рядом, обнаженный, млеющий от нежности ко мне, а я ничего не чувствовала! Ничего! Ни желания, ни неприязни. Мне было абсолютно все равно. Как если бы я лежала рядом ни с мужчиной своей мечты, а с бревном или с манекеном. Я видела перед собой большо-

го, эгоистичного, глупого ребенка, и в моем сердце зарождалась новая нежность, уже более земная и умеренная. Такую нежность можно легко подавить в себе при надобности, и она не станет помехой для дальнейшей жизни. Теперь, мне казались верхом странности мои прежние ассоциации с ним: моя жизнь, мое сердце, моя кровь. Если бы я и стала величать его ласковыми прозвищами, то это было бы что-то вроде «мой маленький гаденыш», и эти мысли чрезвычайно веселили и забавляли меня.

Я смотрела, как он силился не пропустить момент наибольшего возбуждения и хлопотливо кружил вокруг меня, надеясь, что на этот раз все получится.

— Так, кажется есть. Давай, давай!

— Хороший мой! Родной мой! — вторила ему я.

Однако, эти мои слова убили остатки его возбуждения. Медленно подняв на меня голову и заглянув в глаза, он вдруг совсем сник и завалился на свое прежнее место с краю.

— Хохотунка!

— Смех продлевает жизнь! — мне уже было по настоящему весело.

— Серьезно. — заглянул мне в глаза Басов. — А я вообще редко смеюсь.

— Ну, со мной вы вроде неплохо смеетесь.

— Разве что над собой? — каждый раз привставая, чтобы не терять визуального контакта, насмешливо произнес он.

Я уже поняла, что от моего сочувствия ему только больнее, и не стала ничего отвечать. Мы помолчали. Затем он схватил мою ладонь и потащил на себя.

— Ну-у! — запротестовала я. — У меня руки вспотели.

Но он только с еще большим чувством смахнул с ладони лишнюю влагу языком, а затем стал пристально ее изучать.

— Вы что хиромант? — спросила я не без иронии.

— Да вон там все видно. — отпустил Басов мою кисть. — Там бугорочки всякие…

Я так и знала. Он сразу рассекретил мой бугор честолюбия. Этот бугор, расположенный под указательным пальцем, и впрямь горой возвышается на моей ладони.

Удостоверившись, что я спокойно принимаю мысль о его женатом статусе и не напрашиваюсь в жены, по крайней мере открыто, он решил дать волю своим собственническим чувствам и подогреть во мне гаснущее пламя любви.

— Носик, глазик, лобик, губки, — сюсюкал Басов, покрывая мое лицо поцелуями. — Ты еще нервничаешь? — посмотрел он мне в глаза.

— Немножко. Ну, чего? — сморщилась я под его торжествующим взглядом.

— Любуюсь! — вновь устроился на моем плече Басов. «А все-таки я тебя взял!» — говорили его сверкающие триумфом глаза. — А мне стало грустно, когда ты позвонила и сказала, что уезжаешь. — совсем разомлел от нежности Басов, продолжая дурачится и наивно округлив глаза.

— Да, потому вы сразу сказали «счастливо»! — устало отмахнулась я. — А может, у меня люди были?

Но мне его логика любви тогда понятна не была. Я даже не чувствовала, что эта его нежность и есть самая искренняя любовь, на которую он способен. Я расценивала эту нежность только как радость на мое унижение, на одержанную победу, и потому продолжала ненавидеть его в глубине души.

— Вам не могло стать грустно. — жестко парировала я. — Чтобы вам стало грустно, вы должны были меня знать! А вы меня не знали. Можно согласиться?

В глазах Басова отразилось недоумение. Он неуверенно покачал головой и задумался, очередной раз просчитавшись с моей реакцией.

— Вкусная, сладкая! — целовал он меня.

— Ну, почему, почему? — Возродилось вдруг и мое желание услышать горячее признание в любви.

— Не знаю. — вернул меня Басов на грешную землю. — Шоколадков ты не ела.

У меня таких малышек нет…

Мы рассмеялись, и тема была закрыта. Я нежно пригладила его русые с проседью волосы на уже порядочно облысевшей голове. Я так давно мечтала это сделать. Басов нервно вскинул голову, задетый этой лаской до глубины души. «Ты издеваешься?» — говорили его глаза.

— У меня от вашей воды весь волос выпал. — поспешила я переменить тему.

— Московской? — сел Басов от пережитого стресса. — У моего деда была пышная шевелюра. Я вообще считаю, что человечество деградирует.

Так считают все романтики. Они любят восхищаться временами, когда претендовать на всесилие было не смешно, не понимая, что именно эта претензия и уничтожила их.

— Порезать тебе персик?

— Я не хочу есть. — коротко отрезала я, не желая рисковать. Я тоже села и, плотно обхватив коленки руками, уставилась перед собой.

Басов больше не стал мне ничего предлагать.

— Да ты просто маленькая. — вновь вспомнил он о своем поражении. — У меня таких малышек нет.

— А может все дело в том, что мы на «вы»? — не давала, в свою очередь, покоя мне моя навязчивая идея. — Может, попробуем на «ты»?

Воистину дурацкий вопрос. И Басов ответил на него соответственно. Он встал и развернувшись ко мне голым задом с усмешкой уронил голову на грудь.

— Или не стоит? — вновь показали мне мое место.

— Да я просто перегорел. — вернулся Басов на диван. — Я тебя так хотел…

Я не очень понимала, почему ему так важно оправдаться за это вполне понятное следствие напряженных нервов, но как могла старалась облегчить его участь. Я скромно сидела на краю дивана, сжавшись в комок и не глядя в его сторону. Он еще надеялся, что у него все наладится, и не отпускал меня.

— Давай еще полежим. — вновь потеснил он меня вглубь дивана.

— Кажется, я хочу в туалет.

— Ну, иди, иди, иди. — заулыбался он в ответ, и уже громко хихикнул: — Только ведь для этого надо одеться!

— Мои штаны помялись! — с укоризной посмотрела я на Басова, который небрежно закинул их на спинку стула.

— Что это за штаны! — прикрикнул он на меня в ответ. — На свидание надо ходить в немнущейся юбке.

«На свидание?!» — порезала меня эта фраза.

— Ну, я не знала… — в который раз ссылалась я на свою неопытность. — Думаю, я тут с вами быстро всему научусь! — уже со злостью добавила я, рассердившись на критику моих уже прилично поношенных штанов.

Он виновато промолчал, не смея поднимать на меня глаз.

Кстати, пишу я мало…

Я направилась к его стеллажу с книгами. Он меня не разочаровал: его библиотеку можно было пересчитать на пальцах одной руки.

— Что вы читаете?

— Что ты имеешь в виду?

— У меня есть такая книжка! — вдруг заметила «Рынок ценных бумаг», где он значился вторым редактором. — Я ее купила только потому, что она была ваша. Она мне не была нужна. Я ее купила только потому, что она была ваша. — радостно прощалась я со своей большой и горькой любовью.

Обиженно вытянувшееся лицо Басова выдавало недовольство моим разочарованным тоном.

— У меня еще одна вышла. — подошел он к стеллажу и достал близнеца-брата первой. Даже тема мало поменялась: «Биржевое дело». И там он тоже значился вторым редактором.

— А вы плодовитый! — поддержала я его.

— Кстати пишу я мало. — с достоинством поправил меня Басов. — Редактировать редактирую, а пишу мало.

Я тебе не дам на свидания бегать…

— Вы смотрите сериалы? — переменила я тему, указывая на предусмотрительно включенный в кабинете телевизор.

— Нет. — серьезно ответил он мне.

— А я смотрю. Только один, главный.

— Интересно, какой там главный? Вот слышишь, что в твоем любимом сериале говорят: выбрасывать беременных девушек из джипа! — загоготал Басов. Такого рода шутки он понимал и любил. — Разве беременные девушки бывают?

— В джипе? — намеренно не поняла я.

— Да, нет. Вообще.

— Вообще мы с вами долго обсуждали вопрос о девушках и женщинах! — разозлилась я.

Басов от души расхохотался, а потом вдруг серьезно заметил:

— Я тебе не дам на свидания бегать. Я скажу, чтобы тебя как следует загрузили работой.

Атас! Человек женатый, собирается спать со мной за содействие в поисках работы и еще не хочет, чтобы я постаралась как-то наладить свою личную жизнь!

— А кстати, как? — развернулась я к нему.

— А как ты сама хочешь?

— Я за свободу!

— Что? Сегодня один? Завтра другой?

— Нет. Я за свободу в принципе.

Басов задержал на мне оскорбленный, озлобленный взгляд и затем резко развернулся ко мне спиной, давая понять, что если я собираюсь продолжать в том же духе, то добра с его стороны мне ждать не приходиться.

Провожая меня минуту спустя до двери, он заботливо повесил мне на плечо сумку:

— Счастливо, моя хорошая!

Не надо было быть гением, чтобы догадаться, что он хочет меня выпроводить окончательно. Это никак не входило в мои планы: я не чувствовала в себе сил добираться до дому самостоятельно.

— Я так поняла, я совсем ухожу? — с вызовом крикнула я вслед его удаляющейся вглубь кабинета фигуре.

— Нет, ты возвращаешься! — испугавшись расстроить так и не законченное им дело, с чувством развернулся на меня Басов.

Когда я вернулась, он стоял у зеркала и, явно любуясь на свое отражение, приглаживал волосы.

— Какой вы красивый! — кокетливо произнесла я то, что он хотел услышать. Он обвел мою приближающуюся фигуру оценивающим взглядом и, вдруг, крепко меня обнял.

— Ай! — успела вскрикнуть я, болтая ногами в воздухе.

Я вон думал тебя на государеву службу устроить...

Я вновь уселась на диване в ожидании машины.

— Куда бы тебя теперь? — деловито расхаживал передо мной Басов. — Ты у нас осетинка?

— Нет.

— Нет?

— Нет. У меня отец осетин, мать грузинка.

— Мать грузинка?

— Да. И еще у меня прописка московская.

— Прописка московская?

— Да.

— Ну, тогда легче будет. Временно, ладно? Мы тебя пока временно устроим. Ты не переживай! Я подыщу тебе позже что-нибудь более подходящее.

«Ну, начинается. — подумала я. — А если бы мне и впрямь нужна была работа и я сказала бы: нет, давай сейчас подходящую. Что бы это изменило?»

— А у кого ты прописана?

— У брата. Ему отец двухкомнатную квартиру купил. — теперь я знала, что такие суммы далеко не пустяк для него.

— А-а. — деланное равнодушие в который раз убеждало меня в справедливости моего нового подхода.

— Но я хочу снять квартиру.

Басов усмехнулся и спрятал глаза в пол.

— А что тебе там плохо?

— Ну, это не моя квартира. Да и я уже взрослая и мне нужна свобода. Я все еще плохо представляла себе, с кем разговаривала.

— Так тебе работа не сразу нужна?

— Сразу. Мне деньги нужны.

Я намеренно заговорила о деньгах, чтобы сломать в себе все еще теплящуюся веру в неприличность этой темы.

— А как ты снимешь квартиру, если у тебя нет денег?

— Ну что? Мне вон предлагали 450 долларов в банке. Квартира стоит 250.

— А как ты будешь жить на 200?
«Как я буду жить на 200? До сих пор я обходилась 150 — ю и меньше».
— Ну, поживу пока на 200.
— Папа говорил, он председателем колхоза работал… — Басову все не давала покоя должность моего отца.
— Нет. Последние 7 лет он был заместителем министра сельского хозяйства. — уверенно возразила я, зная теперь насколько для него это значимо. Наверняка, тихо ликовал при мысли, что вдоволь наигрался с дочерью министра.
— А-а- а! — та же маска нарочитого равнодушия.
— А что с ним. Ты сказала, он болен.
— Ему здесь Акчурин шунтирование делал.
Это Басова добило. Та же операция и у того же хирурга, что и у экспрезидента!
— Цок-цок-цок! — громко выразил он свое сочувствие. — Он же ко мне заходил.
— Когда? — испугалась я, что не все знаю.
— Ну, тогда, когда о переводе договаривался.
— А-а. — выдохнула я с облегчением.
— Я, говорит, тебе белого коня подарю. Я ему говорю: не надо мне никакого коня. А он мне: «Почему не надо? Лужкову же подарили». «Так теперь он хочет сказать, что я ему должна. Ни фига. Он договаривался не со мной, и лично я у него ничего не просила. Я все сделала сама».
— У меня, говорит, дочь ненормальная. — он остановился, ожидая моей реакции.
«И это все, что тебе отец обо мне рассказал?»
— Просто мне трудно жить на Кавказе. Обычаи, традиции…
— А что плохого в традициях?
— Для творческого человека — все. Они тормозят развитие. Выйти в 17 лет замуж и забыть обо всем, кроме пеленок — я от такой перспективы чуть с ума не сошла!
Басов расхохотался. «А говорит, что редко смеется» — опять подумала я.
— Я сказала: «Я еду в Москву, покорять столицу!»
Вздрогнувшее плечо Басова дало мне понять, что мне это вполне удалось.
— Я вон думал тебя на государеву службу устроить… — деловито добавил он. — но там мало платят…
— Ну, это смотря на какой государевой службе. — возразила я, направляя разговор в русло, настолько дорогое его сердцу.

Ну, давай, я куплю тебе фотостудию!..

— Моя дочь тоже мне недавно заявила: «Если там не будет домработницы, я замуж не пойду!» — с видимой гордостью процитировал Басов свое чадо.

— Ну и правильно! Если она с характером…

— Она с характером! — с чувством перебил меня Басов.

— …то она итак не сможет сидеть дома.

— Почему? Если она удачно выйдет замуж?

— Ну и что? Как можно жить без работы?

— Многим нравиться. — защищал Басов пассивных женщин. — Растить детей, наблюдать за их первыми шагами, словами. А вообще она ведь у меня уже вышла в банк работать. Приносит домой эти копейки… — с блестящими от радости глазами нарочито небрежным тоном хвастался Басов. — Она любит фотографировать. Ну я ей говорю: «Ну, давай, я куплю тебе фотостудию!» А диплом пусть лежит, пригодится.

Это постоянное противопоставление мне своей дочери жгло мне внутренности каленым железом. Я, со всеми своими хваленными способностями, сижу на его потертом диване, униженно предлагая себя в обмен на работу, а он рассказывает мне, какая у него необыкновенная дочь!

— А что у вас дома нет домработницы?

— Нет! — наивно округлилось зеленое стекло его глаз. — Все жена.

— Обслужить трех взрослых людей!

— Так она же у меня никогда не работала! Вот только сейчас вышла, когда дети подросли.

— Ну, правильно. Зачем ей работать, если вы работаете?

Глаза Басова неуверенно забегали.

— Да я же не только здесь работаю! — наконец сориентировался он. — У меня центр там, центр здесь!

— Но в основном вы находитесь в академии.

— Все здесь. Связь по телефону. Я вызываю управляющих для переговоров, если нужно бывает.

«Пиздешь!» — думала я, веселясь от всей души.

Да я тогда всю академию упишу!..

— У вас так много работы на практике. Как вы еще успеваете заниматься теорией?

В который раз Басов озадаченно уставился на меня. Мне, человеку, который не понаслышке знает, что такое интеллектуальный труд, было хорошо известно, что в таких условиях ни о какой научной работе не могло идти и речи.

— Сейчас же новый метод применяют. — авторитетно проинформиро-

вал меня Басов в конечном итоге. — Диктуешь секретарше свои мысли, а она потом из этих самых твоих мыслей все сама за тебя пишет.
— Какой удобный метод. Вам надо так и поступить.
Опять поиск русла для вранья и наконец реакция:
— Ха! Да я тогда всю академию упишу!
«Куда уехал цирк?»
— Я вообще не могу долго без работы. Я ведь только два последних года брал отпуск, а до тех пор никогда.
— Значит, пока меня не было, вы отдыхали?
— Уже два года прошло?
— Да, я закончила в 98.
— А я как-то за работой и не заметил, как время пролетело. — он и впрямь выглядел удивленным. — Я вот уезжал в отпуск. Выдержал там всего 8 дней и вернулся в Москву. И то, когда уезжал, дотянул до самого последнего момента. Прямо с работы на вокзал поехал. Шофер еще успел закинуть мои вещи в эсвэшный вагон. Я ехал на 12 дней, а вернулся через 8.
— Почему? Вам там не понравилось?
— Да нет! Что ты! Там такая природа! Как это говорят: хоть на воздух на хлеб мажь и ешь. Сам не знаю, почему. — он недоуменно пожал плечами. — У моего друга вилла в Испании. Думаю на следующий год к нему поехать.
— У вас хорошая пора: когда уже много удобных знакомых.
— Да нет. Не поэтому — оправдывался Басов. — Просто, мы вместе учились. Я, как это говорится, без комплексов.
«Когда же он вызовет свою машину?» — устало думала я, полуприкрыв глаза. Мощнейшее нервное напряжение, которого мне стоил этот визит, совершенно обесточило меня. Я прилегла, опершись на локоть и ожидая развязки.
— А вы вообще как спите?
— Вообще хорошо! — и он удовлетворенно рассмеялся.
«Редко смеется? Чепуха!»
— Это хорошо!
— Просто я очень устаю. — деловито пожаловался Басов, намекая на свою титаническую занятость.
— Это хорошо! — не купилась я, как всегда.
Еще один приступ смеха.
— Завтра мы встретиться не сможем. Первое сентября. Здесь будет большой праздник. В субботу увидимся?
— Не-е-ет! — в ужасе отмахнулась я. Второй такой стресс мог стать для меня последним. — Давайте на следующей неделе. Мне надо это все переварить.

— Перевари правильно! — с силой обнял меня Басов, до смерти боясь, что я больше не приду и не дам ему завершить начатое. — Просто у меня был очень загруженный день. Столько людей. Я как выжатый лимон.

Он все еще надеялся, что эта его осечка результат недоразумения и ему удастся наладить со мной такие же отношения, как и с прочими. Вскоре ему придется отказаться от этой мысли.

«Он опять о своей потенции? Далась она ему!»

— Да все нормально. Просто для меня это все ново.

— А что у тебя здесь никого не было?

— Но я ведь заучилась. У меня не было на это ни сил, ни времени.

Сразу было видно человека, не имеющего ни малейшего представления о серьезной умственной нагрузке.

— А-а! Это когда ты там что-то сдала? — почти брезгливая небрежность в голосе.

— Я сдала 4 высшие математики за месяц! — не выдержала я.

— А что у вас там не было математики? — осекся Басов. — А кому ты сдавала?

— Шершневу.

— Шершнев очень строго принимает. Все досконально спрашивает — Он мне сразу ставил. *Четверки*.

— А-а-а! — упал голос Басова.

— Я брала неделю на экзамен. — вспомнила я свои мучения.

— Умненькая девочка. — засюсюкал Басов, и принялся меня целовать.

— Я была под конец, как это вы говорите, как выжатый лимон. То на сессию приехала, то 4 математики, то досрочная сдача.

Если сам себя не похвалишь, Басов тебя никогда не похвалит. В лучшем случае обзовет ненормальной, пионеркой или умненькой девочкой. Не смея возражать, он сидел смиренно потупив глаза.

А почему бы мне самому здесь не целоваться?..

— А куда эта дверь ведет? — указала я на дверцу в его потаенной комнатке.

— Эта? В коридор. Этот угол ведь сначала не был частью моего кабинета. Это был коридор. А потом я как-то иду, а в этом углу молодежь целуется. И я подумал: «А почему бы мне самому здесь не целоваться?» — от души расхохотался Басов. — Что называется, творчески подошел к вопросу! И потом, когда ремонт делали, я ее присоединил к кабинету. А дверь сделал, чтобы девушку выпустить, если надо будет. — хихикнул он.

— А ремонт давно делали?

— Так я же здесь не всегда работал. У меня был свой институт, я в другом корпусе находился. Они меня сюда тащили: открой, говорят, нам институт финансов.

— Так это ваше детище?

— Да, конечно. Я иногда хожу на «госы», смотрю уровень студентов.

— Вам нравится, когда у студентов хороший уровень? Я думала, вам не нравится. Когда я что-то сдавала, вы меня обычно называли пионеркой.

Басов рассмеялся, вспомнив о тяготах по соблазнению моей упрямой персоны.

— А мне так хотелось вам что-нибудь сдать! Я специально узнавала, будете вы у нас в комиссии на «госах» или нет.

— А я был? — томно поинтересовался Басов.

— Нет, но вы ведь и у той группы, у которой значились, тоже не появились. Я специально месяц готовилась к экзамену, чтобы вас удивить, но не вышло. — удовлетворенно рассмеялась я.

Как всегда в таких случаях лицо Басова обиженно вытянулось. Ему не нравилось слушать мои признания в прошедшем времени, так словно бы они уже не имели никакого отношения к настоящему. Все это время нерешительно поглядывая на свою затекшую под моей головой руку, он теперь решительно ее высвободил.

Я бы тебе больше рассказал, но тут могли поставить жучки...

— А вы в том кабинете один были?

За время своей влюбленности в него, я очень намучилась постоянным присутствием привлекательной женщины в его кабинете.

— С замом. — нервно дернул Басов рукой. — А вообще начальник должен быть один. — тут же вернул он себе представительный вид и его глаза вновь стали стеклянными. — А то потом будут говорить, как он в носу ковырялся и так далее. У меня вон друг вице-президент немецкого банка. Он мне говорит: «Саша, как мы редко видимся! Перебирайся ко мне в Германию».

— Банк в Германии?

— Да. — «Ну, само собой! — говорили его глаза. — Но это такая для меня ерунда».

— Политики, наверное, неплохо зарабатывают.

— Путина убьют. — почему-то стало его первой ассоциацией с большой политикой. — Березовского и Гусинского уберут прямо сейчас, а потом Путина.

Он говорил это с видом профессионала, для которого осведомленность в делах большой политики — непосредственная часть работы.

— Я бы тебе больше рассказал, но тут могли поставить жучки.

— Кто?! — мгновенно оживилась я.

— Не-хо-ро-шие ре-бя-та. — загадочно улыбнулся Басов, давая понять своим ласковым тоном, что такие серьезные вещи не для ушей маленьких девочек.

— А вы вообще как к совку относитесь? — решила я прощупать его на деспотизм.

— А что там плохого было? Я не считаю, что Сталин был неправ. Это же он создал СССР. Я считаю, методы оправдывались результатом. Для порядка в стране это необходимо.

«Отлично. Вот теперь полный комплект».

— Он же был наполовину осетином, наполовину грузином. — продолжал он свою речь и вдруг внезапно затих и озадаченно посмотрел на меня.

— Да, вот как я. — поняла я причину его беспокойства.

Рука Басова очередной раз нервно вздрогнула.

— А что теперь? — поспешил он сменить тему. — Да Сталин с Чечней бы в неделю разделался. Ой, Кавказ это вообще такой узел! Или лодка вот затонула, и мы не можем самостоятельно ее поднять! Обращаемся за помощью к Западу! Для СССР это был сущий пустяк. У нас было такое влияние.

— Да, Путин говорит, мы рано сдали позиции в Восточной Европе. — решила я поддержать Басова.

— Я могу тебе все это объяснить. — широко раскрыв глаза, убеждал меня он.

«О боже! Не надо! — в ужасе думала я, устало моргая глазами. — Когда же он вызовет свою чертову машину? Чего он еще ждет?»

— А я вас когда увидела, подумала, у вас куча женщин. — поспешила переменить я тему.

— Да я просто очень разборчив, — тщетно пытался скрыть улыбку разоблачения Басов. — для всяких там куч…

«Правда глаза колет», — хохотала я про себя.

Я вспомнила «девочек», которые оставляли ему резюме, «девушек», которых он выпускал через эту свою дверь, ватагу хорошеньких вульгарных секретарш и еще привлекательного зама в его кабинете.

— А кто вам из секретарш больше нравится?

Его лицо мгновенно напряглось, а непроизвольный жест рукой как всегда выдал внутреннее волнение.

— Марина себе на уме, — нервно заговорил он, словно не понял, на что я намекала. — Она лишнего работать не станет!

— Марина мне нравится, а те две нет! — вспомнила я былые времена.

— Ну, как. Они же меняются. — поправил меня Басов.

«Ах, они еще и меняются!»

— Они же учатся здесь, а потом уходят.
— Да, я помню, девочки говорили, что Гришина ходит с их зачетками по преподавателям.
Лицо Басова опять напряглось. Он не знал, как реагировать.
— А Марина соискатель.
— Соискатель?!
— Да. Она дочь профессора!
— А зачем она там работает?
— Ну, нравится человеку общаться с молодежью! — пылко вступился за нее Басов. — Сколько тебе лет?
— 23.
Басов чему-то удовлетворенно хмыкнул и потом посчитал нужным добавить:
— 23—29 — прекрасный возраст для женщины!
«Короткий ты мне срок отмерил!»
— Значит, я у вас самая маленькая?
— Самая маленькая из кого? — приготовился умереть со меху Басов, заглянув мне в глаза с еле сдерживаемым весельем.
— Ну… как… из кого… — сжалась я от чудовищной боли. Величество не было готово к его атаке и не успело увернуться от удара. — Из ж-жэ-энщин! — наконец, с вызовом произнесла я.
Басов поторопился скромно потупить глаза: ему нельзя было разозлить меня прежде, чем он докажет себе, что победил.
— Я просто ищу что-нибудь с «самая». Самая маленькая! Я вообще люблю превосходную степень.
— Самое дорогое! — дал выход Басов своему веселью, и от души заголотал. Мы смеялись вместе: я с горечью, он с удовлетворением.
Ты сама не знаешь, какое ты чудо!..
Я уже давно заметила, что он как-то нервничает, словно собирается что-то сказать и не решается.
«Он что? Ждет, когда я сама домой попрошусь? Басов стесняется?! Вот это новости!»
— Я вас задерживаю?
— Нет! — испугался он.
— Я просто, как всегда, оставляю инициативу за вами.
— Допей свое вино.
— Смотря как я поеду. — стала до меня доходить причина его колебаний.
И тут его прорвало. Вобрав в себя голову и не глядя на меня, он быстро произнес:
— Я не могу отвезти тебя на персональном автомобиле. Я могу дать денег на машину.

— А это не опасно?
— Ну, я запишу номера, а потом позвоню тебе.
— Ну, вам надо было сразу сказать! — завопила я в отчаянии. — Я бы пораньше ушла. Не сяду я в машину, ночью, в Москве, к первому встречному! И я не могу ездить в метро!
— Почему?
— У меня клаустрофобия. Я даже на лифте не езжу.
— Атас!
Он стал что-то лихорадочно обдумывать.
— Ну, я плохо себя чувствую! — уронила я голову на руки. В течении долгих часов выносить агрессию и злорадство этого человека, ощущая свою полную беспомощность и униженность, а теперь еще и его жестокое намерение по-любому от меня избавится — это было уже слишком! В таком состоянии мне было не одолеть и одной станции метро.
— Где ты говоришь, ты живешь? Я вспомнил, он тоже где-то в тех краях живет. Он тебя подвезет.
— А вы будете здесь ждать?
— Нет, сначала, он закинет меня. Я тут в пяти минутах живу.
— Ну, слава богу.
— А какая машина?
— Белая волга. 459-я. — с гордостью добавил он.
— Как зовут шофера?
— Юра.
— Где он остановится?
— У 1-го корпуса. Ну, где аспирантура. — видя, что я не понимаю, помог мне Басов и отошел к телефону.
Теперь я слегка успокоилась: меня подвезут, значит, все будет хорошо.
— Тут у меня дочь приятеля, — связался Басов со своим шофером. — Ты сейчас подъезжай туда, где обычно останавливаешься. Она сядет. Потом минут через 5—10 к главному входу. Все! Не переживай. — развернулся он ко мне. — Он тебя довезет. Минут через 10 пойдешь.
В ожидании машины мы вновь присели на диван.
— Ну, я тебя разочаровал!
— Нет-нет, что вы? Все было очень хорошо.
— Ну, ты хотела секса.
— Да какой там секс! Было-то пару раз.
— Ты же хотела, чтоб до обморока.
— Да причем тут секс! — окончательно вскипела я. — Просто для меня это все ново… Все было очень хорошо. Правда. Я просто хотела с вами поговорить.

Он вдруг нервно вскинул голову и призадумался, по-видимому взвешивая, сказал ли он достаточно, чтобы иметь шансы на мое возвращение.

— Все. Пора! Иди сюда. — Он прижал меня к стенке и несколько раз с чувством чмокнул в губы. — Ты чудо! Ты просто чудо!

— Ну, не такое уж я и чудо, выходит. — нервно рассмеялась я.

— Нет, это я виноват. Ты сама не знаешь, какое ты чудо!

Меня начинала по-настоящему раздражать его манера разговаривать со мной, как со слабоумной.

— Ну, — сделала я многозначительную паузу, — спасибо!

Извини меня, если я тебя разочаровал в каких-то там твоих…

Он уже успел пройти вперед, чтобы открыть мне дверь. Новая интонация в моем голосе застала его врасплох. Медленно обернувшись, он ждал встречи с моими глазами, но я намеренно не отрывала их от пола. Мне не нужны были его оправдания. Что мне мог сказать Басов? Я просто не выдержала и дала понять, чтобы он не перегибал палку. Он стоял в растерянности, не зная, что еще сказать или сделать, чтобы повысить свои шансы на успех. Я, делая вид, что ничего не замечаю, прошла вперед по направлению к двери.

— Извини меня! — вдруг раздался за спиной его неуверенный голос. Я круто развернулась: это было что-то новенькое. — Если я тебя разочаровал в каких-то там твоих… — смутился Басов и покрутил рукой у себя у виска. «В каких-то там твоих бреднях» говорило его растерянное лицо.

— Да нет, что вы! — растрогалась я неожиданно для себя. — Все было очень хорошо! Правда! Правда! — уверенно повторила я. — Вы не переживайте.

Успокоенный моим отчаянным протестом, он, наконец, повернул ключ в замке.

— А может самой поехать? — остановилась я в раздумье, не желая никого насиловать.

— Нет, нет. Он тебя довезет! Никаких проблем. — с чувством уверил меня Басов. — Я просто сразу не вспомнил, что ему по пути.

Охрана с интересом смотрела мне вслед. Я просидела у Басова около 4 часов: с полшестого приблизительно до полдесятого.

— Вы Юра? — обратилась я к полному молодому человеку у белой «Волги», озабоченно разглядывавшего мою интригующую фигуру.

— Да. — усадил он меня.

Держи нос морковкой! И не спи! Замерзнешь!..

Вскоре к нам присоединился Басов. Первым делом он развернулся на меня и зафиксировал на мне полный страсти и значения взгляд.

«Когда же это все кончится?» — еле дыша, улыбнулась я в ответ уголками рта.

Шофер напряженно разглядывал мое лицо в зеркальце.

— Ты где практику прошла? — шумно загудел на всю машину Басов.

— В Агропромбанке.

— А может в СБС-Агро?

— Ну, да. Просто дома.

— А то у меня такой случай был! — хохотал Басов. — Устраивал я девушку на работу бухгалтером, как сейчас помню. А мне вместо банка кондитерская фабрика подвернулась! То-то она обрадовалась. Я, говорит, конфеты обожаю. А я ей: «Ну, ешь, теперь, сколько влезет!»

Басов переводил свой полный задора взгляд с меня на шофера, приглашая нас разделить его веселье. У меня было такое чувство, словно кто-то танцует на гробу. Он разворачивался каждые несколько секунд, чтобы зафиксировать на мне возбужденный, пронзительный взгляд, а я изнемогала от перенапряжения и усталости. Дождавшись, когда он очередной раз отвернулся, я закрыла глаза и уже больше не открывала их. Я и в самом деле была близка к обмороку.

— Я здесь выйду! — вывел меня Басов из оцепенения. Его рука с чувством покрыла мою. — Позвони мне в субботу. — И он повернулся к шоферу. — Отвези ее!

Уже открыв дверь, он вдруг замер на месте.

— Ну, можешь в понедельничек. — помахал он рукой в воздухе, не оборачиваясь на меня. — Но лучше в субботу. — почти гневно добавил он. — Держи нос морковкой! Все будет хорошо! И не спи! — наконец, посмотрел он мне в глаза. — Замерзнешь!

Хлопнула дверь, и я облегченно вздохнула. «Теперь бы еще продержаться до дому. Что этот перепуганный юноша будет делать с моим бездыханным телом? Надо держаться, во что бы то ни стало».

Шофер поглядывал на меня с прежним любопытством и напряжением. Было видно, что его, как и тому парню в очках, с которым Басов беседовал о жалюзях, эта история насторожила

STAGE SIX

Publication of my Scientific Experiment on Two Pluses and Two Minuses of Narcisse-Inlovesickness of schizoid Hubris-Ego. Two publications: in 2008 and in 2022, both with ISBN.

It was after first publication of my experience on schizoid Hubris Ego that Putin; s regime began hounding me. That time I managed to win some time by writing to pressa and sending them my book.

But in 2015, seven years later after my first publication in 2008, Putin's regime has attacked me and has broken my backbone on fore levels. Now it is evelenth year that I am sitting in wheelchair in pain, in blood, in regular high tempreture, and often in excrements. And everytime I accuse murderers for attack on scientist they remind me of text you can see above. I had not time to translate it for you, because they continue to threaten to kill me every day, but you will have time to read it, and to make your own mind on outragous satanism of those secret services, killing scientist for the text on Removal of Hubris Ego.

Approval of my version of course of events is available in my Documants, published in Internet. It is Recommendation, signed by A. I. Basov, my unversity's Romance, with following content:

> «Знаю Хугаеву Лейлу Романовну, которая в качестве студент ки обучалась в институте финансов РЭА им. Г. В. Плеханова с 1994 по 1998. За время обучения в институте зарекомендовала себя добросовестной, дисциплинированной студенткой, совмещаю щей в основном отличную учебу с общественной деятельностью.
> Могу характеризовать Хугаеву Лейлу Романовну, как целе устремленную, трудолюбивую, ответственную, способную в кратчайшее время изучить и творчески переработать большие объемы материалов. Она совмещала серьезные занятия по специальным дисциплинам с глубоким изучением английского языка и социальных наук, реализацией чего явились следующие опубликованные ра боты: «Корневые группы в английском языке» М: «НЦ ЭНАС» 2003 «4500 базовых слов английского языка и их исторические корни». М: «НЦ ЭНАС» 2005 «Теория личности как синтез социальных наук: философия, психология, история, экономика». Владикавказ: Проект-пресс. 2005»

4. AMORPHOUS SERPENTS OF SATAN EGO EMPLOYING ROMANCE OF HUBRIS EGO FOR SEDUCTION OF COMMON PEOPLE. THE MORBID MODERN CULTURE

Nietzsche, who immolated his great spirit and his life on altar of his Hubris Ego with the only purpose to impress Wagner! ANd thought it to be Heroism! But already in Zarathustra he concedes that his desperate Ego-protection was folly, and that that folly killed him.

Nietzsche, «Thus Spoke Zarathustra»:

> «O Zarathustra, I am weary of it, I am disgusted with mine arts, I am not great, why do I dissemble! But thou knowest it well 1 sought for greatness! Agreat man I wanted to appear, and persuaded many; but the lie hath been beyond my power. On it do I collapse. OZarathustra, everything is a lie in me; but that I collapse this my collapsing is genuine!;;It honoureth thee, said Zarathustra gloomily, looking downwith sidelong glance,;it honoureth thee that thou soughtest for greatness, but it betrayeth thee also. Thou art not great»

He understood that the exact reverse would be salvation — the removal of Ego-protection and still he had not guts to deliberately to put his Ego under mortal Blow — like I did in my experiment.

He needed only to assume semblence of subjecting to the tyrannical will of Wagner to apply our Formula of Removal of Romance of Two Pluses and Two Minuses. And he failed.

Though his analysis of «art» of Romantic Idealism of Wagner was quite correct: such Romance became the weapon of Satan Ego to provoke Inlovesickness in naive common men in order to found their Leviathans on broken energy of spirit of mankind.

This is the perdition that modern culture have brought about altogether with cult of Romance.

Nietzsche, «The case of Wagner':

«To this extent are we already pure fools.... Never was there a greater Master in heavy hieratic perfumes — Never on earth has there been such a connoisseur of paltry infinities, of all that thrills, of extravagant excesses, of all the feminism from out the vocabulary of happiness! My friends, do but drink the philtres of this art! Nowhere will ye find a more pleasant method of enervating your spirit, of forgetting your manliness in the shade of a rosebush.... Ah, this old magician, mightiest of Klingsors; how he wages war against us with his art, against us free spirits! How he appeals to every form of cowardice of the modern soul with his charming girlish notes! There never was such a mortal hatred of knowledge! One must be a very cynic in order to resist seduction here. One must be able to bite in order to resist worshipping at this shrine. Very well, old seducer! The cynic cautions you — cave canem.

One pays dearly for having been a follower of Wagner. I contemplate the youthlets who have long been exposed to his infection. The first relatively innocuous effect of it is the corruption of their taste. Wagner acts like chronic recourse to the bottle. Much more dangerous than all this, however, is the corruption of ideas. The youthlet becomes a moon-calf, an «idealist». He stands above science, and in this respect he has reached the master's heights. On the other hand, he assumes the airs of a philosopher, he writes for the Bayreuth Journal; he solves all problems in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Master. But the most ghastly thing of all is the deterioration of the nerves. Let any one wander through a large city at night, in all directions he will hear people doing violence to instruments with solemn rage and fury, a wild uproar breaks out at intervals. What is happening? It is the disciples of Wagner in the act of worshipping him....

The female Wagnerite, the most attractive equivocality that exists to-day: she is the incarnation of Wagner's cause: his cause triumphs with her as its symbol.... Ah, this old robber! He robs our young men: he even robs our women as well, and drags them to his cell.... Ah, this old Minotaur! What has he not already cost us? Every year processions of the finest young men and maidens are led into his labyrinth that he may swallow them up, every year the whole of Europe cries out «Away to Crete! Away to Crete!».

G. Flaubert, «Madam Bovary»:

«She read Balzac and George Sand, seeking in them imaginary satisfaction for her own desires. Even at table she had her book by her, and turned over the pages while Charles ate and talked to her. The memory of the Viscount always returned as she read. Between him and

the imaginary personages she made comparisons. But the circle of which he was the centre gradually widened round him, and the aureole that he bore, fading from his form, broadened out beyond, lighting up her other dreams. …She repeated, „I have a lover! a lover!“ delighting at the idea as if a second puberty had come to her. So at last she was to know those joys of love, that fever of happiness of which she had despaired! She was entering upon marvels where all would be passion, ecstasy, delirium. An azure infinity encompassed her, the heights of sentiment sparkled under her thought, and ordinary existence appeared only afar off, down below in the shade, through the interspaces of these heights. Then she recalled the heroines of the books that she had read, and the lyric legion of these adulterous women began to sing in her memory with the voice of sisters that charmed her. She became herself, as it 955 TESLA L. KHUGAEVA were, an actual part of these imaginings, and realised the love-dream of her youth as she saw herself in this type of amorous women whom she had so envied. …Now the lights of the orchestra were lit, the lustre, let down from the ceiling, throwing by the glimmering of its facets a sudden gaiety over the theatre. She felt herself transported to the reading of her youth, into the midst of Walter Scott. Lucie attacked her cavatina in G major bravely. She plained of love; she longed for wings. Emma, too, fleeing from life, would have liked to fly away in an embrace. Suddenly Edgar Lagardy appeared. From the first scene he evoked enthusiasm. He pressed Lucy in his arms, he left her, he came back, he seemed desperate; he had outbursts of rage, then elegiac gurglings of infinite sweetness, and the notes escaped from his bare neck full of sobs and kisses. Emma leant forward to see him, clutching the velvet of the box with her nails. She was filling her heart with these melodious lamentations that were drawn out to the accompaniment of the double-basses, like the cries of the drowning in the tumult of a tempest. She recognised all the intoxication and the anguish that had almost killed her. The voice of a prima donna seemed to her to be but echoes of her conscience, and this illusion that charmed her as some very thing of her own life. But no one on earth had loved her with such love. He had not wept like Edgar that last moonlit night when they said, „To-morrow! to-morrow!“ The theatre rang with cheers; they recommenced the entire movement; the lovers spoke of the flowers on their tomb, of vows, exile, fate, hopes; and when they uttered the final adieu, Emma gave a sharp cry that mingled with the vibrations of the last chords. Emma dreamed of her marriage day. Ah! if in the freshness of her beauty, before the soiling of marriage and the disillusions of adultery, she could have anchored her life upon

> some great, strong heart, then virtue, tenderness, voluptuousness, and duty blending, she would never have fallen from so high a happiness. But that happiness, no doubt, was a lie invented for the despair of all desire. She now knew the smallness of the passions that art exaggerated. Edgar, flashing with fury, dominated all the others with his clearer voice; He, she thought must have an inexhaustible love to lavish it upon the crowd with such effusion. All her small fault-findings faded before the poetry of the part that absorbed her; and, drawn towards this man by the illusion of the character, she tried to imagine to herself his life — that life resonant, extraordinary, splendid, and that might have been hers if fate had willed it. They would have known one another, loved one another. With him, through all the kingdoms of Europe she would have travelled from capital to capital, sharing his fatigues and his pride, picking up the flowers thrown to him, herself embroidering his costumes. Then each evening, at the back of a box, behind the golden trellis-work she would have drunk in eagerly the expansions of this soul that would have sung for her alone; from the stage, even as he acted, he would have looked at her. But the mad idea seized her that he was looking at her; it was certain. She longed to run to his arms, to take refuge in his strength, as in the incarnation of love itself, and to say to him, to cry out, „Take me away! carry me with you! let us go! Thine, thine! all my ardour and all my dreams!" The curtain fell».

Tolstoy, «Keutzer Sonata»:

> «All of us, men and women, are brought up in these aberrations of feeling that we call love. I from childhood had prepared myself for this thing, and I loved, and I loved during all my youth, and I was joyous in loving. It had been put into my head that it was the noblest and highest occupation in the world. But when this expected feeling came at last, and I, a man, abandoned myself to it, the lie was pierced through and through. Theoretically a lofty love is conceivable; practically it is an ignoble and degrading thing, which it is equally disgusting to talk about and to remember. It is not in vain that nature has made ceremonies, but people pretend that the ignoble and the shameful is beautiful and lofty. «If it were only that! Take all the poetry, the painting, the sculpture, beginning with Pouschkine's «Little Feet,» with «Venus and Phryne,» and you will see that woman is only a means of enjoyment. That is what she is at Trouba, at Gratchevka, and in a court ball-room. And think of this diabolical trick: if she were a thing without moral value, it might be said that woman is a fine morsel; but, in the first place, these knights assure us that they adore

woman (they adore her and look upon her, however, as a means of enjoyment), then all assure us that they esteem woman. And all know it, and pretend not to know it. In all the novels are described down to the smallest details the feelings of the characters, the lakes and brambles around which they walk; but, when it comes to describing their GREAT love, not a word is breathed of what HE, the interesting character, has previously done, not a word about his frequenting of disreputable houses, or his association with nursery-maids, cooks, and the wives of others. that the noblest and most poetic love, as we call it, depends, not on moral qualities, but on the physical intimacy, and also on the manner of doing the hair, and the color and shape. And it was very easy to capture me, since I was brought up under artificial conditions, which, like a hothouse produces cucumbers, produce easily falling in love young people. «That, then, was the way in which I was captured. I was in love, as it is called; not only did she appear to me a perfect being, but I considered myself a white blackbird. It is a commonplace fact that there is no one so low in the world that he cannot find some one viler than himself, and consequently puff with pride and self-contentment. Yes, I was a wretch, convinced that I was an angel. The period of my engagement did not last long. I cannot remember those days without shame. What an abomination! «It is generally agreed that love is a moral sentiment, a community of thought rather than of sense. If that is the case, this community of thought ought to find expression in words and conversation. Nothing of the sort. It was extremely difficult for us to talk with each other. What a toil of Sisyphus was our conversation! Scarcely had we thought of something to say, and said it, when we had to resume our silence and try to discover new subjects. Literally, we did not know what to say to each other. All that we could think of concerning the life that was before us and our home was said. «And then what? If we had been animals, we should have known that we had not to talk. But here, on the contrary, it was necessary to talk, and there were no resources! For that which occupied our minds was not a thing to be expressed in words. The impression of this first quarrel was terrible. I say quarrel, but the term is inexact. It was the sudden discovery of the abyss that had been dug between us. Love was exhausted with the satisfaction of sensuality. We stood face to face in our true light, like two egoists trying to procure the greatest possible enjoyment, like two egoists trying to mutually exploit each other. Idid not know that in all households the same sudden changes take place, but that all, like myself, imagine that it is a misfortune exclusively reserved for themselves alone, which they carefully conceal

> as shameful, not only to others, but to themselves, like a bad disease. «That was what happened to me. Begun in the early days, it continued and increased with characteristics of fury that were ever more pronounced. At the bottom of my soul, from the first weeks, I felt that I was in a trap, that I had what I did not expect, and that marriage is not a joy, but a painful trial. Like everybody else, I refused to confess it (I should not have confessed it even now but for the outcome)».

And this time it is not Romantism-Idealism even of Wagner's sort. This time it is Satan-Ego of Cave-man — the man from foul stuffi air of Plato's Cave — the man with Dead Thought, Dead Conscience, Dead Friendliness. The men, who, as Chesterton said, destroyed chivalry in love, to reduce it to brutish rape, - in fact, to cannibalism.

Chesterton, «Saint Francis»:

> «For it seems conceivable that some barbarians might try to destroy chivalry in love, as the barbarians ruling in Berlin destroyed chivalry in war».

Chesterton, «Everlasting man»:

> «Why do men entertain this queer idea that what is sordid must always overthrow what is magnanimous; that there is some dim connection between brains and brutality, or that it does not matter if a man is dull so long as he is also mean? Why do they vaguely think of all chivalry as sentiment and all sentiment as weakness?»

Chesterton, «Everlasting man»:

> «To-day all our novels and newspapers will be found swarming with numberless allusions to a popular character called a Cave-Man. He seems to be quite familiar to us, not only as a public character but as a private character. His psychology is seriously taken into account in psychological fiction and psychological medicine. So far as I can understand, his chief occupation in life was knocking his wife about, or treating women in general with what is, I believe, known in the world of the film as 'rough stuff.» I have never happened to come upon the evidence for this idea; and I do not know on what primitive diaries or prehistoric divorce-reports it is founded. Nor, as I have explained elsewhere, have I ever been able to see the probability of it, even

considered a priori. We are always told without any explanation or authority that primitive man waved a club and knocked the woman down before he carried her off. But onevery animal analogy, it would seem an almost morbid modesty and reluctance, on the part of the lady, always to insist on being knocked down before consenting to be carried off. And I repeat that I can never comprehend why, when the male was so very rude, the female should have been so very refined. The cave-man may have been a brute, but there is no reason why he should have been more brutal than the brutes. And the loves of the giraffes and the river romance of the hippopotami are effected without any of this preliminary fracas or shindy. The cave-man may have been no better that the cave-bear; but the child she-bear, so famous in hymnology, is not trained with any such bias for spinsterhood. In short these details of the domestic life of the cave puzzle me upon either the revolutionary or the static hypothesis; ...When novelists and educationists and psychologists of all sorts talk about the cave-man, they never conceive him in connection with anything that is really in the cave. When the realist of the sex novel writes, «Red sparks danced in Dagmar Doubledick's brain; he felt the spirit of the cave-man rising within him,» the novelist's readers would be very much disappointed if Dagmar only went off and drew large pictures of cows on the drawing-room wall. When the psycho-analyst writes to a patient, «The submerged instincts of the cave-man are doubtless prompting you to gratify a violent impulse,» he does not refer to the impulse to paint in water colours; or to make conscientious studies of how cattle swing their heads when they graze. Yet we do know for a fact that the cave man did these mild and innocent things; and we have not the most minute speck of evidence that he did any of the violent and ferocious things. In other words the cave-man as commonly presented to us is simply a myth or rather a muddle; for a myth has at least an imaginative outline of truth. The whole of the current way of talking is simply a confusion and a misunderstanding, founded on no sort of scientific evidence andvalued only as an excuse for a very modern mood of anarchy. If any gentleman wants to knock a woman about, he can surely be a cad without taking away the character of the cave-man, about whom we know next to nothing except what we can gather from a few harmless and pleasing pictures on a wall».

B. Russell,

«The proposed roads to freedom»: «Because affection will be free, men and women will not find in private life an outlet and stimulus to the

> love of domineering, but all that is creative in their love will have the freer scope. Reverence for whatever makes the soul in those who are loved will be less rare than it is now: nowadays, manymenlovetheir wives in the way in which they love mutton, as something to devour and destroy. But in the love that goes with reverence there is a joy of quite another order than any to be found by mastery, a joy which satisfies the spirit and not only the instincts; and satisfaction of instinct and spirit at once is necessary to a happy life, or indeed to any existence that is to bring out the best impulses of which a man or woman is capable»

B. Russell, «The conquest of happiness»:

> «The best type of affection is reciprocally life-giving; each receives affection with joy and gives it without effort, and each finds the whole world more interesting in consequence of the existence of this reciprocal happiness. There is, however, another kind, by no means uncommon, in which one person sucks the vitality of the other, one receives what the other gives, but gives almost nothing in return. Some very vital people belong to this bloodsucking type. They extract the vitality from one victim after another, but while they prosper and grow interesting, those upon whom they live grow pale and dim and dull. Such people use others as means to their own ends, and never consider them as ends in themselves. Fundamentally they are not interested in those whom for the moment they think they love; they are interested only in the stimulus to their own activities, perhaps of a quite impersonal sort. Evidently this springs from some defect in their nature, but it is one not altogether easy either to diagnose or to cure».

I have been planning some more hapters for this book. But Putin's FSB and CIA, in their conspiracy against Discovery start blocking my internet, and I am afraid, that I would not be able to publish even this chapter. They are bad killers, and all this time they have been killing not merely innocent person, but person of great impact, of great contribution to our civilization. I did my best to convey truth to you, Living Souls of the World! I did my best to prevent them from distorting my thought and thus deprive you from Discovery! And I do not know again what satans are planning when again blocking my internet. Thank you.

Author of Discovery of Psychic energy, author of Scientific Revolution Energetics,

Tesla Leila Khugaeva Thinikashvili.

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Scientific Formulas How to Rout Evil